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A CANADIAN REVIEW

SPRING 1960

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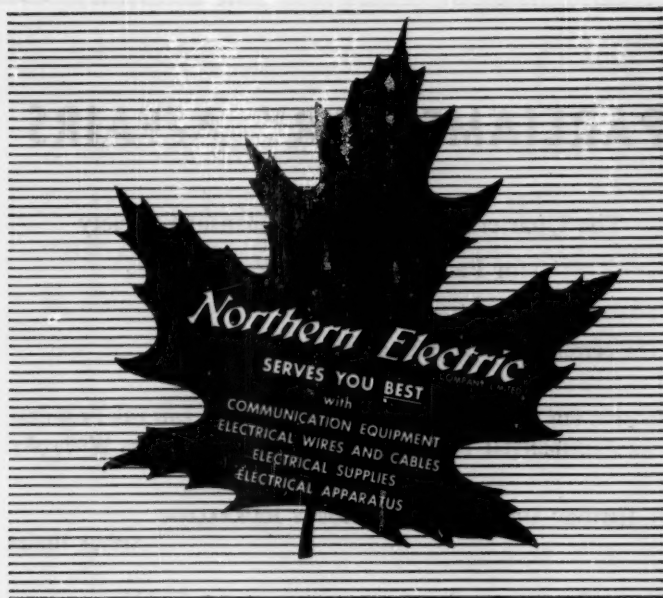
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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

WILLIAM R. WILLOUGHBY, whose comprehensive study of the political history of the St. Lawrence Seaway is slated for publication later this year, is professor of history and government of the St. Lawrence University in Canton, N.Y. Some of the writing and research for this book was done at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton during the years 1954-56.

MEL JAMES' adventurous navigators, the Kirke brothers, dreamed of the greatness of Canada before the Seaway was thought of. A former newspaperman, now supervisor of news and information with the Bell Telephone Company in Toronto, Mr. James does historical digging as a hobby, looking for little known facts about Canada's past.

PETER FISHER (1918-58) was head of the English department at the Royal Military College of Canada for the last nine years of his life. He was drowned near Garden Island in the St. Lawrence in August 1958, when his Bluenose sloop went down in a gale. We count it a privilege to publish this finished article found among his papers. His main scholarly work, a book on Blake, is to be published shortly.

GERHARD R. LOMER was for many years the university librarian at McGill. The McGill Library School, the first in Canada, was established by him. He has recently come out of retirement to help direct the library school of the University of Ottawa. It is fitting that the compiler of the National Library's bibliography of Stephen Leacock should also be concerned about the vaster and untidier store of papers left behind by Jeremy Bentham.

DAVID PARTRIDGE, who contributes the frontispiece to this spring issue, will be back at the Queen's Summer School of Fine Art again this year. Formerly an art teacher in St. Catherines, he now lives in Ottawa. His art training, begun at Hart House, was continued in New York, London, and Paris. He has exhibited recently in Montreal, Ottawa and Paris. His orientation, he says, (in case you wondered) is definitely contemporary rather than traditionalist. HILDA ALT-SCHULE COATES combines sympathetic interpretation with critical distance in her account of American action painting. A graduate of

Hunter College and Cornell University, she finds time to practise art as well as lecturing in aesthetics at the university school of the University of Rochester.

Educated at Aberdeen and Oxford, JAMES GRAY came to Canada after serving with the Fourteenth Army in India and Burma, and is now chairman of the department of English at Bishop's University in Lennoxville. He is president of the Humanities Association of Canada; his reflections on the modernism of Jonathan Swift were shared with the Kingston branch of the association a year ago.

E. D. MACKERNESS has been a lecturer in English at Sheffield University since 1954. His scholarly interests are both literary and musical. A year as visiting fellow at Princeton may well have sharpened his appreciation for the diligence and pertinacity of Wordsworth's American editor. His recent book *The Heeded Voice* is reviewed in this issue.

Our information is that several of the staff, both Australian and Canadian, had a hand in the contribution from the office of the Australian High Commissioner in Ottawa. We thank them for their brisk and informative sequel to an earlier article by a Californian writer.

Born in Constantinople of Armenian parents who brought him to Canada at the age of two, J. V. BASMAJIAN is a graduate in medicine of the University of Toronto. He came to Queen's from Toronto in 1957 as professor and head of the department of Anatomy. A versatile and vigorous teacher, his own special field of research concerns the electronics of muscle contraction.

RALPH GUSTAFSON'S two Yukon poems which appeared in our last issue are included in a book entitled *Rocky Mountain Poems* to be published towards the end of this year. *Snow*, he tells us, will appear in a book of familiar essays, *Not So Long Ago*, reflecting life in the Eastern Townships. Mr. Gustafson is the editor of the *Penguin Book of Canadian Verse*.

Short stories in this issue are from the pens of HENRY KREISEL and CLARA LANDER. Dr. Kreisel, a native of Vienna, is a graduate of both Toronto and London universities, and teaches English at the

University of Alberta. His novel *The Rich Man* was published in 1949, and he is a frequent contributor to Canadian magazines and the CBC. Mrs. Lander is a free-lance writer who makes her home in Winnipeg. She last appeared in our pages as the author of a study of Dylan Thomas. Our poets include GEORGE BRANDON SAUL of the University of Connecticut, the well-known Yeats scholar; SYLVIA BARNARD, author of the volume *The Timeless Forest* in the McGill Poetry Series, and at present doing graduate work at Cambridge University; and DIANA BRADT, a student of law at the University of Washington.

WILLIAM BLISSETT, author of the review article on the most recent biography of James Joyce, is currently writing a book about Wagner's influence on literature. Professor Blissett is moving this year from his present post at the University of Saskatchewan to head the English department at Huron College, University of Western Ontario. PIERRE GOBIN, who writes on Camus, is a member of the French department at Queen's. Modern French literature is one of his fields of specialization.

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SPRING AWAKENING

Drawn for Queen's Quarterly by DAVID PARTRIDGE

The St. Lawrence Seaway

— A study in Pressure Politics —

by

WILLIAM R. WILLOUGHBY

An American historian examines the seaway story and arrives at some pertinent conclusions in the realm of diplomacy and pressure politics.

In March of 1934 President Franklin D. Roosevelt — echoing sentiments that had been expressed by writers, statesmen, and engineers for a quarter of a century — declared that construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway was inevitable. "Just as sure as God made little green apples," the project would be built. Where nature led man was certain to follow.

And, in truth, both nature and common sense seemed to dictate the waterway's prompt development. From the ocean to Montreal — some 1000 miles — the waterway of the 1930's had a depth of thirty-five feet, deep enough to accommodate all but the largest ocean-going vessels. From Ogdensburg, New York, to the head of the lakes — approximately 1200 miles — it had a minimum depth of twenty-three feet, easily navigable by specially-built lake steamers carrying up to 25,000 tons. But in between these two long stretches of open navigation, that is, from Montreal to Ogdensburg — a mere 114 miles — navigation was impeded by shoals and rapids. Through this section all traffic was obliged to pass through a series of fourteen-foot canals — containing a total of twenty-two locks — built by Canada prior to 1903. Only small canallers of less than 3000 tons were able to squeeze through. The waterway, to borrow an analogy used by the late Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, was comparable to a highway 2000 miles in length superbly developed at both ends for hundreds and hundreds of miles but having a "relatively impassable" section of a few dozen

The author gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to the Social Science Research Council, the American Philosophical Society, St. Lawrence University, and the Institute for Advanced Study, at Princeton, New Jersey for monetary and other types of assistance.

miles in the center. To rational-minded people, the removal of the "bottleneck" seemed an urgent necessity — particularly so since the improvement of navigation would make possible the simultaneous development, at little additional cost, of some 2,200,000 horsepower of hydro-electric energy, near Cornwall, Ontario. And yet it was not until 1954 that final plans for the waterway's development were actually approved and construction was not finished until the summer of 1959.* Why was the completion of the St. Lawrence waterway so long delayed? What influences and developments finally opened the way to the river's cooperative improvement? The main purpose of this article is to offer at least partial answers to these significant questions.

* * *

One of the most fundamental reasons for the long delay was the involvement of two separate, independent nations in all aspects of the proposed improvement. By the terms of the Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909, neither Canada nor the United States may change the level of boundary waters without the consent of the other. This, of course, meant that if — in conformity with the plans drafted by the engineers — a dam was to be constructed across the river near Cornwall, the simultaneous approval of both countries was essential. That, as a summary of the project's history from 1920 to 1954 will indicate, proved difficult of attainment.

Largely at the insistence of the wheat growers of the American Midwest, in 1920 the Canadian and American governments submitted the question of the improvement of the waterway to the International Joint Commission created in 1911 to deal with boundary-water and other Canadian-American problems. After extensive hearings and investigations, the commission concluded that the waterway should be co-operatively improved and suggested that this could most economically be accomplished in the International Rapids section through a combined navigation-power project. Prime Minister Mackenzie King, however, was in no hurry to enter into a co-operative construction arrangement with the United States. Canada's immediate power requirements were well taken care of; an improved waterway would

* Dredging operations in the connecting channels of the Great Lakes are not scheduled for completion until 1962.

mean serious competition for the already hard-pressed railroads; the country was deeply in debt; and many Canadians feared that any co-operative arrangement for the development of the St. Lawrence would inevitably result in the subordination of Canadian to American interests. Furthermore, the Prime Minister was completely dependent upon the parliamentary representation from Quebec for his tenure in office. Since the Quebec members almost to a man were opposed to the co-operative improvement of the St. Lawrence, the cautious Liberal leader, although a firm believer in the Seaway, found it expedient to procrastinate.

The coming to power of the Conservatives, in July 1930, brought no immediate change of Canadian governmental policy. Prime Minister Bennett also refused to be hurried into the signing of a Seaway treaty. Certain longstanding Canadian-American problems — including the diversion of excessive amounts of Lake Michigan waters into the Chicago Drainage Canal, high American tariff duties on certain Canadian exports, and restrictive American border crossing regulations — had created anti-American sentiment most unfavourable to the co-operative improvement of the waterway. Furthermore, for many months much of Bennett's time was taken up with domestic and Empire matters. Eventually, however, negotiations were started, culminating in 1932 in a treaty providing for the joint development of the river for navigation and power.

For various reasons, some of them discussed below, in 1934 the treaty was rejected by the American Senate. In the years that followed, the officials at Ottawa indicated little interest either in modifying the old understanding or in drafting a new one. Eventually, in 1941, an agreement was signed covering not only navigation and power development on the St. Lawrence River but also the redevelopment of Niagara Falls. Thereupon the United States became the hesitant partner. Off and on for ten years the members of Congress talked about the project and held committee hearings with respect to its assumed merits and demerits but never got around to approving or specifically rejecting the agreement. Finally, under persistent prodding from Ontario — now desperately short of electricity — in 1951 the St. Laurent Government offered to construct the Seaway as an all-Canadian project if

the government at Washington would allow Ontario and New York to develop the power of the International Rapids section. Very reluctantly, President Harry S. Truman — who felt that the United States should share in the construction and control of the Seaway — gave his consent and the new agreement was formalized in an exchange of notes June 30, 1952. But, to add a further complication to the involved story, before New York could obtain a license from the Federal Power Commission to enable it to co-operate with Ontario in developing the power, Congress enacted the Wiley-Dondero Act, signed by President Dwight D. Eisenhower May 13, 1954, calling for American participation with Canada in completing the waterway.

Not wishing to antagonize the authorities at Washington by rejecting out of hand the new American plan of construction, Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent and his cabinet colleagues agreed to shelve, at least for a time, their plans for an all-Canadian project, and to join the United States in a co-operative improvement of the waterway. In keeping with this understanding, the United States dug the Wiley-Dondero Canal near Barnhart Island, and constructed the Eisenhower and Snell locks, each eight hundred feet long, eighty feet wide, and thirty feet deep; Canada constructed a short canal and lock at Iroquois and two canals and four locks near Montreal, all of the locks comparable in size to those built by the United States. Meanwhile New York and Ontario built dams, powerhouses, and other works in the International Rapids section needed for navigation and for power development.

★ ★ ★

That more than four decades were required to arrange a workable plan for the joint improvement of the waterway was, of course, partly due to the vigorous opposition of powerful economic and sectional groups. For example, for a number of years the utility and shipping interests of Montreal actively opposed the dual purpose project. In the United States for an even greater number of years the eastern railroads and the Gulf and Atlantic ports — fearing a loss of traffic to the St. Lawrence route — worked energetically and tirelessly to defeat the project, spending annually tens of thousands of dollars in opposing Seaway legislation. The coal industry, the private utilities,

and the lake shipping firms also carried on a vigorous fight against the combined project. In fact, so vigorous and direct were the methods of the opposed groups that not infrequently members of Congress, basically in sympathy with the projected improvement, found it expedient, or at least less troublesome, to vote against authorizing legislation.

Uncertainty with respect to the ownership of the power that would be developed as an incidental consequence of the improvement of navigation was also an important cause of delay. In Canada most informed persons were of the opinion that the power legally belonged to Ontario; in the United States the general consensus was that it should be turned over to New York State. In both countries, however, the utility interests agitated energetically for private generation, transmission, and distribution; while in each country not a few voices were raised in favour of federal ownership or control over the hydro-electric energy. By 1932 the issue in Canada had been resolved in favour of Ontario; in the United States it continued to be a source of discord and division almost to the time of the actual start of construction.

The difficulty of proving the economic feasibility of the Seaway was another cause of delay. Government economists brought forward impressive statistical data as proof of the economic value of the enterprise, but, since the statistics were based on little more than assumed costs and anticipated tonnage, they were always open to challenge. The fact that the proponents were continually inflating the volume of the anticipated traffic, while minimising the increasing cost of labour and materials, made their conclusions all the more open to question.

The task of "selling" the St. Lawrence to the North American peoples was aggravated by the preoccupation of many of them with other transportation routes. Thus for many years the wheat-growers of the Prairie Provinces were more interested in a Hudson Bay railroad than they were in the improvement of the St. Lawrence waterway. At other times many Canadians were centering their thoughts on additional transcontinental railroads. Similarly, residents of the Mississippi Valley have traditionally favored the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Waterway over the St. Lawrence; while the industrial and commercial interests of Syracuse, Albany, Troy, and New York City have never tired of singing the praises of the Mohawk-Hudson route.

Personality and political conflicts were other factors that made for delay. Most notorious of such conflicts was that between Prime Minister King and Premier Mitchell Hepburn of Ontario. Partly because of personal pique toward his erstwhile chieftain, from early in 1937 until late in 1939 Hepburn stubbornly opposed the combined project, and King refused to sign a new Seaway understanding with the United States without the Ontario leader's approval. Similarly, in 1930-1932 personal and political differences between President Herbert Hoover and Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York not only complicated all efforts to negotiate a treaty with Canada, but also delayed the working out of arrangements for turning over the power development facilities of New York State. Again, in the years 1948-1952 differences between President Truman and Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York raised a formidable obstacle to the formulation of a workable American position with respect to the dual-purpose project.

* * *

But a plan for the co-operative construction of the dual-purpose project finally was formulated. What influences and developments combined to make that possible? One significant fact to bear in mind is that by 1941 virtually all organized Canadian opposition to the Seaway had disappeared. Montreal had lost its early fear of being deprived of trans-shipment business, while the Canadian railroads had come to view the waterway, not as a competitor, but as a likely creator of new traffic. The rapid growth of Canadian trade and industry not only made Canada a more self-confident nation — no longer acutely concerned over questions of national sovereignty — but also created an insistent demand both for more electricity and better transportation facilities. In short, by 1941 the majority of the Canadian people were eager and ready to see construction begin. By 1951, they were demanding that their neighbours either co-operate in completing the waterway or else get out of the way and allow Canada to do the job.

In the United States the course of events was different. There the railroads, the private utilities, the Eastern and Gulf ports, the coal mining interests, and the other opposed groups of earlier years persisted in their opposition. In fact, if anything, following the close of

World War II they stepped up the volume and intensity of their anti-Seaway propaganda. But — as the more astute of the anti-Seaway lobbyists eventually came to realize — theirs was a losing fight. On Capitol Hill their views and opinions came to carry less and less weight. The approval of the Wiley-Dondero bill marked their final defeat.

What considerations caused Congress to break with the past and to authorize American participation in the completion of the waterway? One was that a number of legislators — for example, Senator John Kennedy of Massachusetts — came to believe that benefits to the nation as a whole would more than counterbalance any temporary losses than any particular interests or areas might suffer from the diversion of traffic to the Seaway. A second was that many of them came to realize that, with the growth of trade and industry and the increase of population in the "heartland" of North America, the improvement of the waterway was inevitable. A third was that a number of Congressmen finally became convinced that the dual-purpose development would make a significant contribution to national security. It would mean more power for the manufacture of aluminum and implements of warfare; it would open up additional shipbuilding facilities in the Great Lakes region; it would reduce by a thousand miles the open navigation for American ships sailing to Europe; and, most important of all, it would provide inexpensive transportation for the movement of vast quantities of iron ore from the Labrador-Quebec mines to the steel mills of the Midwest — thereby supplementing the rapidly dwindling supplies of Minnesota.

Other factors that contributed to the weakening of the entrenched position of the opposition forces included the adoption in 1947 of the principle of tolls for the use of the improved sections of the waterway, thereby effectively countering earlier railroad contentions that a federally-financed Seaway would be unfair to other forms of transportation; the abandonment of the opposition fight by a large segment of the iron and steel industry (after certain of the steel manufacturing companies became interested in the Canadian ores); and the gradual growth of public understanding of the proposed improvement. Also important were the expanded lobbying activities of the Great Lakes-

St. Lawrence Association, made possible by large financial contributions by the steel manufacturing companies; the vigorous support given the project by the President, his Cabinet, the National Security Council, and other agencies of the Government; the industry and zeal of Alexander Wiley, George D. Aiken, Hubert Humphrey, Herbert Lehman, and other members of the Senate and their counterparts in the House; and the extensive logrolling that preceded the passage of the Wiley-Dondero bill, in which Senators from Maine, from the valley of the Colorado River, and from states along the Mississippi River supported the Seaway bill in return for explicit or implied promises of support for projects in which they themselves were particularly interested.

Another factor was the lower price tag attached to the project. Although the proponents admitted that at least an additional \$100,000,000 would have to be spent immediately to deepen the connecting channels of the Great Lakes, and that additional sums would be required to deepen harbours, the fact that under the Wiley-Dondero Act the financial responsibilities of the Federal Government were limited to guaranteeing the bond issue of the St. Lawrence Seaway Development Corporation to the extent of only \$105,000,000 was, no doubt, reason enough to cause certain economy-minded Senators to shift from opposition to support of American participation.

A final factor — undoubtedly the most important of all — was an understanding reached by President Truman and Prime Minister St. Laurent in September 1951 that if, within a reasonable time, Congress failed to approve the St. Lawrence agreement of 1941, Ontario and an American entity were to develop the power of the International Rapids section and Canada was to construct the waterway on her own side of the boundary. Acceptance of this so-called Power Priority Plan, foreshadowing as it did public development of the electric energy on both sides of the boundary, cut the ground out from under one of the largest elements of entrenched opposition, that is, the private power interests. Similarly, Canada's promise to build the Seaway — strengthened later by her reiterated demand to be permitted to do the job herself — had the effect of weakening the arguments of the railroads, the Atlantic and the Gulf ports, and other

opposed groups, since it was obvious that whatever damage they might incur had become inevitable regardless of whether the United States participated. The assurance of an all-Canadian waterway had the further effect of providing the Seaway advocates with one of their most telling arguments, namely, that considerations of national pride, as well as national security, demanded that the United States not be deprived of its rightful share in the construction and control of a great waterway on its very border. In fact, it is not difficult to believe that a number of Senators voted for the Wiley bill mainly because they could not tolerate the thought of an all-Canadian waterway.

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What conclusions logically emerge from this study in diplomacy and pressure politics? One would seem to be that much forbearance, goodwill and genuine understanding are essential if neighbouring countries are to make effective use of international waters. A second is that if an issue is of marked interest and importance to large sections of the United States and to large groups of voters, members of Congress are likely to place sectional and interest-group considerations ahead of political. Again and again on key Congressional votes on the Seaway issue, the division was more geographical than political, with the Midwest, Vermont, and northern New York supporting the project and the remainder of the East and the states of the Mississippi Valley voting in opposition.

A third and corollary conclusion is that, unless other conditions are particularly favourable, the recommendations of the President on hotly debated sectional issues are likely to carry little weight on Capitol Hill, even with the members of his own party. Thus in 1934, in spite of the fact that President Roosevelt made it emphatically clear that he wanted the Seaway treaty approved, twenty-two of fifty-one Democratic members of the Senate cast negative votes — and that too at a time when the President was the unchallenged leader of his party, obtaining almost at will legislation in innumerable other fields. President Truman exerted herculean efforts to obtain Congressional approval of the agreement of 1941, but again many of the legislators placed sectional interests ahead of loyalty to the titular head of their party. By contrast, President Eisenhower's request for Seaway legisla-

tion was granted. He succeeded where his predecessors had failed not because he put forth greater effort — that he did not do — but rather because of the favourable developments mentioned above: the separation of the power project from navigation, Canada's indicated determination to build the Seaway, and so on. In short, the times must be right or the greatest efforts are likely to come to naught.

A fourth conclusion would seem to be that, although pressure groups, jurisdictional disputes, sectional considerations, and personality clashes may delay for decades the initiation of a project favoured by a majority of the American people, in the end the predominant viewpoint is likely to prevail. In this conclusion there is hope, not only for the perpetuation of American democracy, but also for the continuation of amicable Canadian-American relations.

MENS DISCONSOLATA

by

GEORGE BRANDON SAUL

Time being but consciousness perturbed to count
Its lunging footsteps, though it knows each lunge
Is but regression toward the dark whose seed
We furiously are: our tale a screed
Mystery has written and will soon expunge:
What have the years to offer but the brunt
Of disenchantment for the baffled heart
That did not seek its term, the strangled mind
That did not ask just power enough to spell
Its ultimate confusion, the mocked will
To beauty, though by agony defined? —
Nothing, indeed, except the blood-won art
Of love's endurance while the taut eyes crack
Against the flaming why of their grim zodiac.

The Modernism of Jonathan Swift

by

JAMES GRAY

Swift's greatest work, *"Gulliver's Travels"*, offers a "prophetic super-diagnosis of humanity's ailments", as applicable today as in 1726 when it first appeared. A specialist in eighteenth-century literature examines the perennial modernity of Swift's book.

There is a grimly memorable chapter in H. G. Wells's *Short History of the World* called "The Present Outlook for *Homo Sapiens*". "It is scarcely an exaggeration," says Wells at the beginning of that chapter, "to say that at present mankind as a species is demented and that nothing is so urgent upon us as the recovery of mental self-control. We call an individual insane if his ruling ideas are so much out of adjustment to his circumstances that he is a danger to himself and others. This definition of insanity seems to cover the entire human species at the present time, and it is no figure of speech but a plain statement of fact, that man has to 'pull his mind together' or perish. To perish or to enter upon a phase of maturer power and effort. No middle way seems open to him. He has to go up or down. He cannot stay at what he is."

These words were written by Wells in 1941. They might easily be written again today. They might also have been written two hundred years ago by Jonathan Swift. For what Swift wanted, above all else, was that man should "pull his mind together" and recover his mental self-control. His greatest work is, in a sense, a kind of prophetic super-diagnosis of humanity's ailments—ailments that we believe to be endemic to twentieth century life—and the prescription of a highly improbable remedy, the application of commonsense to the wounds of insanity.

In Swift's hands, this remedy for the ills of our age has a homeopathic quality. Can a madman cure insanity? Can a deranged mind

dispense commonsense? Can a neurotic bring peace to an age of anxiety? Probably not. Yet there is something to be said for considering the Swiftian diagnosis, with its peculiarly modern connotations, and his simple therapy, which might enable us "to enter upon a phase of maturer power and effort".

Let us first pass lightly over Swift's qualifications as a diagnostician. He was a temporal schizophrenic: one half of his personality belonged to the Age of Reason and the other was firmly rooted in the pessimistic clay of the seventeenth century. It is common knowledge, too, that Swift's mind roamed the precarious borderland of madness: but it is on that very borderland that reason speaks most distinctly to unreason, and the vision appears to acquire a sharp hierophantic quality that is almost holy. These things made Swift at once a reactionary and a rebel, a misanthropist and a Utopian. Two centuries ahead of his time, he was an Outsider, an Angry Young Man, a Beatnik, a Welfare Statesman, and an interesting psychiatric case. All this makes him eminently well qualified to explore the twentieth century mind.

We may illustrate this contention by retracing the steps of Swift's hero. Readers of *Gulliver's Travels* will recall the power struggle that was ceaselessly waged in the Kremlin of Lilliput, with all its political jealousies and factions; the cold and hot wars between the two pigmy empires for reasons utterly preposterous, the Big Endians and the Little Endians and so on. Mirrored in the antics of these ridiculous mannikins we can see our own East-West animosities in all their dramatized pettiness. Stretching our imaginations a little, we might even see a former Secretary of State taking Gulliver's place astride the palace of Blefuscu and applying his "massive retaliation" to douse the flames of the fire.

We should note in passing that Lilliput has many modern amenities. Every town maintains its own public nurseries, to which all children, except those of cottagers and labourers, must be sent at a very early age. Their parents are allowed to visit them only twice a year, for one hour at a time. They are even allowed to kiss their children at meeting and parting, but a professor stands by to see that

they do not whisper to them or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweet-meats, and the like. This charming arrangement calls to mind the new Communes of China, and, nearer home, the Doukhobor Concentration Camps in British Columbia (now, happily, being dispensed with).

On the credit side, we should pay tribute to the simple and enlightened criminal code of the Lilliputians. If an accused man is acquitted, his informer is severely punished. Fraud is considered a greater crime than theft, and is punishable by death. Ingratitude is also a capital crime; and rewards are provided for those who have conspicuously obeyed the laws.

In Lilliput, too, there is a compulsory children's insurance scheme, with provision for education, and nearly identical schooling for boys and girls — not quite up to the Hutchins ideal, but approaching it. There is also hospital care for the destitute, the aged and the infirm. As a result, begging is unknown.

Gulliver's second voyage, to Brobdingnag, is not just an ingenious exercise in physical relativity: in its central part it becomes a study of moral relativity as the basis of an extended satire on the whole of western civilization. The king of Brobdingnag finds Europe guilty of ignorance, idleness and vice; its laws perverted and evaded, deliberately and shamelessly; its original institution of government destroyed by corruption; its governing classes and clergy selected with no reference to virtue, integrity and wisdom. "I cannot but conclude," he says in a memorable sentence, "the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

When Gulliver proposes to introduce European methods of warfare, with all their destructive capabilities, into Brobdingnag, the king is shocked and horrified. To him and to his people, power achieved by force is an abhorrent concept. Gulliver, with his belief in the inevitability of a hot war and no illusions about clean bombs or dirty bombs, finds this standpoint incredible. Here he is, offering the secret formula for explosive missiles that would destroy whole armies, batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink entire flotillas,

rip up pavements, tear houses to pieces and dash out the brains of the populace, and the king refuses, on the grounds of a "nice unnecessary scruple"! Gulliver tries to rationalize this astonishing failure of *Realpolitik* as a species of the crassest ignorance. The Brobdingnagians, he reasons, have not yet reduced politics to a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. The king is old-fashioned enough to believe in passive resistance, in justice and in fair dealing, and to utter such incredible banalities as this: "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." Here we have, of course, the modern implication — still resisted by some western minds — that the ultimate war will be lost and won on the economic front.

Gulliver's visits to Laputa, Balnibarbi, Luggnagg, Glubbdubdribb and Japan reveal Swift's withering opinions on the misuse of the intellect. In particular, they contain his most strident attacks on pointless intellectualism. They are not only a political satire on the Anglo-Irish situation, but they exude an anti-intellectualism as pungent and remorseless as anything the United States has produced in our time. In the academy of Lagado, we are shown the maleficent effects of an experiment in what might be called "ovacephalocracy" or government by eggheads. The professors and projectors there, like the Royal Academicians of Swift's own day, were suffering from an overdose of intellect and a deficiency of commonsense. They are so much out of contact with reality and with the rest of mankind, so professorially absent-minded, that their memories have to be revived by Flappers whose job it is to hit them on the mouth and ears with a special instrument to call them to listen to or answer the conversation of others. In their grotesque ivory tower, the professors are engaged on such projects as extracting sunbeams from cucumbers and building houses downwards from roof to foundation. (What Swift would have thought of such innovations as vitaminology, prefabricated houses, and the use of penicillin mould as a curative drug, we do not know, but here, in the fantasy of Lagado, he is anticipating exactly such things).

In Luggnagg one of the most memorable episodes is that of Gulliver's encounter with the Struldbruggs, a race of immortals. He finds out that immortality is not, to use an old English phrase, "all beer and skittles". Among other things, it poses a nice problem in geriatrics, for the Struldbruggs have all the discomforts and privations of old age without the consolation of the prospect of death. They are a drain on the community, a social and financial liability. No wonder laws are in force to prevent them from propagating their kind without restriction. If unchecked they would eventually become, as Gulliver says, "proprietors of the whole nation, and engross the civil power; which, for want of abilities to manage, must end in the ruin of the publick." Here again we have the adumbrations of a twentieth century welfare state problem. For in the welfare state, with its universal enjoyment of health insurance and sickness benefits, the aged are increasing in numbers as well as in vigour and tenacity. They may never achieve immortality, but they could eventually strangle the economy of the western world.

Swift was of the opinion that human beings place too high a value on life. The death wish is underneath the surface of much of his writing. Health is worth preserving, he maintains, but life is not. Though the wise man will bear life with fortitude, his reason tells him that it were better had he not been born. It follows that an inordinate desire for long life is nothing more than a gross passion issuing from the depths of irrationality. For these reasons, Swift would have applauded certain things that even the twentieth century conscience still boggles at, such as euthanasia, legalized abortion and sterilization.

It is in the third section of the *Travels*, by the way, that Swift foresees (in a certain sense) the use of Inter-Continental Ballistic Missiles when he relates Gulliver's experiences with the Flying Island. The Laputian monarch uses this island as a coercive weapon to bring smaller nations to heel, but the scientists of one of these, the Lindalinians, devise a rudimentary kind of DEW line, consisting of four loadstones, to ward off attack from the Flying Island and to put it out of control. The king is smart enough to recognize a military stale-

mate when he sees one, and he agrees to a conference of foreign ministers.

It is in the fourth and final section of the *Travels* that the modernism of Jonathan Swift comes most remarkably into focus. Here, in the society of the Houyhnhnms, the horses endowed with reason, we have all the attributes of our century, plus a few still to come. We have the drab and soulless monotony of Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times*; the slavish adherence to routine of *Organization Man*; the gregarious isolationism of Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*; the eugenic selectivity and the antiseptic quality of *Brave New World*; the rigid, totalitarian conformism of Orwell's *1984*; and finally, for what it is worth, the promised millennium of Marxism.

The Houyhnhnms are the most hygienic beings on earth. Their serene goodwill is matched only by their unconscionable lovelessness. Their carefully planned marriages, their birth control through restraint, their insistence on Temperance, Industry, Exercise and Cleanliness, their four-year plan, and all the rest, are familiar to every student of Soviet society. The Houyhnhnms impose a deliberate limitation on knowledge. They have no art or letters, not even a *Dr. Zhivago*. Their only poetry is precise, mechanical stuff of a propagandist kind, praising sports heroes or exalting friendship and benevolence. They are creatures without a history (they have come, indeed, to control history), continuing for generation after generation to live prudently, maintaining their population at exactly the same level, avoiding all passion, suffering from no diseases, meeting death indifferently, and bringing up their young to continue the process indefinitely.

Did Swift seriously advocate this model society as a pattern for the future? Did he believe that all the ills of humanity would be cured by a Utopian formula whose chief ingredient was reason? Certainly the Houyhnhnm society was preferable, in his view, to its opposite extreme, the Yahoo, with its ape-like brutality, its Hobbesian "fear and danger of violent death", and its way of life poor, nasty, brutish and short. The Houyhnhnms, like Locke's natural men, are rational creatures, living together according to reason, without a common superior — in a state of liberty without license, everyone administer-

ing the laws of nature for himself, laws of temperance and mutual benevolence. In such a state, Swift believed, goodness could flourish, or at least his idea of goodness, which was bound up with republicanism, love of liberty, courage, public spirit, and so on. The Houyhnhnms, in fact, however, have reached the highest stage of totalitarian organization, the stage when conformity has become so general that there is no need for police forces or courts of law, when the "evils" of argument and disagreement have been abolished, and when the causes of war have been for ever eradicated.

This is the point at which Swift's modernism breaks down. His formula would have killed the patient, for surely freedom and development would be impossible in such a rational Utopia as this. Swift had been reading too much La Rochefoucauld, too much Pascal, too much Bayle, too much Montaigne for his own good. He had come to the wrong conclusions about the weakness of human reason and lost sight of the fact that humanitarianism prospers most in a world that needs it, a world like his, a world like our own.

All the same, there is much to be learned from the Swiftian assault on our pride in reason. We can learn, for instance, that our progress in this world is meaningless unless we can abolish the horrors of war, the degradation of man's inhumanity to man, and the assorted curses of unreason that Gulliver projects into our consciousness. Without becoming Houyhnhnms, in fact, we can at least pull our minds together and arrest the stampede towards Yahooism before it is too late.

Plato's Republic and Modern Utopianism

by

PETER F. FISHER

Plato has been variously praised as a liberal and attacked as a fascist. But perhaps too many readers of the "Republic" have missed its irony. It is neither a handbook for rulers nor a blue print for revolutionaries. It puts not its trust in princes nor in proletarians.

Utopianism is more than a literary form. It is a habit of thought. We say that a man's attitude is 'utopian' when he tries to handle the problem of government in what we consider to be an impractical way. But we all pretend to believe that the problem of government has some ultimate solution, some ultimate answer in terms of an earthly paradise. And most of us seem to believe, or at least hope, that this answer will take the form of some more or less perfected pattern of political organization — that is to say, most of us are utopians in theory. Indeed modern utopianism has become a disease infecting our political thinking — one which the sufferer himself seems to be unaware of, and usually accuses others of having. It is a most curious disease and a typically western one. It may be the characteristic aberration of western thought about the relationship between the individual and society. Since we have to thank the Greeks for a good many of our habits of thought, we have to thank them for the beginnings of this aberration. For it did not begin as an aberration at all, but as a defense against the oriental cult of titanism and the irrational use of political power.

We all know the fate which pursued the tragic hero in Greek drama, and what caused it. The cause was *hubris*, the sin of unwarranted presumption which threatened the order of nature, the order of society and even the divine order of the gods. This crime had originated with the titans, and it was the basis of the tragic flaw which prevented the hero from attaining successfully the immortal life of the gods. The political guardians of Greece took note of it as they

withstood the threat of Persian despotism, and sought to make the world safe for reason and civilization. This emphatic defense against titanism became the cornerstone of Greek ethical thinking and its application to the political and social environment.

The social environment was the inescapable condition of human nature to the Greek. Aristotle remarked that the man who could live apart from the association with his fellows must be either a beast or a god, and he added elsewhere that it was impossible to entertain friendship, the basis of the community, for the gods. In short, there could be no question of separating man as man from his social environment, just as there could be no question of separating fish from the sea or birds from the air. For man was a tribal unit as an animal, but he was a social unit or citizen as a rational animal, as a human being. There can be no doubt that the Greek thought which followed the early cosmologists, and culminated in the ethical emphasis of Plato and Aristotle, was profoundly fascinated by the discovery that there was a golden mean between the divine order of the gods and the natural order of beasts — namely, civic order, social order, the human order — polity. This was the order which reasonable men could rely on to protect them from the error of trying to act like gods without being gods — from political bestiality, from titanism. Homer had sometimes represented the gods themselves as acting impulsively and irrationally — as though there was a bit of the titan still left in them — but Plato threw the Homeric gods out of his *Republic*. The Platonic gods were perfected citizens of a divine order, and they were represented as incapable of unreasonable behaviour. Plato made titanism into the great heresy, and his *Republic* is regarded as the first of utopias, for in it the individual is described in terms of the community.

In the *Republic*, Plato is said to have created the western myth of the state — a “likely story” which would save the appearances of the social order. To what extent was he actually the original of the utopian habit of mind, and to what extent have some of us been maligning him? Perhaps his sense of humour has been missed. After all, Socrates used irony to clarify the errors of his opponents, and Socrates was the central figure in the dialogues. Is the *Republic* an extended piece of Socratic irony, and does it contain a potential satire

on the utopian dream? If it does, Plato transcends the defence of the rationalist against the paradox of the actual human predicament. The paradox is that utopianism and titanism are inseparable twins, and if we try for one, we are bound to come up with the other as well. Utopianism conceals titanism but does not destroy it, while titanism usually masquerades as some kind of utopian welfare scheme to begin with. This is illustrated by the actual outcome of the Graeco-Roman search for the completely reasonable society — from Alexander's *homonoia* to Augustus Caesar's *romanitas*. Did not this search which reached cosmopolitan proportions in the empires of Alexander and Augustus end in the titanic despotism of the Caesars? Did not Plato foresee that this was the end of the myth of the state when it became a utopian ideal to be imitated and applied externally? In his paradox of the philosopher-king — the unlikely union of theory and practice — Plato rejected both utopianism and titanism.

The philosopher-king was a paradox, because he was able to give up both utopianism and titanism, and actually be what the reasonable and respectable citizen pretended to be — a just man. After all, most political theory tends to be utopian because it is theory, and political practice has a strong tendency to be titanic and tyrannical, because the politician is only too well aware of the fact that he is not up to the theorist's program, even if this were desirable. But the Platonic philosopher-king contains the paradox of all real leadership, for any leader must participate partially in what the philosopher-king participates in completely, and the act of *hubris* only occurs when he supposes his partial participation to be complete. But it must be remembered that justice was a description of the philosopher-king's inner condition, and not of an adjustment to any pattern of social behaviour. He had actually attained what the tyrannical titan assumed he had, and what the utopian tried to imitate. And yet Plato seemed to say that any state could only survive to the extent that its citizens behaved more or less according to a set program. How are we to interpret the irony of this paradox? Has the *Republic* really nothing to say to us who are neither philosopher-kings nor their subjects? Surely it has this to say very forcibly, and may we of the western democracies never forget it. "Remember that this myth cannot be imitated by any

mere political technique or any *tour de force* of organization." Until, as Socrates stated at the close of the ninth book, the idea of justice is brought to birth in the actual life of the individual, he cannot be a citizen of such a republic. And when this attainment has been finally realized, he will never cease to be its citizen wherever he may be. We have had enough examples of the titanism of the fascist and the utopianism of the communist to make us take this advice to heart, and yet the seeds of both these aberrations are so deeply planted in our habits of thought that we must maintain a constant vigilance.

The most engaging characteristic of utopian thinking is its optimism. Most of us like to think that we are optimists rather than pessimists. But, strictly speaking, an optimist is a man who does not care what happens, as long as it does not happen to him, and a pessimist is a man who has lived too long with an optimist! Uncritical optimism ignores the basic difficulties of the human predicament—the main difficulty of being a human being oneself, and at the same time, of remembering that there are others who are having the same difficulty. It was this difficulty which Plato had in mind when he described the "rudimentary form of justice", not in terms of an abstract code of conduct or in terms of a political technique of organization, but rather in terms of the human individual.

The just man does not allow the several elements in his soul to usurp one another's functions; he is indeed one who sets his house in order, by self-mastery and discipline coming to be at peace with himself, and bringing into tune those three parts, like the terms in the proportion of a musical scale, the highest and lowest notes and the mean between them, with all the intermediate intervals. Only when he has linked these parts together in well-tempered harmony and has made himself one man instead of many, will he be ready to go about whatever he may have to do, whether it be making money and satisfying bodily wants, or business transactions, or the affairs of state. In all these fields when he speaks of just and honourable conduct, he will mean the behaviour that helps to produce and to preserve this habit of mind; and by wisdom he will mean the knowledge which presides over such conduct. Any action which tends to break down this habit will be for him unjust; and the notions governing it he will call ignorance and folly.

(443B - 444A, Cornford's translation)

Plato leads us directly and firmly back to ourselves, and does not allow us to become distracted by the optimism of a political platform, a scheme of education, or a method of psychological adjustment.

This emphasis on the actual ordering of inner experience places the *Republic* above the utopias of classical and modern times. Social organization serves to illustrate, but not to produce, the order of justice within the individual. It does, however, tend to promote this kind of inner order. The measure of our slavery to the utopian habit of thought is surely indicated by our frequent failure to distinguish between promoting justice and producing it by external means alone. Once again, the fundamental issue is significantly put before us. You may promote justice by external sanctions, but you cannot produce it in that way. The attempt to do so results in the complete invasion of individual privacy in the interests of a social program. Here we must be careful, for this is exactly what Plato appears to be doing in the case of his Auxiliary Guardians. They are represented as having all things in common, not as a family or a tribe, but as individuals with a perfectly developed conscience. In the army we call this *morale*, and try to promote it by various means. The danger lies in assuming that it can be produced out of whole cloth by these means. Anyone with any service experience understands this fact. If we ignore the irony which lies behind the organization of Plato's Auxiliary Guardians, we leave ourselves open to a particular kind of utopian nightmare — the *tour de force* of militarism. A real social conscience, however, is not the result of drill or education, although it may be promoted by these techniques. It is the result of a perspective which places individual development and the human soul as the end, with the state as the means to that end, but not the reverse.

Similarly, the highest class of citizen in the *Republic*, the Ruler Guardian, is represented as being in full possession of the vision of the ideal forms apart from the distortion and limitation of temporal appearances. If this pattern is applied to political authority, as we know it, the result can only be a dictatorship over the mind and an attempt to unite the office of priest and temporal ruler. There are so many immediate and apparent advantages to this interpretation, that utopians from Bacon and Campanella on adopted it. But there has

usually been a significant change and further distortion made in the adaptation of this outlook by modern utopians. Utopians like Bellamy, Hertzka and Ignatius Donnelly have placed such an overwhelming emphasis on the power and force of technique, that the groups responsible for its application have become nothing more than the technical reflexes of the state, a set of administrative responses. Planned economy and mass education do it all. The communists were convinced of this outlook before they actually gained political power. Afterwards, however, they were forced to fulfill what amounted to a curious inversion of Plato's scheme — and establish the effective but unacknowledged rule of the Party guardians. The Platonic pattern of the ideal republic is truly "laid up in heaven" as Socrates suggests; we cannot outwardly imitate the perfect society without following perversely the archetypal pattern which Plato outlines. Individual leadership, the leadership of human beings became less and less necessary in the utopias of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; and because they forgot about the individual, they paved the way for the intrusion of titanism in its fascist and communist forms. We do tend to copy our literature, and especially the literature which expresses the immemorial dream of an earthly paradise.

We cannot know what Plato would have thought of our modern governments; it is easier to guess what he might have said about our utopias. They all ignore the individual attainment of any kind of wisdom which transcends natural conditions. They all measure the individual by the state, and they measure the state by the natural environment. In Plato this is reversed; for the universe exists as a condition of human life in the larger sense. Man has a destiny beyond the state and beyond this particular temporal field of experience. But this destiny is conditional and he must be worthy of it. He can never be worthy of it if he ignores the conditions on which it is based. These conditions are comprised in the ordering of his human nature. Just as the social outpost is a garden rescued from the wilderness, so the just man is a garden rescued from the wilderness of human nature. Man cannot shirk this pioneering duty and then imitate the results which it would have made possible. Utopia is the attempt to live in paradise without being fit for it, by merely imitating its outward

conditions and ignoring the inner integrity which it requires. The utopian dream of such a paradise is Plato's *Republic* with the first and last books missing. The first book indicates how far we are from understanding the nature of justice, and the last how far we are from understanding the goal to which it leads. For it leads beyond the state, and any conception of justice which does not is bound to forget the individual's ultimate destiny and concentrate on spotting the position of the social entity within some kind of political calculus of organization and propaganda.

Most of all Plato would criticize the utter naturalism of our utopian outlook — as he did the outlook of the sophists in his own day. If we are utterly creatures of the natural shadow-world of appearances, then we are nothing more than shadows and have no other possibilities. If, however, we have other dimensions to our being, we had better establish our connection with them before attempting to live in a way in which shadows cannot live. But modern utopian thinking emphasizes how we are to live, rather than what we must be in order to live that way. We must adjust and conform, rather than struggle and search, for we are supposed to have found our haven within the human adjustment to the natural order — the state. If this is so, our ideal is not the myth of the state as Plato would have it — a likely story to save the appearances — but the idea of the state, or in other words, the modern utopia. We have succumbed to a theoretical tyranny which would have amused one who conceived the final degradation of the social order as merely a human tyranny. The modern utopian ideal of justice is not possible of realization, because it is not conceived in terms of the individual human being, but is abstracted from the individual and is expressed as a statistical average of the social order. It is not important whether this statistical average exists or not, just as it is not important, in Orwell's *1984*, whether Big Brother exists or not. In this way, the personal despot becomes impersonal and omnipresent; he becomes omnipresent in the telescreen and omnipotent in the Thought Police. When the threat of titanism is least recognized, it is most likely to take over; when the devil is no longer feared, or even recognized, then he has a field day.

We of the twentieth century need hardly be reminded of the unexpected and lethal forces which are concealed in the natural environ-

ment, but we are not as aware of the titanic forces within ourselves. Titanism is essentially the extreme expression of the will to individual development which tends to override the controlling force of either the social or the natural order. It is characteristic of titanism that it quickly appears for what it is: an aberration in the individual's search for himself. Plato describes the threat of titanism in his picture of the despot, and he derives the despot from the masses. The despot appears to do what the philosopher-king actually does: unite the good of the community with his own. The philosopher-king understands this union; the tyrant imitates it, or for the moment, identifies the people's good with his. He loses his soul to the pursuit of his immediate interests, but he does have a soul to lose, and his professed aim is not to lose it. But the utopian sacrifices his soul as a precondition of realizing his aim, for his aberration is the extreme expression of the will to communal life. In terms of Plato's despot, titanism is the surrender to an inner disorder which finally destroys the soul. But the modern utopians, like Hertzka, Bellamy and H. G. Wells, who would protect us from *hubris* by means of the planned economy and controlled technology, also enslave us to an outer order to which the inner life must be sacrificed at the very beginning. Such complete outer compulsion precludes the possibility of any inner development whatever. In his desire to defend himself against titanism, the modern utopian has devised the automatic and predictable response of the perfect citizen to the mechanism of the perfect social order.

In his *Critias*, Plato used the myth of Atlantis to describe a state in which technical proficiency and political know-how was at last unable to smother the rise of titanism and the consequent destruction of the political structure. Yet, while titanism remains a possibility, human nature is still in existence. In the *Republic* despotism is the lowest point to which defection from justice can sink, and in this sense, the modern utopian has managed to fall through the bottom of Plato's barrel. For despotism is the last point at which it is still possible to reclaim the state and the individual. The modern utopian who would render titanism completely impossible instead of highly improbable is trying to destroy human nature itself. Complete reduction to a calculus of conditioned effects may produce a hive of bees or an ant-hill, but

not a group of human citizens. In his *Erewhon*, Samuel Butler warned against this kind of slavery to mechanism. Automation applied to the conditions of social life has become the apotheosis of the modern utopia, and it threatens to produce a unity of appearances where the erratic and the eccentric are exiled at the expense of the human soul. After all, the state is a conflict between what man is and what he thinks he ought to be. The problem of political life as we know it must always remain an open, and not a closed, question. Those who tell us they have found the final answer to the social problem also confess that they are trying to destroy the state. The non-human trend in this kind of thinking has excited the alarm of the social satirist from Swift to Orwell.

We do Plato an injustice if we attribute any part of this kind of utopianism to the *Republic*. Surely the *Republic* is misunderstood as advocating any condition of society which will produce the just man. Rather, it is the kind of society which just men would produce — the kind of society which would reflect their attainments and promote justice in others who might voluntarily seek their leadership. Any mere outer conformity could not be expected to effect this inner achievement — much less any form of outer compulsion. Justice, as Plato expressed it, was not an act of conformity or submission to some blueprint of society but an act of faith — a faith in a paradox at that. It was a faith based on the conviction that man could live in a way which would make possible what had not yet become completely possible for him. The only complaint that can be laid at Plato's door is that he sometimes makes it rather easy to misunderstand him. If read too quickly, the *Laws* might make him appear to be the first fascist. But we forget surely that this later work comprises his political theory, and he subordinated politics to the ethical principle of justice which finds its expression in his *Republic*. This principle is far from being the same as the fascist *Führerprinzip*; his leader was no fascist *Führer*. He could hardly have conceived of his ultimate political authority in terms of a tyranny which is the extreme limit of a defection from the principle of justice, and yet such writers as K. R. Popper evidently suppose that he did. Admittedly, Plato was a little too eager to defend his outlook from titanism, and for that very reason gave ground to the charge. Also, his rational method of presentation betrayed him, for

the imagination is more of a guide to being a human being than Plato seems to indicate. Poets and lovers have a hard time in the *Republic*, and this has been noticed by both Huxley and Orwell. Huxley in his *Brave New World* bemoans the fact that industrial determinism and a kind of 'scientism' threaten to prevent the artist from expressing in a cultivated way the confusion of the human predicament. Love is reduced to a biological urge, and Shakespeare's tragedies are made inaccessible. In his *1984*, Orwell makes even the biological urge a crime for Party members and a form of pornography for the masses. Still, they merely comment on the irony of Plato, who never suggested that his state could be enforced as a political program without turning into its direct opposite.

A comparison between Orwell's *1984* and Plato's *Republic* serves to clarify this irony. In Orwell's work, the Guardians become the Party, and the philosopher-king a tyrannical and omnipresent phantom. The artisans become the 'proles' who are prevented from having any other kind of life than that of a wide-eyed and idiotic pursuit of immediate satisfaction. Yet we are told that salvation can come, if at all, from them. In their moronic way, they still regard themselves, rather than the state, as the end of living. They alone have retained the basic condition of Plato's philosopher who, as it were, "has been saved by exile" from denying the impulse to understand his own nature, and has not sacrificed himself to the state. This comparison shows up the weakness of any interpretation of the *Republic* which does not recognize its irony. For the *Republic* is the advocate neither of utopianism nor of titanism, neither of the compulsion of the communist nor of that of the fascist. Neither extreme socialism nor absolute individualism is made the source of order in states or individuals, for justice is the supernatural form of order, and it alone provides the power which arises first in the individual and then in the state. Modern utopianism with its reliance on a political program is the butt of Plato's irony — born out of due time. Like the rest of the few worthwhile books of the world, the *Republic* does not provide a definitive answer to the riddle of man and the state; it provides a commentary on it, an expression of it. Those who look in it for a definitive answer to the problems of statecraft will find none or the wrong one. But no one can go to it again and again without greater understanding of himself, of others and of the possibilities which this increased understanding affords.

Jeremy Bentham

by

GERHARD R. LOMER

The mortal remains of Jeremy Bentham were not to share the common fate of mouldering in the grave; their auto-iconographer would see to that. A distinguished librarian tells the tale and reports as well on new plans for editing Bentham's literary remains.

That Jeremy Bentham was an egregious man few would dispute. He lived from 1748 to 1832, and none of his contemporaries had such wide intellectual, social, and moral interests, and not one of them in his writings covered the extraordinary range of subjects that we find in the shelf-ful of quarto volumes that contain Bentham's works. What other unprinted material remains in the horde of unpublished manuscripts in University College in London no one accurately knows. The College is presently undertaking the preparation and publication of a new and definitive edition of Bentham's works, now long out of print, which will include hitherto unpublished material from the 75,000 sheets in the collection of the College.

With such a prodigious editorial project under way, one is justified in looking for a moment at the quite extraordinary man who, a century and a half ago, put on paper such a vast amount of thinking, much of which has been incorporated into our own life. Bentham was such an unusual man in thought, word, and deed that each of these aspects of his complex personality deserves a brief consideration. The mere mass of his written output was so enormous that, as J. B. Talleyrand remarked, "Pillé par tout le monde, il est toujours riche."

It was a transitional age in which Bentham lived and one in which there were developing many changes in the physical, economic, and intellectual life of England. He was born in the reign of George II, lived through those of George III and George IV, and died in that of William IV, five years before the accession of Victoria. Into the span of Bentham's long life there were crowded events and people

of enduring importance. Catherine of Russia, Marie Antoinette, Napoleon and Wellington, Talleyrand and Metternich in world affairs; Voltaire, Rousseau, Kant, Goethe, Scott, Wordsworth, Balzac in literature; Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn in music; and in art, Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner. In science and industry the spinning-jenny, the locomotive, the balloon, and the battery were becoming known. Jeremy's agile mind was keenly responsive to the growing intellectual activity of his time. Amid this distinguished galaxy of contemporaries, Jeremy Bentham and Samuel Taylor Coleridge were regarded by John Stuart Mill as "the two great seminal minds of England in their age."

Among his forebears Bentham had both a pawnbroker and a bishop. A first cousin was purser to Capt. Cook on his first voyage to the Sandwich Islands; but from him all that the boy Jeremy learned of that Pacific paradise was that the purser had been greatly disturbed by "the terrible noise" made by the island king in the course of his amours. Jeremy's father was an ambitious attorney who aspired to knighthood, but his mother preferred the title of "Faithful and obedient wife" to that of "Lady". Jeremy, who spent most of his childhood near books, though somewhat stunted and not robust of body, was one of those precocious and intellectually active children whose early promise does not wither with their teens. Even before he could speak he could recognise the letters of the alphabet. His interest in the history of Saxon England dated, he said, from "before I was breeched, and I was breeched at three and a quarter years old". His classical studies began at his father's knee at the age of four, and when he was five he had begun to write Latin. At this same period he learned to play ("scrape" is his own expression, and it is doubtless accurate) a minuet by Foote upon a "fiddle in miniature". At the age of seven he entertained his mother's guests after dinner by performing a sonata or two of Handel's.

Jeremy had his fair share of the eerie imagination of childhood, and his natural credulity was fostered by his grandmother, who should have known better than to tell him tales of ghosts and spirits she had seen, and by a footman who kept the inquisitive child out of the kitchen by impersonating a ghost with swathed head and menac-

ing voice. It is small wonder that the young child, put to bed alone in a large unfurnished bedroom, thought that he saw "the Devil and his imp". His active imagination had perhaps been overstimulated by a puppet-show and by his reading, which included vampires from *Lettres juives*, the goat from *Robinson Crusoe*, and the Devil from *Pilgrim's Progress*. Years later he wrote that, as a boy, when he passed through a churchyard at night, "my heart was going pit-a-pat all the while, and I fancied I saw a ghost perched upon every tombstone." Echoes of these infantile fears pursued him even to Oxford, where at Queen's he felt obliged to change from his first chamber which was gloomy and looked out upon the churchyard.

Though his parents "fancied that there was a concealed contagion" in any books that were amusing or entertaining, Jeremy, in spite of the resultant predominance of religion and history, managed to read Pope's *Homer*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, over whom he wept copious tears, and *Telemachus* — a romance which, he later wrote, "may be regarded as the foundation-stone of my whole character . . . the first dawning in my mind of the principle of *utility* may, I think be traced to it." This is a significant statement in view of his ultimately becoming one of the greatest of English Utilitarians. Side by side with his childish belief in ghosts and fairies and witches there existed a curious conscientiousness which led him to wish to discontinue drawing lest he should break one of the ten commandments and, later on when he went to Oxford, worried him because he had to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles before admission to the University.

When, aged a little more than twelve years, he entered Queen's College, Oxford, he had with him a battery of books, including *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, Buchanan's *Psalms*, Potter's *Greek Antiquities*, the *Prayer Book*, works on Geometry and Arithmetic, and volumes of such classical authors as Homer, Demosthenes, Pliny, Vergil, Ovid, Horace, Terence, and others. But he formed no great opinion of the University which, like many others of the time, was characterized by intellectual sloth and social and moral prejudices. "I learned nothing", he says. "We just went to the foolish lectures of tutors to be taught something of logical jargon." With true undergraduate omniscience he already felt that he was "too old to be taken in" by Aristotle.

While he was thus adorning his mind as best he could, Jeremy was not unmindful of his exterior, perhaps because at the age of five his father had rewarded him with "a pink waistcoat and a coat and breeches of double allepine", a combination of wool and silk. Later, at the University, he must have been sadly embarrassed, for in his second year he wrote to his father that he wished "you would let me come home very soon, for my clothes are dropping off my back: and if I don't go home very soon to get new ones, I must not go downstairs, they are so bad, for as soon as one hole is mended, another breaks out." It is a comfort to know that, after graduation, he went, with Richard Clarke, who called him "Jere", on a walking-tour in the West of England clad in a pea-green coat and "bitterly tight" breeches of green silk, which must have made a fine contrast with the good red earth of the West. Though he took his Bachelor's degree at Oxford at the age of sixteen and his Master's three years later, he never had a deep affection for his Alma Mater, still steeped in archaic sentiment and holding fast to "the last enchantments of the Middle Age", but in his mind breeding only "mendacity and insincerity".

Jeremy had lost his own mother before he was eleven, and when after his graduation his father married again, Jeremy, not fancying his stepmother, set up in chambers of his own and studied law, Anglo-Saxon, and philosophy, and also made experiments in chemistry that were so odoriferous that they aroused the protests of his neighbours. His independence of mind began even then to give him the reputation of being eccentric. When at one of the London clubs he met the great Samuel Johnson, he regarded him as a "pompous vamer of commonplace morality", and he was annoyed with Oliver Goldsmith for having written *The Deserted Village*, which Jeremy found displeasingly "gloomy: besides, it was not true, for there are no such villages".

As a young man of twenty-six, a juvenile and impecunious young barrister with one hundred pounds a year, out of which some ten went to his barber, his shoeblack, and his washerwoman, Jeremy temporarily deserted philosophy for love, and for a while fancy ruled the head. He became enamoured of a seventeen-year-old girl. His stepmother approved but his father and an uncle ("a well-meaning man

of a cold, misgiving, apprehensive nature") did not. As a result Jeremy was much upset. Doubtless influenced by contemporary dreams of transatlantic felicity, he even contemplated migrating to Florida, then regarded as a sort of terrestrial Paradise, but he had no money and no wife. At this time of stress he wrote to his father that "Prudence will not always be listened to by an ulcered mind", but added, lest his father should think he might be foolishly led on by the supposed delights of matrimony, "Let me assure you of this also, that in point of appetite I am as cool as any anchorite could wish to be."

There followed an interlude of authorship, and then Jeremy met a Miss Stretton who, though keenly observed, did not impress him at first. "Her features are not pretty—teeth regular but not close set—complexion far from blooming. Her shape is elegant. She appears good-natured, affable, and unaffected, and upon the whole her countenance, especially when she smiles, is far from being unpleasing—*c'est-à-dire*, by candlelight." This time Jeremy's father was willing, for the lady was wealthy, but she herself proved uncoöperative.

Not long after this second disappointment, Jeremy was a guest of Lord Shelburne, whom Disraeli described as "the first great minister who comprehended the rising importance of the middle class." Jeremy enjoyed his visits to his host's seat at Boxwood, where he entertained what he called the Matrons and the Virgins. Among the latter he was much impressed by the sister of Lady Shelburne but, upset by her too early departure, was too shy even to hand her into her coach. He tried to console himself with playing chess with a newly arrived guest, Caroline Fox, a fourteen-year old, "a good-natured, pleasant kind of girl . . . very prettily made . . . and had already a very womanly sort of bosom." This attraction, destined to become so popular in America, seems however to have been effectively counterbalanced by her teeth which, though white, were rather too large.

Jeremy then consoled himself by sailing for the Mediterranean on a five months' cruise, ending with a visit to Russia, where his brother was a lieutenant-colonel in charge of shipbuilding under Prince Potempkin, Catherine's current favourite. There Jeremy stayed for two years, writing as diligently as if he were in London, on prison

reform, improved water transportation, usury, and other matters. He designed the octagonal Millbank Prison, and, though many of the theories in his *Panopticon* failed of realisation, they constituted a definite step forward in the treatment of convicts and prisoners. By this time love for humanity had, in Jeremy's bosom, replaced his abortive egotistic passions.

His intensely active mind now seems to have begun to evoke the criticism and advice of his friends, one of whom accused him of "always running away from a good scheme to a better. In the meantime, life passes and nothing is completed." Before his death, however, Jeremy Bentham had written enough to fill some six thousand pages which fill ten quarto volumes, and at his death he left 173 boxes of unpublished memoranda and manuscripts which lay for sixty years undisturbed in the vaults of University College, until they were systematically examined, and another forty-five years before a catalogue and index of them was published. Today one is impressed not only by the volume of the writings of Bentham but by the variety of subjects which interested his active, logical, and humane mind. To list these would be impractical, but a few titles will serve to indicate the area of his sympathetic investigation: Catholic emancipation, the principle of the greatest happiness, a project for conversation tubes, dockyards, cookery, penitentiary planning, forcing plant growth, printing music, nursery school, keeping fowl, international law, and blasphemy.

But it must be confessed that, as an author, Jeremy Bentham suffered from two imperfections which were perhaps the inevitable result of the combined idealism and restless impatience of his mind: in the first place, he apparently never knew when a piece of writing was finished but kept on revising and thinking and rewriting without the necessary recourse to the waste-basket; and secondly, with no idea of simple and clear sentence structure, he involved himself and his reader in prolixity, redundancy, and interminable sentences foreign to our modern habit. When available words did not satisfy his meticulous mind, he invented what he called a "new lingo", of which some of the terms were very uncouth though "international law",

"codify", "utilitarian", and "minimize" appear to have justified themselves. Surely no ordinary man, using the vocabulary familiar in the daily round and common task, would indulge in, or even imagine, such polysyllabic conundrums as: Gnostosymbolic mathematics, Uranoscopic physiurgics, Catanomothetic judicature, Abioscopic epigeoscopies, Panopticon penitentiary, Zooscopic embioscopics, Eclecticospastic source of motion, Coenonesioscopic neology, and a host of others that make the index to his works an adventure in word discovery.

His individual method of recording his thoughts prior to writing was to jot down his incomplete ideas or unfinished sentences on scraps of paper—even blotting-paper—or on cards which he then pinned on his curtains or put into drawers so that he "could tumble them over and over". Later on he found it simpler to arrange his thoughts in his head than to sort out scraps of paper, especially as his handwriting was not always easily legible. It is perhaps all the more amazing that out of his drawers full of memoranda he could have eventually constructed such remarkable and historic publications as his *Fragment on Government*, which criticized Blackstone and established a point of departure for the new science of Political Economy, his *Principles of Morals and Legislation*, embodying many of his ideas of reform, and his *Critical Elements of Jurisprudence*. For the last half-century of his life, Jeremy was happily occupied in codifying and expanding, with enthusiasm and messianic self-confidence, his multitudinous cogitations. To the end of his days he was an indefatigable author. He wrote to a Russian admiral that, at the age of eighty-two, he was "still in good health and spirits, codifying like any dragon". And he once exclaimed: "O that I could decompose myself like a polypus. Could I make half a dozen selves, I have work for all."

The house in which Jeremy spent his later years was almost as interesting as he was, and it reflected his idiosyncrasies. Jeremy's mind was not only fertile in social and philosophical ideas but was occupied with a number of practical domestic gadgets. His efforts to make his home more comfortable remind one somewhat of his transatlantic contemporary Thomas Jefferson and his ingenious archi-

tectural and domestic arrangements at Monticello. Jeremy found that the heat and light of his grate-fire troubled his eyes: he therefore invented a stove to warm "the seat of his meditations". His dining-room, which was an apartment of good size, he ingeniously arranged for protection against English draughts by raising the table and chairs on a central dais about two feet high, with room for the servants to pass behind the chairs. Around his own seat at the head of the table he also had a large screen. He was kept warm by steam in copper pipes. He had a piano in each of several rooms and an organ in the dining-room. In later years, bread and fruit and tea — from his "sacred teapot" which he had christened "Dick" — provided his chief nourishment, supplemented by a half-glass of Madeira each day. Scornful of convention and consistently eccentric, Jeremy ate his meals backward, beginning with dessert which, he said, lost its savour if it followed the stronger viands that usually precede it. After dinner he donned a black silk night-cap over his thin hair and, announcing to his guests that he was "going to vibrate a little", he proceeded to walk briskly around the room for about an hour, pouring forth, as the reformer Robert Owen says, "such a witty and eloquent invective against kings, priests, and their retainers, as I have ever heard". For additional exercise he used to "circumgyrate" in his garden, wearing a broad grotesque straw hat and carrying his favourite stick "Dapple".

In appearance he has been likened variously to John Milton, Benjamin Franklin, and Charles Fox. The romantic and industrious Mrs. Oliphant called Jeremy "a queer little antiquated celibate, as grotesque as anything that ever came out of the fancy of Dickens". When Jeremy took his guest Major Parry for a walk in the Park, he suddenly trotted off by himself with his white hair floating in the wind. "Is Mr. Bentham flighty?" asked the surprised Major, but was assured, "Oh, no — it's his way. He thinks it good for his health." Jeremy used to play battledore and shuttlecock with Leigh Hunt, who had been imprisoned for libeling the Prince Regent and who, by means of wallpaper, window-shades, and furnishings, had turned his prison quarters into "a bower of roses under a Florentine sky"; but even in the midst of such distractions the fertile mind of Jeremy was

characteristically moved to suggest improvements in the shuttlecock. He loved anything that had four legs and at dinner he used to feed on his lap a colony of mice, but they disturbed his guests by running up their backs and eating the powder and pomatum in their hair. He could never swim or whistle but saw "no reason to complain". He snored mightily and solemnly assures us that "if a Bentham does not snore, he is not legitimate".

The years passed for him only too rapidly. Two years before his death he wrote, "I have almost run myself dry by long-continued and persevering libations to the public service. You see the cancelling line: my eyes are waxing every day dimmer and dimmer and my mind more and more oscillatory, or say tottering or toddling like my walk." Jeremy's senescent days grew slower and slower and finally, on June 6, 1832, the sun shone for him no longer and all postprandial gyrations ceased forever. Two legacies from his busy life, however, remain: the rich mine of his writings and his Auto-Icon.

It is this remarkable Icon which we now have to consider, for since the time of the Pharaohs of Egypt few persons have given so much thought to the future of their mortal remains. As early as 1769, when he still had sixty-three years to live, Jeremy had in his will directed the ultimate dissection of his body, "not out of affection of singularity but to the intent and with the desire that mankind may reap some small benefit in and by my decease, having hitherto had small opportunities to contribute thereto while living." This last modest statement, however, his subsequent writings completely disprove.

This idea of his posthumous usefulness he further elaborated in a piece that was not published until ten years after his death. It was entitled *Auto-Icon; or Farther uses of the Dead to the Living*. In this extraordinary piece of writing Bentham recommended not only that people should leave their bodies to be dissected for purposes of science but made the peculiar proposal that mummified bodies should replace the conventional tombstone. Unexpectedly unusual as the man was, one wonders whether he was really serious in saying that "if a country gentleman have rows of trees leading to his dwelling, the auto-icons

of his family might alternate with the trees; copal varnish would protect the face from the effects of rain—caoutchou, the habiliments." Indoors, the gallery with the long line of family portraits; outdoors, those gruesome three-dimensional ancestral reminders serving as effective garden ornaments.

The following memorandum from his will, printed with permission of the College, shows Bentham's attention to even minute detail: "My body I give to my dear friend Dr. Southwood Smith to be disposed of in manner hereinafter mentioned. And I direct that . . . he will take my body under his charge and take the requisite and appropriate measures for the disposal and preservation of the several parts of my bodily frame in the manner expressed in the paper annexed to this my will and at the top of which I have written *Auto-Icon*. The skeleton he will cause to be put together in such manner as that the whole figure may be seated in a chair usually occupied by me when living, in the attitude in which I am sitting when engaged in thought in the course of the time employed in writing. I direct that the body thus prepared shall be transferred to my executor. He will cause the skeleton to be clad in one of the suits of black occasionally worn by me. The body so clothed together with the chair and the staff in my later years borne by me he will take charge of" and place in an appropriate case. Then, "if it should so happen that my personal friends and other disciples should be disposed to meet together on some day or days of the year for the purpose of commemorating the Founder of the greatest happiness system of morals and legislation, my executor will from time to time cause to be conveyed to the room in which they meet the said box or case with the contents there to be stationed in such part of the room as to the assembled company shall seem meet."

After Bentham eventually died on June 6, 1832, the instructions in his will were meticulously and ceremoniously carried out on June 9 by his old friend Dr. Southwood Smith before an invited and interested assembly in the Webb School of Anatomy. The *London Examiner* of June 10, 1832, gave this account of the last public appearance of all that was left of Jeremy Bentham: "The body of the de-

ceased covered with a winding-sheet was extended upon the lecture-table, the head and neck were already exposed to view; the expression of the countenance was beautifully serene, and his long silver locks being put back, exposed it fully to the view. Those who have seen a well-executed bust of Benjamin Franklin, and who can imagine a sight of that patriot, pale and asleep, with a benevolent smile on his countenance, may form some conception of the remains of Bentham. Those who approached the remains in the anticipation of beholding a painful spectacle declared that it excited in them the most elevated feelings they have ever experienced."

It is probable that Bentham's decision, made at the age of twenty-one, to leave his body to be dissected for the purpose of medical science was influenced in part by the increasing difficulty which in those days the Schools of Anatomy experienced in getting adequate material for the instruction of students and for advanced professional investigation. Small wonder that so philanthropic a gentleman as Jeremy Bentham would wish his body to be useful to others after it had ceased to be of any use to himself.

But Jeremy was aware that the relics of mortality have had uses other than anatomical. The ancients were wont to bring a skeleton into the midst of a feast to remind the revelers of the brevity of human life. Other persons have wished to preserve themselves or their loved ones for post-mortem contemplation. The tale is told of a Chinese emperor who decreed that, after his death, he should be seated on his throne, receive daily homage from his ministers, and be consulted in every act of state. Sir Thomas Browne reminds us that the Athenians objected to the preservation of Democritus in honey as a waste of a highly prized commodity; John Evelyn records in his *Diary* that at Fossa Nuova he saw the body of a young lady preserved intact in "a kind of bath of precious oyle or liquor, as fresh and entire as if she had been living"; and in the Library of the University of St. Andrews in 1782 there was preserved the skeleton of the College courier. Mrs. Anne Bracegirdle, a Restoration actress, kept a mechanical statue of her friend the dramatist William Congreve; and Martin Van Butchell, whose father had made tapestries for King George II,

was so uxorious that when his wife Elizabeth died in 1775 he did his best to prolong the pleasant companionship by embalming his spouse with camphor and nitre and two glass eyes, and keeping her handy in the drawing-room. Upon his second marriage she was prudently presented to the College of Surgeons, where in 1914, by then "a most unattractive old thing", she was fortunately destroyed by a German bomb.

Jeremy Bentham therefore had plenty of precedents in the matter of bodily preservation. For him there was to be no interment, burial, sepulture, or entombment. In his habit as he lived, he would continue to sit before the eyes of learned men and he hoped, by the inspiration of his presence, to influence their cogitations in the conduct of academic matters. *Requiescat in pace*—indeed, but, sitting in life-like posture in his chair—something to make folk stop, look, and listen for a message inaudible to only those with no ears with which to hear. It must have been with no faint sense of self-satisfaction that Jeremy Bentham, looking with prophetic eye upon the future, could exclaim: "Twenty years after I am dead, I shall be a despot, sitting in my chair with Dapple [his cane] in my hand, and wearing one of the coats that I wear now."

It was the condition of this very coat, however, which led to a sort of renaissance of interest in Jeremy. Through careful storage he had survived the ravages of two wars which had left their mark on his beloved College, but when the time came to display once again the venerable Icon, it was found that the years, dust, and moths had done irreverent damage, and the College authorities felt that it was high time to renovate their patron. As the Provost, Sir Allen Mawer, noted in his Annual Report for 1939-40, it was found that the wax mask that surmounted the figure, instead of the original head, had a thick coating of dirt over the features; the straw hat and its ribbon were very dusty; the coat of black cloth was not only dusty but badly moth-eaten, as were also the fawn breeches, of which the seat had been cut out to allow room for the braces supporting the skeleton; the white linen shirt with the pleated ruffle was torn and very dirty; the woollen undershirt was falling to pieces owing to the ravages of

moths; and the cotton underdrawers and stockings needed washing and repairs. Moreover, the skeleton had originally been somewhat crudely covered with a padding of cotton wool, wood wool, straw, hay, and paper ribbon, which distorted the original proportions of Jeremy. With the advice of the Department of Anatomy and the Victoria and Albert Museum and the aid of a local dyeworks, the Department of Egyptology undertook the repadding of the skeleton to its proper proportions and the reclothing of the Auto-Icon in its cleaned and restored habiliments. As the underwear was badly damaged, the present writer had the privilege of supplying a new undershirt. Perhaps the most unpleasant part of the restoration was the cleaning of the original head, of which the mummified skull had to be deprived of its accumulated dirt and the hair washed by hand. However, all this done, Jeremy Bentham reappeared in his glass case looking remarkably lifelike and good for another century.

And there you may see him, the next time you go to London, looking benignly at you and much more real than any figure in Madame Tussaud's Waxworks. Surely he must feel that his beloved College, having resuscitated him, is now undertaking a meritorious work in rescuing from the oblivion of lengthy storage the multitudinous words he wrote that have not yet seen print.

Anatomy: The New Science

by

JOHN V. BASMAJIAN

How up-to-date is your image of anatomy? Medical students must still learn to dissect, but new techniques and instruments make possible investigations beyond the wildest dreams of Vesalius, though still in the service of his vision.

Every branch of learning has its symbols and stereotypes. Mention the word *anatomy* to any person and almost immediately and inevitably his thoughts centre on cadavers and dissection. This, of course, is not surprising to the informed reader. Indeed, he may admit that this was the very stereotype evoked in his own mind by the title of this article. For my part, I must admit to deliberately setting the stage. Having conjured up the picture, I shall now expose it as being, at best, only a superficial likeness.

It cannot be denied that the science of anatomy has in the past been almost inseparable from the dissection of corpses. Even today dissection is a fundamental part of the discipline, and medical students devote many hours to this pursuit. This is as it should be, for the knowledge of structure is fundamental to medical education. Nevertheless, essential and far-reaching changes have been taking place in the science as a whole. Whereas formerly anatomy was dissection and nothing more, today it has grown into a complex science of which dissection has become only a part — so much so that it is not difficult to find anatomists who are quite uninterested in dissection but who nonetheless are acclaimed as outstanding in their field.

What, then, is the central theme of this new science and what are its chief characteristics? The central theme undoubtedly is the correlation of structure and function. The era of morphological description for its own sake has passed. The chief characteristics of the new anatomy are the diverse techniques and approaches that have been adopted by anatomists. This diversity strikes the visitor to an anatomo-

mists' convention with awe. Many a returning medical graduate, loyal still to the historic concept of what anatomy and anatomists are supposed to be, finds himself confused and in fact dismayed by such a visit.

Choosing at random from a recent programme of the American Association of Anatomists (attended by most professional anatomists in North America), one finds that during the first fifteen minutes on the last day of the three-day meeting there was the following choice of papers being given simultaneously in different rooms: "Nicotinic effects on the embryonic heart"; "On the acidophiles of duck blood"; "Roentgenographic estimation of bone age in the rhesus monkey (*Macaca mulatta*)"; "Molting cycles in the toad, *Bufo marinus*"; "Stimulation of the cerebral cortex with reference to hypothalamic epileptoid activity in the cat"; and "Adaptations for amphibious vision in the North American Dipper (*Cinclus mexicanus*)". One could find even wider diversity of topics if one really tried.

The reader may well ask, "Well, then, what is anatomy?" To echo one modern authority: anatomy is whatever interests anatomists. Others have suggested that the structure of living things down to their elementary molecules is the proper concern of anatomists. As George Corner, the eminent embryologist-endocrinologist, says in his autobiography: "The anatomist's daily work, the study of human structure, opens beyond his microscope and dissecting table broad vistas of the sciences and arts, with many byways in which he is constantly tempted to roam at large."

In order to evaluate the present status of anatomy as one of the sciences it is necessary to review its history and particularly to note the men and events which influenced its development. Anatomists sometimes take great pride in pointing out the antiquity of their calling, but the truth is that Greco-Roman anatomy was hardly better than nothing at all. It was even more primitive than the science of geography in the same era. Although isolated geniuses such as Aristotle of Stagira (384-322 B.C.) and Galen of Pergamus (130-201 A.D.) possessed a store of information about the structure and function of animals including man, this information was laughably primitive at

best and hopelessly weighted down with the superstitions of the time. There was a brief flowering of scientific anatomy in Alexandria about 300 B.C. but this produced little lasting influence and is remembered today only as an historical anomaly. Moreover, our respect for the scientific zeal of the Alexandrian school is seriously marred by the evidence that many dissections were performed on living persons.

The Greco-Roman tradition of anatomy — it cannot be called a science — was preserved through the Dark Ages by the Arab physicians and a great deal is made of this by some historians. What the over-enthusiastic historians seem to have ignored or misunderstood is that this tradition was, if anything, a serious drawback to progress. Finally, when the Dark Ages lifted, anatomists were kept busy more with correcting the general and particular errors of the tradition than in rediscovering ancient truths. The simple fact is that there were few worthwhile truths to rediscover in the large and zealously analyzed, memorized and annotated volumes of ancient writings that reappeared with the invention of printing in the fifteenth century.

The series of geographic discoveries that led Columbus to the New World coincided with the genuine beginnings of anatomy as a science. As the sixteenth century dawned, anatomical discoveries accumulated at about the same rate as the geographical ones and in much the same way. The most outstanding contribution of the era was the publication in 1543 of an amazing volume of anatomical illustrations. The author was Andreas Vesalius, a native of Brussels who studied in Paris, worked in Padua and published his book in Basle, all of which cities claim him with pride.

Thus, some four hundred years ago, anatomy was born and Vesalius is generally credited with being its father. However, scientific anatomy was not born of some exotic form of male parthenogenesis. Indeed, the role of Vesalius was a fortuitous one and might have been played by any one of a dozen able men of his time. Moreover, strong evidence has been advanced that van Calcar, the artist without whom Vesalius may not have had any special advantages over some of his contemporaries, deserves credit for paternity. Certainly there is undeniable evidence that Vesalius made every effort to force his col-

league's name into obscurity. No satisfactory reason has been advanced to explain why Vesalius, living within a few miles of Venice, then the enlightened printing capital of Southern Europe, should load van Calcar's wood-cuts on mules, and, sneaking away, make the long trip through robber-infested Alps to Basle and an unknown printer. But that is another story.

Regardless of who deserves to be known as the father of anatomy, there is no doubt that the great resurgence of the spirit of enquiry in the sixteenth century must inevitably have given birth to this science as it did to many others. The circumstance which facilitated matters was the new tolerance of church and rulers, notably in Italy and France, who allowed exploration of the human body for the first time. Anatomical advances were inevitable when the dissecting table and not the dogmas of the ancients became the source of information.

A pathway can be traced fairly rapidly from the dissecting table of the sixteenth century to the many distinct but adjoining workbenches of the modern science. The shift of emphasis began almost exactly a hundred years ago with the emergence into prominence of light microscopy. Although the microscope had been in common use since the pioneer work of Leeuwenhoek (1632-1723) it was not until the nineteenth century that anatomists began to use microscopy enthusiastically. Two factors contributed to this and it is difficult to decide which was the more important. One was the fact that by the middle of the nineteenth century almost all of the important findings demonstrable by dissection and by naked-eye examination had been made. The frontiers had been temporarily exhausted and the restless explorers were not content to stop and cultivate the fields which so recently had been virgin land. The second factor was the discovery and perfection of new techniques, both optical and biological. As the result of the work of a number of German scientists, extremely thin slices of preserved tissues could be selectively coloured by various stains. This simple trick of selective staining was all that was needed to set up a new enthusiasm for microscopic anatomy which has hardly diminished to the present. Now more often called *histology*, this branch of anatomy still provides most of the challenge to many anato-

mists. But here, again, the earlier limitations of the techniques have given birth to whole new branches of anatomy.

Light microscopy of dead sliced tissues obviously cannot be wholly satisfactory and so anatomists have sought for methods of studying living cells. This was difficult because of the lack of contrast in the parts of a living cell and because cells would not survive staining. In the past generation, however, the study of living tissues has become commonplace. As a result, we now have a host of sub-specialists. For example, there are specialists in histochemistry who use minute cells and tissues as a chemist uses test-tubes and flasks. We have specialists who study living tissues with new and wonderful modifications of the light microscope such as phase-contrast microscopy. This technique, so simple that one does not have to be a specialist to use it, allows the anatomist to watch and photograph living tissues under high magnification. There have emerged techniques of micromanipulation whereby tiny instruments can be moved in and out of living cells while these cells are observed at high magnification. Anatomists are literally operating on and giving minute injections of various substances to individual cells. Amazing scissors, scalpels, probes, needles and hooks, too small to be seen distinctly with the naked eye, can be manipulated by proper machines to perform tricks within the confines of areas many times smaller than the dot on this letter *i*.

Anatomists have provided and furthered many of the advances in tissue culture since one of their number, R. G. Harrison of Yale, perfected the technique in 1907. Closely related to this type of work are the studies which may some day unravel the mystery of cancer. It is no coincidence that anatomists, with their special interest and training in the study of living cells, are doing much, if not most, of the truly basic research on cancer.

The anatomist has also embraced the techniques of electrophysiology and many studies of the functioning of the living nervous and muscular systems are properly performed in anatomy departments. The discovery by Magoun and his colleagues of the "central activating system", which is located in the brainstem and which controls many other areas of the brain, has aroused a fresh enthusiasm among neurolo-

gists. Without a morphological background, this discovery would have been impossible.

For various reasons, experimental endocrinology seems to have been taken up and enlarged by anatomists, some of whom have made very important contributions to the field. Perhaps a study of the structure of endocrine glands must lead sooner or later to an abiding curiosity in the function of their secretions. Much more obvious are the reasons why so many anatomists are engaged in experimental embryology. By common consent, it seems, embryology has become the property of anatomists. Perhaps this too was inevitable because the microscope played and still plays a very important role in this branch of science.

It might be thought that anatomists would have enough to do without getting involved in further novelty. Yet the development of the electron microscope in the past two decades has created another new and wild-eyed breed of investigators. Perhaps again it is inevitable that most of the significant work in electron microscopy is being done by anatomists. For the first time, the generalization is being justified that the province of the anatomist extends even to the molecular structure of living things. Bemused by the spectacular news of man's probings into space, the public at large is unaware that recently photographs have been made with the electron microscope of the larger molecules — surely as significant an accomplishment as the photographing of the moon's other side. Electron microscopy is undeniably the most significant forward step in biology — if not in science as a whole — in the twentieth century.

These then are some of the many faces of anatomy today. It may be argued that what I have been describing is a series of techniques, and in a restricted sense this is true. On the other hand, it must be admitted that a science is recognized as much by its techniques as by its aims. Clearly, while the techniques in anatomy have become extensive and variegated, they have done so only to fulfill the never-changing aim, the elucidation of the structure and thereby the function of living things including man.

Snow

by

RALPH GUSTAFSON

We had come in from the blue snow. All that week, during the nights when the air still kept frosty from the long winter and the packed snow, but was soft and open so that it was almost not necessary, you felt, to wrap a scarf around your throat before going out though the sun had set hard and distant and red on the level ground and behind the bare trees and the backs of houses — all that week, during those nights, the snow had softly fallen. For the first hours of the darkness and long after the lights were out behind the drawn blinds of the windows and only the patches of gold and reflection were left on the drifts of snow and lawns and trenches of sidewalk up the street where each lamppost was, all through the hours the white flakes would come down, small and hard and delicate, making a sifting sound in the air and a brushing on the sides of bankings and trees and bushes and sills. Stopping in the night on the sidewalk, you heard the flakes fall, touching the earth with a whiteness and the edges and wires and footprints of the area around you with a deepening and a susurrating; and high in the night, above the reflection of the lamp, filling the air with a falling without beginning, peaceful and unhastening so that you were held, for the minutes you were lost from your purpose and heard nothing but the storm, between a feeling of wonder and far regret and of death and a love that was missed and could be, the flakes came, tangled in your sight and falling on the world and the folds of your scarf and on your eyelashes so that in wonder you put out your sleeve and looked down before the crystal on it could vanish: a symmetry and star beyond all use and science and retrieving. You were caught between time — and unable to endure, remembered your purpose and adulthood and losses and moved on, thinking of the roads tomorrow, and practical things to be done and picking your way uncertain of the sidewalk beneath the fall of snow.

The fall had usually stopped by the morning. The bedroom sill was covered with it where the double-window was hitched open from the bottom on the long hook placed in the eye screwed in the sill; and be-

neath, over the frame of the window, inside, lay snow already melting and a crust from the warmth of the room in the morning when the heat was sent up. My father rose early and put coal on the bank of the fire in the furnace in the cellar. The heat came up through a radiator in the floor, warmth that sought out the legs in pyjama trousers and came through the slippers as you stood on the grill after getting out from under the covers on the bed on cold mornings after the snowfall in the night. Christine, my sister, lifted her nightie and let it billow down on the rising warm draft if she got to the radiator first. It was girl stuff and in contempt I made a snowball out of the drifted snow on the sill but she knew the disappointment inside of me, her grabbing the heat first, though it never occurred to me, much, when she was away, to stand on the radiator.

I had the whole say on the roof icicles. It required full possession of your balance as you directed the shaft of the broom up under the shelving of ice to get at them, leaning out the window. Girls didn't have the balance because of the dirt acquired leaning out of the window or the sustained strength to get up around the double-window with the broomstick and holding the position poke up at the projecting ice-shelf to dislodge the burden of terraced snow that came crashing bringing with it if the weather conditions had been right, the whole dangblasted grandstand of slanted ice on the house that side, putting in line of fire the eaves and the posts of the verandah below and its roof, and the porch steps, and the open double-windows and demolishing the glass in the cellar window and the lilac bush if you had any luck, if that wasn't the place where there was a declination of verandah. Girls got nervous about the present and, not having done it, indignant about the possible damage all summer to the lilac blooms and the fine never-to-be-repaired-again-the-same-way-as-long-as-you-lived appearance of the outside of the residence. I once put a hole in the lower verandah floor six feet by four if you counted from the farthest points in the smashed splintered boards, by bringing down on it from the roof half a ton of ice and snow with one poke of the broom handle. The avalanche went right through and landed inside and behind the lattice in a mess that lasted until late May. It cost twenty-four dollars in repairs and made my father swear at my mother and ask me, as an

eternal help to keeping down the bills that he was at a total loss to account for unless there was a conspiracy in the house let alone know where in Jerusalem's green and pleasant land they came from, if I wouldn't take the broomstick and climb out a window and keep the ice clear before the whole house came down and he had to build it again if there were enough days left to him on this earth. I said I would. He thought the avalanche was due to a spell of warmth we had been having recently and which had melted the adhesion of the ice to the roof. My mother protected me saying that she preferred several holes in the verandah and for that matter in the entire house before she would see me with a broken leg lying outside the window on the ground with no doctor in the vicinity and every surgeon up at the hospital unavailable by phone and she alone to do everything. As Christine wasn't round to explain the original cause and with the domestic situation getting involved, I thought I would keep quiet.

It wasn't too often, though, that you could get the entire roof of ice off with a poke; as I said, the thaw in proportion to the weight of snow accumulated, had to be just right. Mostly it was a matter of breaking off the fringe of icicles without bringing down the house with it. The icicles grew to enormous lengths; the water dripping down under the sun and freezing at the ends; the ice growing past the windows, so that on some days, looking out, all you could see were sparkling sun and dazzling light from a thousand bars and spirals that kept the world outside and the glancing light within and, at night, the knowledge of beauty and cold and winter intact while you had supper or saw it, actual, under the moon, from bed.

You could shatter a thousand icicles at a stroke, as I have explained; or keep their assurance; have Ajax' spear; hear them, at midnight, go with the snow from the eaves; or, out of sight of the kitchen window where someone 'didn't have to see you, suck them, and quench or create your thirst. They're a large subject. Some people, not all Southerners, find it chilly. They go to Florida to avoid it; and if they can't, resent the money that could have got them there and look at the coloured ads of Palm Beach in the fashionable magazines and wish they were anywhere but where they are. You have to grow

up with icicles and look at them, I guess, in the right light. For my part, though I live in a city where they don't grow because of the sheer lack of foothold and window space and where, if they did, they would be removed because of damage and lawsuits, I can still see them.

That week I was talking about, the snow had fallen each of its nights. Adding to the piles and drifts in the streets, the storms made the town a picture of white, the fences buried, the traffic stalled, some of the wires, even, down. I remember old Mr Twose wasn't able to get through to the Montreal Stock Exchange, either in his own person or by telephone. He lost a quarter of a thousand shares of something that was valuable; I forget what; Canadian Smelters, I think. He couldn't get anybody to get to his telegram in time; he lived in a big residence of stone in the North Ward well out of the way of the other houses. He was going to sue the city; I mean because of his telegram to the Stock Exchange that couldn't be got to because of the snow; not because he wasn't near his neighbours. He was worth, in the estimation of my father who was good at figures but never able to own anything like a quarter of a thousand shares of Canadian Smelters, he didn't own one, as a matter of fact, and never would, according to my mother — my father estimated that old Mr Twose, at a conservative reckoning, was worth two million in cold cash if he was worth a red cent. It was the red cent which particularly impressed me. It wasn't until later life that I grasped the real emotions that were struggling at the time in my father. I find myself now saying the same thing about the Department of National Revenue, Taxation Division, only on a larger scale. I don't own any Smelters. Where was I? Oh — old man Twose suing the city because of the snowfall. The city put a special snowplough through to the stone residence all winter; but I guess the damage was done. I know that when I went to Mr Twose for a loan for my second year at college, he didn't have a red cent available; in liquid assets, I think you call it; I hadn't the heart to ask him to cash in on the rest of the Smelters; after all, there was no tie between us, except ambition. The snow covered the city. We kids went out and played in it.

The third night, my father brought home a cake of maple sugar and we sugared off. I went out with my mother's wash pan and filled the pan with white new-fallen snow; not a soot from the chimney in

it; the light of the kitchen window fell on the patch I worked from; it was snowing. Those were the nights! On the pan of snow, packed hard, you poured strips of hot liquid maple sugar melted on the stove with chopped butternuts in it. The strips immediately became taffy. You ate it from the snow in the pan, twisted around a fork; preferably in the kitchen, though I don't know why, and everyone standing around, trying unobtrusively to get to the pan first to get the piece of sugar you had your eye on before someone else took it. It's not only the taste of maple trees thawing out in the woods in March that gets you; it's the smell too — rich and native and aristocratic, if I may say so and confuse you. My uncle must have smelt it that night from next door. There's a division between the houses and all of fifty yards upstairs to the nearest room he could have been in; but he was in our kitchen without having been asked eating the strips with the most butternuts in them, having smelt the sugar, it must have been by intuition, all that way. As there were already five of us (my grandmother was a great hand for sugar on snow and we always let her in on the festivities when we had a pan of it), I got sort of shoved out of getting more than my share. The sugar, though, took a gold filling, that night, straight out of his mouth. If you have ever got hot maple sugar with a piece of butternut in it lodged in an open tooth, as my uncle did, you will know the effect on him. I finished the sugaring-off without any change in plan.

That was the third night. But all week we slid down the hill made beside the back verandah by the slides of snow that came off the roof. It got higher and higher. Not so high, as I would look at it now, I guess; but enough height then to be Mount Orford at its most dangerous slope. I hadn't heard of Kangchenjunga. It got swifter as well: at night we poured a kettle of hot water down the place where we slid. Sliding was by sled, belly-button fashion, or by pants. It didn't matter which. Pants were better on the whole, I think. You got more sense of contour: bergschrund and crevasse; a sled on runners got to be too civilized; like taking a ratchet railway up inside the Matterhorn when you could rope yourself to a Swiss guide who hated you because you knew more about crampons and ice than he did, and go up the outside. Halfway to the top, he stuck spreadeagled in a chimney over a fall a thousand feet below to the glacier and you rescued him swinging from the spike

of a serac over to his side on the rope with a flask of brandy which failed to revive his strength and you brought him down on your back to the assembled acclaim of the awestruck Swiss people. We slid down on our pants. Sometimes backwards, sometimes rolling. I wouldn't do it now, not if I was conscious.

Snow is a great subject. I could tell you about the snowhouse my grandfather built for us. I'll never forget him for it; everybody in the family, except my father, and he didn't have much time for living, was always too busy. He built the house in a natural drift. Twelve feet in height. We kids could stand up in it and lose ourselves for hours in its two rooms. The place I am in has two and a half; it isn't a patch on that snowhouse; I don't understand it, this place is forty-two degrees warmer and has a television set that can get the commercials on Madison Avenue. I guess it was because, lacking a television set, you used your imagination. You came out of that house, your cheeks tingling; not because of the cold; because of the joy you had put into the use of it. Like shovelling a pathway through the snow to your own doorstep.

We had come in from the snow. I called it blue, if you will look back. It was blue at that hour, the hour of evening when it is below zero and the sun has just gone. The world is so keen that cold and heat, in the acuteness of degree of sensitivity, become mixed; a doorknob will burn you. I hadn't wanted to come in; I was so tired I could hardly climb the hill of snow; but kids are invincible. My mother made me. When I was out of earshot in the dining-room with my sister — my caked leggings and sweater and scarf and mittens off and hung by my mother on the wooden rack attached to the wall behind the kitchen stove — I turned in fury to my sister and said of my mother, "Damn her!"

It was venomous, and I cringe now to mention it. It was crude and selfish and pusillanimous and ungrateful and spontaneous and mean and without excuse whatever in the widest degree. I say so now, and saying so now doesn't mitigate one iota the feeling of repugnance that crawls in me, despite what the psychologists say, that confession is good for my soul. Well, there it is, this transgression

against my mother, with all the beauty of the love and the snow. That is life, I suppose.

It is strange how far contrition will go. That incident, long lost in time, as the snow is, enables me to know the love of the person I love, when I remember, though my heart of itself melts when she touches my forehead for no reason except that I am puzzled and its expression is apparent on my face; that is why I hate violence and the democracy that prefers us to be ourselves; and that is why I am tender: have a tenderness toward life that some people rightly define as an excuse to avoid their hard facts and a weakness that I ought to toughen, and others interpret as over-sensitive and impractical and even naive though I can tell, if given half a conversation between them, even of the most hard-bitten kind, the dullest amount of flattery they need to disguise for them their self-regard, and make them, for the moment, love each other, in company they are anxious to cultivate.

THE DESTRUCTIONS

by

SYLVIA BARNARD

The palaces have fallen and the dead
Crenellations have become white wounds.
The moats are filled with twisted skeletons
In armour that a god could never fill.

The bombs have taken the cathedrals,
The windows smashing in their flaming colour
On the stones, the altars burning and
The synagogues already crumbled ash.

The gardens cannot flower, for the air
Lies heavy in its poisonous assault.
The fields lie arid and the sister-songs
Of love and hatred mingle in the ear.

The golden people are below the earth
Or drifting in the galleons of the seas
That never can be probed, although their vast
And sunken continents retain our blood.

And I, in Lady Drummond's erstwhile kitchen
Can sit in drunken splendour with a tall
Green bottle, bearing aristocratic poems
In my womb heedless of cataclysms,
For what is more amoral than a poem?

The poet waits with suitcase in his hand
Across the flagrant square from desolation.
The poet and the priest see violence
And wait in tattered gown and trailing cassock.

The feet along the cobblestones grow loud
And then retreat. The march of suffering goes on
And angry women bleed among their sheets
While children call their hunger to the rats.

The poet waits and rain falls over Europe,
Thunder deafens American defence,
The chants of Africa grow loud and sweet,
The poet stands in mute discovery.

The world is built again without his help,
The grass upon his tomb is seldom mown,
And all the homage of imprisoned schoolboys
Can never mould him in the moral world.

Contemporary American Art

— Its Existential Aspects —

by

HILDA A. COATES

Last winter the Agnes Etherington Art Centre brought to Kingston an exhibition of paintings by San Francisco artists. The following article resembles a stimulating and provocative address originally presented in that context. Readers are invited to imagine themselves surrounded by action paintings!

In December of 1952 *Art News* printed an article by Harold Rosenberg entitled "American Action Painters". It electrified the reading lay public, as well as great numbers of practising painters and art critics. The article was an exposition of the animating principle underlying the painting produced by a group of young artists in the United States in the period immediately following World War II.

Mr. Rosenberg declared that for these painters a canvas is not a space on which to record a visual experience, but an "arena" where an act of complete spontaneity and great intensity takes place. For these artists there is no guiding mental image in making a painting. Creation is an impromptu "encounter" in which painter, pigment, and canvas mutually interact. The resultant painting is primarily a "gesture in paint", and its final shape is supposedly as much a surprise and a revelation to the artist as it is to the spectator. If the finished product has any value, it is not as object *per se*, but as a clue to what occurred during the creation of it. The dynamic qualities of the picture purportedly impel the spectator to relive the tempestuous experience of the artist.

By this method a painting is made into a wholly temporal experience; its spatial properties have lost their independence, having been relegated to secondary rank wholly contingent on the muscular and

In the expository parts of this paper, the author draws on three books: William Barrett's *The Irrational Man*, Harold Rosenberg's *The Tradition of the New*, and the recent publication of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, *New Images of Man* by Peter Selz.

accompanying psychological activity involved in the operation. Since for the artist and the sympathizers of this movement a painting is an event, it is looked upon as "an episode in the biography of the painter" who functions during the period of creation as he would in an ordinary life situation. The painting is a "moment in the diversity of the artist's existence", and is actually specified to be life, not art. Hence, so it is argued, the usual critical criteria of form, colour, draughtsmanship and composition cannot be justifiably applied to it.

This approach accounts for the characteristic look of Action Paintings. They are rough and have a strong suggestion of improvisation about them. Sometimes they are little more than masses of swirling colour, or free scrawls, or colours rushing headlong, or colours in the form of nebulous patches in a void, or cruel, spike-like shapes jabbing into space. The pigment is applied in spatters or daubs or in layers approaching low-relief in thickness. At times the pictures contain suggestions of free-forms or even the vague or distorted shapes of objects and people. At all times, these works have their genesis in the inner self of the artist and if they make any reference to the outside world, that is, for the purist, entirely incidental.

The impact on the spectator, if he is not frozen into hostility by this style of painting, comes not only from the muscular dynamic of the artist's pigmented gesture but, in the absence of specific subject matter, from the emotive suggestions inherent in the paint material itself. Masses of thick, blobby, pasty matter are, it must be admitted, inexplicably stirring to mankind. This is evident in examples from two widely different sources—the mud-pies joyously and instinctively made by children, and the persistent attribution of basic significance by early Greek philosophers to the so-called "primeval slime" in which they believed life to have had its beginnings. In painting, smears and swirls can be used with powerful effect to suggest, in some mysterious and ambiguous way, primal urges, movements and cataclysms of cosmic proportions, the vastnesses of cosmic space, and the wear-and-tear, the abrasions and corrosions of long passages of time.

Malraux and other aestheticians have said that each age projects its own image of man into its art. Assuming that this is true, we can

perhaps look to sources in our age *outside* art for confirmation of the suggestions we find in American Action Painting.

We find such confirmation in Existentialist philosophy. Harold Rosenberg in his original description of the techniques of Action Painting made no mention of this philosophy. But what he said in this article was at once recognized by professional and amateur philosophers alike to be correlative to the doctrines of Existentialism as formulated by many of its present-day advocates.

Existentialist philosophers, no matter how widely they differ in detail, make use of a common vocabulary and a common conceptual core. The vocabulary includes such terms as anxiety, dread, fear-and-trembling, despair, disgust, nausea, death, finitude, being, self, non-being, nothingness, void, absurdity, estrangement, resentment, alienation. The words are expressive of the conviction shared by Existentialists that human existence is rooted in uncertainty, insecurity, and mystery; that the cosmos is at best indifferent, at worst hostile to man; that in any case it is unpredictable and without explanation for man's presence on earth. Hence the universe cannot be intelligible to the rational faculties of man's mind; if it is to be understood at all, it can be only through direct intuition by the individual, in the concreteness and uniqueness of his own existence. The world cannot be known through universals which are established by reason; it can be known only through the particularities of purely personal, subjective feeling.

Existentialists point to the failure of reason to present a rational and orderly world even in the realm of the so-called "exact" sciences. Physics finds sub-atomic particles unpredictable in behaviour and must deal with them statistically, as they behave in the mass, to make any sort of order out of their frenzied activity. The electron, basic unit of structure, is seen by physicists in one context as particle, in another as wave. Even in mathematics, the last bulwark of certainty and rationality, there are problems which cannot be solved and when tracked to their end present only paradox and contradiction. Supported by these supposed dilemmas in science, Existentialists postulate a universe which is *in its essence* irrational, inexplicable, and opaque.

Existentialists urge Western man to do what Oriental man has done from the start—that is, to relinquish the hope and to extinguish the need for ultimate intelligibility.

The world posited by Existential philosophers is the same world pictured by much of modern art. It is a shadowy, frightening, incomprehensible world, chaotic, disintegrating, decaying. In this world man is a rootless stranger, unhappily aware of the instability and contingency of his status. Traditional hierarchical values are levelled — there is no highest, no lowest, no in-between. Each thing has equality with every other so long as it is subjectively experienced, fully and frankly, uniquely and concretely, without reference to desiccated abstract concepts.

Thus one observes in American painting since World War II a frequent use of the fragmentary, the transient, the shifting — as in Jackson Pollock's networks of writhing shreds and strands, and in the large-gestured, ragged, yet imperious Chinese-derived calligraphy of Franz Kline. In many of Mark Rothko's vast canvasses two or three thinly washed-in bands of colour, evaporating at their edges into faintly tinted atmosphere, make up the whole of the picture. The slight and simple elements which constitute such paintings are treated monumentally over wall-sized areas in order to make manifest their significant implications for mankind.

In sculpture one finds parallel phenomena. The casual components of works of sculpture resemble, or often actually are, bits of flotsam and jetsam, the debris both of nature and of the industrial metropolis. They are dignified into works of art, assembled to produce ambiguous structures not clearly organic or inorganic, partaking variously of the nature of rock and earth, of thorny predatory plants, of man-insect or man-bird-beast, revelatory of human kinship with the most lowly of terrestrial things. These works are analogues of the world's mystery and menace. They bring to visual expression the feel of futility which man suffers in the presence of a terrifying universe and they restore to man those primal visions of reality which modern science and the facile sentimentalities of our culture attempt to exorcise. The number of American sculptors whose works exemplify

the nameless horrors that haunt mankind is legion and many of them, like their colleagues in painting, explain their own production in the now familiar terminology of Existentialism — referring to man's "vulnerability" and "precariousness" in the world, the "ground of Man's Being", the "edge of nothingness", "holocaust", "annihilation", "fragmentation".

Since Existentialists denigrate reason as an instrument for understanding reality and approve the exercise of intuition for this purpose, they look with sympathy upon the art of primitive and ancient peoples who had not yet begun to regard the reasoning powers of man as a separate faculty. Primitive and ancient men were "whole" men by Existentialist standards, with their minds operating as a unity. They were able to experience the mystery of reality and were correspondingly awed and terrified by it. Primitive and archaic art speak meaningfully to the proponents of the Existential view of life. Thus, when totems and masks serve as sources for powerfully stirring works of modern art, as they have since the early years of this century, Existentialists feel that they have corroborative testimony to the validity of their philosophy. But the paraphernalia of primitivism itself has, in today's art, been attacked by the decay which pervades Existentialist expression, so that totemic objects and the starkly-staring, rigid human figures associated with them are twisted and mangled or reduced to a rotting, vegetative pulp. Ritualistic forms once admired by artists for their plastic and tactile values have now, in paintings and sculptures, become invested instead with the magical efficacy which they possess in tribal practice. The cult of the shaman is raised by existential artists to intellectual and experiential respectability.

The close relationship which patently exists between modern art and Existential philosophy is not "officially" considered to be causal or parental in either direction—this in spite of the now self-conscious use by artists of Existentialist terminology in titling their works and in adumbrating their aesthetic code. Modern artists often satisfy Existentialist criteria, but not by way of demonstrating a philosophic principle. It is said to come about simply because artists in their creative activity are guided by instinct to draw on the subterranean areas

of the human psyche, thus perforce projecting into their works moods central to man's existence. The presence in modern art of an awareness of "the human condition" is correlative with, but not causally connected with, basic Existential philosophy, in that both the art and the philosophy are traceable to a common psychological source. Existential art and philosophy are felt to be mutually supporting, each providing testimony to the soundness of the other.

Initially, Action Painting was abstract. Its non-representational character reflected the "structureless structure" and the undifferentiated continuum which, for the Existentialist, constitutes basic reality. Before its christening by Harold Rosenberg, this method of painting was designated (with less specificity) as Abstract-Expressionism, by which name it is still sometimes known. But during the decade and a half of its use, the spontaneous gesture began somehow to yield the recognizable forms of objects and people vaguely discernible in the still swirling or otherwise swiftly moving paint-strokes. These references to the concrete world came to be made more and more deliberately because, in the words of one of the painters, "there was no other place to go" from the over-exploited idiom of Action Painting, except to the objective world in its physical and social context.

Nevertheless these now figurative painters are not returning to classical man, nor Renaissance man, nor the "outward" man of any culture or period. Man's physical appearance is not used plastically or formally for its own sake, but as a means for expressing a psychological state, going farther in the direction of brutality and terror than the Expressionism of the early years of this century, or even the Dadaism and the Surrealism which came later. Existentialist painters succeed in going farther than their artistic forbears because the decay with which they are preoccupied inheres *in the paint as they apply it*, and not merely in the subject matter, as was the case in the polished rendering of the nightmarish horrors of the Surrealists.

Not all American artists who use the figure in the lacerating Existentialist way to convey the feel of the pain of the human condition have come to it *via* Abstract Expressionism. Some, like William de Kooning (in America since 1926) and Balcomb Greene (of the

Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh), arrived at it from geometric abstraction. Others, like Rico Lebrun (in the United States since 1925), Leonard Baskin (of Smith College), James McGarrell (of Oregon), Nathan Oliveira (of San Francisco) and Leon Golub (of Bloomington, Indiana), were committed to it from the start of their painting careers. But even more than in Action Painting the pervasive loneliness and cosmic bleakness of Existentialism inform their work. We find Baskin saying (and painting accordingly) that "our human frame, our gutted mansion, our enveloping sack of beef and ash is yet a glory . . . [Man] has made of Arden a landscape of death. In this garden I dwell, and in limning the horror, the degradation and the filth, I hold the cracked mirror up to man" (*New Images of Man*, p. 35).

When the Existentialist *Weltanschauung* is examined to determine what it contributes to the creation and experience of art, we find, as one would expect in an art movement with a new emphasis, that some of our most cherished convictions concerning art are under fire — directly or by implication. The danger of this to most of us is that huffiness, irritation, or an inordinate sense of outrage will interfere with our ability to recognize a fresh revelation if there is one. It is clearly to our advantage to retain a calm judiciousness in such a situation, to regard no idea as absolute and inviolable for all time, and to extract and to savour with discrimination whatever the new theories and practices of our time offer us.

Obviously Existentialist theory and practice in the arts do play fast and loose with some aesthetic principles which have been regarded as crucial by philosophers, critics, and artists of recent times. For example, since Baumgarten in the eighteenth century first systematically presented the arguments for the autonomy of aesthetics within the realm of philosophy, it has been increasingly felt that what he said about the distinctive character of aesthetic phenomena is of importance to establishing the nature of the aesthetic experience. The tendency has been more and more to acknowledge the special quality of this experience and to distinguish it from the random, or the purposefully practical, or the biologically affective areas of our daily

lives. It has been made clear that if an aesthetic experience is to be complete, if it is to provide to the full what the aesthetic object is capable of yielding, the attention of the percipient must be focused wholly on the object as presented to perception and must have the quality of "disinterested interest" noted by Kant.

This principle is rejected out of hand by Existentialist artists and their advocates. The Action Painters, as we have seen, insist on the transfer of aesthetic attention from the finished painting to the act of painting. They are concerned during aesthetic contemplation only with the way in which the artist "organizes his emotional and intellectual energy" or with the "self-recognition" accorded to the painter in the act of creation, and with other such biographical matters — all of which may give the spectator an interesting experience, but not a wholly aesthetic one. Finding the "emotional tracks" (a phrase of Meyer Shapiro's) left by the artist in his painting, or savouring the metaphysical implications of the artist's kinaesthetic sensations, or even re-enacting in one's own body the movements of the artist is doubtless very good fun. But surely all this belongs to psychology, physiology, and Vedantic philosophy, and can be placed in the aesthetic experience, if at all, only on the periphery.

In yet another way Existentialist art tends to erase the hard-won philosophic distinctions between life and art, between biographical episode and empirical object, between biological involvement and artistic discernment — for in returning to the figure this art makes also a return to an extreme form of naturalism. In being so successfully imitative of putrefaction that the paint on a canvas virtually festers and the metal, stone and wood of sculptures visibly crumble; in relishing the stumps and vestiges of ravaged human bodies and the monstrous growths and spongy masses that overcompensate for holes and gashes in wounded flesh, Existential art closes the gap that in good art has always kept a happy distance between the raw natural fact and the skilfully manipulated artifact.

Rico Lebrun, painter of the horrors of concentration camps and gas chambers, speaks poetically of a "geometry of pain" and of the "coin-

cidence of ink or paint with the sentiments". Such blendings of life with art are metaphorical and quite unobjectionable; since they are not literal, they can be regarded simply as taking note of the occasional superiority of visual means over verbal in delineating the indeterminate moods for which no words exist in any spoken language. But when Lebrun goes on to say that in painting "Compassion and the resolute heart shall be the only guides, shall be, in fact, the technique" he indulges in pernicious aesthetics. The error he makes is elementary, and is effectively refuted by the acres of embarrassingly earnest or mawkish failures in museum store-rooms, in the houses — alas — of some of our friends and acquaintances, and in the display windows of shops which sell religious knick-knacks.

Such criticisms are not to be construed as a total rejection of the Existentialist view of art. The aspects of life with which Existentialists are obsessively concerned have been successfully treated in the art of many epochs — in the early Christian, in the Romanesque and the Gothic, in the Romantic, and even at times in the essentially optimistic and out-going Renaissance. What the Existential artists express has always troubled and fascinated man. Indeed, the defiant and assertive glorification by the Existentialists of the "splendours" of brutishness are only raucous echoes of the old Romantic celebration of the deformed, the grotesque, the perverse, the decadent.

The content of Existential art, far from being objectionable as such, is an ingredient essential to the creation of beauty. George Santayana (no Existentialist) declares in *Reason and Art* "The closer we keep to elementary human needs and to the natural agencies that may satisfy them, the closer we are to beauty." And more specifically for our argument, he asserts that "Decay . . . is a moral and aesthetic evil; but being a natural necessity it can become the basis for pathetic and magnificent harmonies, when once imagination is adjusted to it." This point of view is reinforced by the analytical psychologist, Carl Jung, who maintains that beauty will never emerge from the man who cannot face the sight of "dark and hateful things" (quoted by Theodore Roszak in *New Images of Man*).

A preoccupation with ugliness, then, is not in itself a bar to the achievement of beauty in art. What is crucial, however, to the satis-

factory resolution of the seeming paradox of beauty in ugliness is a matter of the artist's responsibility to his theme. Any theme will serve; the choice of subject does not determine artistic merit. It is the artist who must see to it that the raw material of life is effectively transmuted into art by means of those very plastic and formal manipulations which the more doctrinaire Existentialists wish to deny. Some of our sculptors, for example, somehow manage with the use of fragmentary and obdurate materials to create sculptured works controlled in form, clear in aesthetic direction and yet charged with the much sought-after implications of decay, or bleakness, or threat, or totemism. Certainly this is true of David Smith in his later work, of Richard Lippold, of Seymour Lipton and Theodore Roszak, though there are many other works by prominent sculptors like Nakian, Satoru and Mallery, in which the moods are achieved by what seem to be more fortuitous means.

The corollary to the generalized Existentialist denial of formal and plastic controls over subject matter is a denial in particular by Action Painters of the importance of spatiality in the art of painting. There is admittedly a considerable degree of temporality not only in the creation of a painting but in its appreciation. It has long been recognized that there is a dynamic in the structure of a finished picture, even when it depicts objects wholly fixed and immobile. The dynamic comes from tensions generated and then instantaneously resolved in the juxtapositions of certain colours; from the distribution of the darks and lights; from the cumulative movements inherent in the masses and lines interacting with one another. The apprehending of all this does require a lapse of time — very brief for the veteran in aesthetic perception, longer for the novice. To say this is not, however, equivalent to saying, as the Action Painters do, that apprehending a painting is a wholly temporal experience. To insist that it is, and to disregard or even minimize the factor of space relations, is to impoverish the aesthetic experience. It is precisely in the interactions of forms as *spatial entities* that the uniqueness of pictorial art is felt. The injection of literal movement into painting is pointless and futile in view of the dynamic superiority of the cinema, just as

literal realism in painting is rendered superfluous by the perfection of the camera.

It is similarly unjustifiable for Existential artists to absolve themselves from evaluation by the critical standards to which other artists are constantly subject. For these artists to protest that this way of painting is not *meant* to be art is not enough. So long as Action Painters and other existentially-oriented artists permit their works to be exhibited in galleries of art, they tacitly concur in classifying these works as aesthetic objects. Hence they cannot logically expect to remain free from aesthetic responsibility or from the aesthetic judgment of their peers and the intelligent public.

The fact of the matter is that Existential artists look upon their approach to art as a protest against the uniformity of our society — the mechanizing, the over-organizing and the prettifying of the facts of life. Their criticism of our culture is sound enough, but perhaps it should be restricted to the cultural-anthropological area in which it is most relevant. Art is of course part of a social context and it suffers from some of the shortcomings of the social matrix from which it springs; but it is no help to equate it and identify it completely with its social milieu. Art so equated has lost its uniqueness and hence its power to provide us with the special experience available to us from no other source on earth.

Even if one were to indulge the Existentialist requirement for a life and an art wholly individual and subjective, the question still remains whether an art idiom which is prevailingly dismal and harrowing shows less uniformity and organization than some other generally used idiom. The sculptor Roszak warns against "the current reduction of man's personality to a docile and convenient cipher". Is man less of a cipher in a random world than in one ordered by his reason? Is the artist less of a cipher when the life of imagination which is his special province becomes indistinguishable from raw fact? Or is he more of an individual in a realm creatively manipulated by him? These questions as framed indicate quite clearly what this author thinks the answers should be.

Nevertheless, there is much to be said in positive appreciation of the contributions of the Existential way to the evolution of the arts

of painting and sculpture. Action Painters, exploiting fully the expressive possibilities of the medium itself, have made us acutely aware of the direct emotional impact of paint *as* paint. Since they have been largely abstract in approach, Action Painters have extended even further the recently-achieved freedom of artists from the necessity of image-making, allowing both artist and spectator to find excitement in those very space-relations and other pictorial attributes for which most Existential artists profess disdain. Through Action Painting's technical verve (its negative philosophy notwithstanding) our aesthetic consciousness has been pervaded by a sense of the joy of release to be had in artistic creation.

As to the use of the tormented and pitiable figure by some of the Existentially-minded artists, this too has its contribution to make. It is Paul Tillich who calls attention to "the creative power which is able to grasp the negativity of the content by the positivity of the form" (*New Images of Man*, p. 10). He holds also that these works "demonstrate the controlling power of technical forms over man by dissecting him into parts and re-constructing him . . .". In making this observation Tillich appears to eat his cake and have it too — for while he implies the value of formal control in art as any traditional aesthete would, as Existentialist he postulates a technical force whose character it is to work *on man* rather than on the art object.

Actually, however, despite the general philosophic confusions and aesthetic vacillations and inconsistencies of this Existentialist period in American art, painters and sculptors in general are unquestionably being stimulated to a fresh appraisal of both their premises and their practices, and are finding their awareness sharpened to the uses of pain and misery in art. There appears to be enough that is viable in Existentialist art to justify the prediction that long after it has ceased to be the product of a self-conscious school, there will be discernible in the painting and sculpture of the United States and of Europe felicitous traces of its bold sojourn among us.

Two Sisters in Geneva

by

HENRY KREISEL

It had been raining all day. Once or twice it had looked as if the rain might let up, and Warren had paid for his coffee and gone out into the street, but the sky was leaden and the rain never stopped at all. That's how it was in Geneva, a waitress told him when he sought refuge again and ordered a glass of beer, once it started to rain like this, it just wouldn't stop for two days and maybe three.

Warren was on his way from Italy to England. He could only stay a day in Geneva and he'd hoped to be able to take a little trip on the Lake, but that was out of the question. In spite of the rain, however, he tried to see as much as he could of the city which John Calvin had made famous, and where the League of Nations had debated in vain. For Warren was studying history at Oxford.

His train left at midnight. By ten o'clock he was tired and wet and worn out and he walked to the station and went into the waiting-room. There were a lot of people there already. The air was damp and steamy-smelling. He sat down beside an old man who was stuffing newspaper into his shoes. The old man said something in French, but Warren couldn't understand him and merely nodded pleasantly, and then pulled a pocket-book out of his over-night bag and started reading. After a while the old man got up with a weary sigh and left, and as he opened the door of the waiting-room two elderly ladies were coming in, followed by a porter carrying their suitcases. The old man held the door open for them, smiling gallantly. The smaller one of the two pushed past him without seeming to notice him, but the other one, who was quite tall and was wearing a broad-brimmed black Italian straw hat, stopped and smiled at him. They exchanged a few words, and then the old man left and closed the door behind him.

"There's room over there," said the smaller of the two ladies. "Over there, Emily."

She walked over and sat down beside Warren. One of the suitcases, Warren noticed, had Canadian Pacific Steamship labels. She

took off her felt hat and then her raincoat, and spread her raincoat over one of the suitcases. Then she straightened her beige cardigan and leaned back against the bench. When the other lady joined her, she said, "You should take your hat and coat off, Emily. You're all wet. You don't want to come to England and first thing you know you'll have to go to bed with pneumonia."

"I'm tired," the other one said. "I feel almost as if I had pneumonia already." She talked very slowly and her voice was low and had, thought Warren, a melodious, Italian rhythm. As she talked, she pulled a long pin out of her hair and took the straw hat off. She had black hair, gathered together at the back of her head in a bun. Now that he could see her face plainly, Warren noticed how pale she was.

"I tell you what, Emily. You better go and get something to drink over in the restaurant. Something hot. A cup of tea will do you good. You go and I'll look after the luggage. And then you come back and I'll go. How'll that be?"

"Yes. That will be fine."

"Have you got enough money?"

"Yes. I think so."

"Well, here is some more." She pulled out a purse from her handbag. "Here. This is Swiss money, I think. Yes, it is. All this foreign money!" she exclaimed. "Liras! Francs! It gets a person all confused."

"Ah, well," said the other one. "It's not foreign money to the people who live here." She got up and walked out of the waiting-room.

Warren read a few pages, but he was always conscious of the woman sitting beside him. She fidgeted about on the bench and kept looking over to him, and at last she said, "Oh, you're reading an English book. Then you speak English."

"Yes," said Warren. "I'm a Canadian."

"Are you now, really," she exclaimed. "Well, what a coincidence. I'm from Canada myself. What part of the country do you come from?"

"Toronto," he said.

"How nice," she said. "I live in the West myself. In Edmonton, now. But we used to live up in the North. In the Peace River country."

Oh, it's wonderful country, it is. Mr. Miller — that's my husband — he got land up there after the first war, and we homesteaded there. We lived up there for thirty-three years. Until my husband died. Two years ago it is nearly. Well, there wasn't much point me staying there alone. My son and my daughter were gone, so I sold the farm and the car and moved down to the city and got a place not far from my daughter. Thank God Mr. Miller left me well provided for."

"Yes," mumbled Warren. "That's fortunate."

"Oh, he was a good man," said Mrs. Miller. "I met him in England during the war. He was stationed in Yorkshire near where we lived, and we had a real whirlwind romance." She smiled, remembering. "Homesteading sounded very romantic, then. But it wasn't, let me tell you. Irene, my first child, why, she was born during a blizzard in January and you couldn't've got a doctor for love nor money. Even if there'd been one nearby. Which there wasn't. Oh, but Mr. Miller — he wasn't scared. Not much, anyways. He helped right along as if he'd been a midwife all his life. She was born all right. As healthy a baby as you'd ever want to see. Oh, it was backbreaking work, all right, but we made out. Had good years and bad years. It's the good times you really remember, though. And in the end, Mr. Miller left me very well provided for. I thank God for that. . . . Stomach. That was always his trouble. It kept getting worse and worse, and finally he died of it."

"I'm sorry," said Warren.

"Isn't that rain awful?" she said. "Still, it's better than that awful heat in Italy. Oh, I couldn't stand that heat. I nearly died of it. I don't know how my sister stood it all these years. I'm trying to persuade her to come and live with me in Canada."

"Is the other lady your sister?" Warren asked, for he would not have thought it.

"Yes," said Mrs. Miller. "Yes. We don't look much alike, do we? She's the Eyetalian branch of the family." Mrs. Miller gave a little high-pitched laugh. "I'd never have believed that Emily would up and marry an Eyetalian. That was after I'd left for Canada. It must have been — oh — about 1920. My brother Ronald wrote to me and said Emily'd married an Eyetalian and had gone to live in Italy. Well, you

could have knocked me down with a feather. Fancy that, I thought. Our Emily an Eyetalian! She'd met him in London, where she'd gone to work after the war. He was a painter, like — an artist. I don't think they ever had much money, and he didn't leave her hardly anything when he died. She's just got enough to live in a furished room, you know. I was a bit shocked when I saw how she has to live, poor thing. I thought she'd at least have a house. But he didn't leave much. I thank God Mr. Miller left me well provided for. I bought a little house in Edmonton and she'd be most welcome to come and live with me."

"Is she going with you to Canada now?" asked Warren.

"Not just now," said Mrs. Miller. "I only managed to talk her into coming to see the family in England. We've got two sisters and two brothers living in Yorkshire and this'll be the first time in —" she stopped for a moment and calculated silently, "in thirty-six years that we'll all be together. She's never been back in all that time, and neither have I. Only it'd've been easier for her to go back. She had no children and it's not so far. Oh, but I'm sure she'll come and live with me now. There's nothing to keep her in Italy that I can see, and here she'd be with her own flesh and blood. Wouldn't you think it stands to reason?"

"It seems like it," said Warren.

"Where are you coming from now?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"Well, I've just been to Italy, too," he said.

"Oh, have you? Did you go to Florence?"

"Yes," he said, "as a matter of fact, I did."

"Fancy that," said Mrs. Miller. "I might have seen you there. I just spent two weeks there. That's where my sister lives."

"Lovely city," said Warren, but he saw Mrs. Miller shake her head skeptically, and asked, "Didn't you like Florence?"

"Well," she said, "I can't say I really did. Now, mind you, there are some nice things there, all right. I wouldn't deny that. Statues and fountains and churches, like. And my sister took me through some of the museums they have there and I saw some very pretty pictures. But it's all a bit too Papish for me, if you want the truth." She stopped

short and looked sharply at Warren. "You're not a Catholic by any chance?"

"No," said Warren, smiling. "Old Presbyterian stock."

"Oh, that's good," she said. "Not that I have anything against Catholics, God forbid. I believe in each person believing as he wants to. But still I must say some of those statues they have — and right out in the open, too — well, I wouldn't have liked it if my daughter had seen them when she was a young girl. And then the heat, too. Oh, it did affect me. But it's a nice enough city otherwise. I'll be glad when I get back to a place where you can understand what people are saying, though. It's a weird feeling hearing people jabbering away and you not understanding a word they're saying."

Neither Warren nor Mrs. Miller noticed her opening the door to the waiting-room, so that she seemed suddenly to be standing there before them.

"Oh, Emily," said Mrs. Miller. "You're back. Did you have some tea?"

"As a matter of fact," she answered, and Warren thought that her eyes glinted ironically, "I had some brandy. It's better than tea."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Miller tolerantly. "Once in a while it's all right. That's what my husband always used to say. But he never held with drinking. Oh, Emily. There's a young Canadian gentleman here. Mr. —"

"Douglas," he said. "Warren Douglas."

"Mr. Douglas. And that's my sister. Mrs. Emily Bun - - . Bun - - . Oh, I never can remember how to pronounce that name."

"Buonarroti. Emilia Buonarroti."

"Well, I never can get over it," said Mrs. Miller. "It never does sound like our Emily."

Mrs. Buonarroti sat down and, turning to Warren, she said quietly, "Buonarroti was the family name of the great Michelangelo. My husband belonged to a branch of the same family." She had taken off her coat, and Warren saw that she was wearing a black silk dress which looked very old-fashioned.

"I think I'll go off and have a cup of tea myself," said Mrs. Miller. "If you'll excuse me."

Warren watched her walk out of the waiting-room. Her shoes were sturdy and new, and she wore a good worsted skirt and a beige cardigan over a frilly white blouse.

"You are a student?" said Mrs. Buonarroti.

"Yes," said Warren. "How did you know?"

"My husband taught for many years. The history of Renaissance art — that was his subject. So I knew many students. All students look alike," she said and smiled at him.

"That's very interesting," he said. "Your husband being a scholar, I mean. I thought he was a painter. I mean, that's what your sister said."

"Oh, yes, he painted, too," she said. "But he was not a professional painter. He was a good painter, but not a professional painter." She sat there thinking for a while, and then she said, "My husband was a very interesting man. And to live with him was, yes, a great privilege. You know, Mr. Douglas, I was an ignorant girl when I married, and my husband taught me such a lot. Of course, when you live in Firenze — in Florence — you have to learn something. Art, religion, history — it is all preserved around you."

"I am reading history now at Oxford," Warren said.

"But my sister said you are from Canada."

"I am, but I am studying at Oxford."

"It is strange speaking English again after so many years. I hardly talked English at all for years and years, and when my sister came, I could hardly speak it any more. I had to practise first." She laughed. "My husband could speak English, but after the first year or two we always talked in Italian. . . . He was a wonderful man — my husband. But the war — it was too much for him. He was never too strong, and it was hard to get the right kind of food and in the winter you could never get enough coal. It was too much for him. He died only a few weeks before the end of the war." She began to cough, at first lightly, and then more violently, until her whole body trembled and Warren was quite concerned.

"Is there — is there anything I can get you?" he stammered, not knowing what to do.

She shook her head and gradually she stopped coughing. "I'm sorry," she said. "It's this terrible rain and this dampness. I can't stand all this wet. As soon as we left Italy I began to feel it, you know. Perhaps I was only imagining things at first, but as soon as we came to Geneva it was very real. I hate rain and dull, cloudy skies. And this is all just a foretaste of what it will be like in England. Gray skies and rain and rain and rain." She shuddered. "And what will I say to them all when I am in England? To my brothers and sisters?" She seemed for a moment to be talking to herself alone, for she dropped her voice and her eyes looked across the waiting-room in the direction of the station restaurant where Mrs. Miller would now be drinking her tea.

She turned again to Warren. "We have been living in different worlds," she said. "Much too different. My sister is such a good woman. So kind and so well-meaning. But after two days, Mr. Douglas — well, we didn't have anything to say to each other. She told me about how they built their farm, and about blizzards, and how her children were born, and how they became well off, and I — well, I tried to show her Florence, and I'll never forget how shocked she was when I took her to the Piazza della Signoria and she saw in the Loggia statues of nude figures — famous works by Cellini and Giambologna. It was quite funny, really, but also sad. And it will be the same thing when I meet the others. It will rain and we will all be crowded together in a room and I will long to go back home to Italy. I wish now I was waiting for a train to take me back to Florence. . . . Do you know Italy, Mr. Douglas?"

"A little," he said. "I've just been in Florence and Venice. I loved them both, but especially Venice."

Mrs. Buonarroti turned her pale face to him and looked musingly at him. "Yes," she said. "Yes. At first it is always Venice. In Venice everything is out in the open, and you — you are so — so — well . . ."

"Overwhelmed." Warren supplied the word.

"Yes," said Mrs. Buonarroti. "Overwhelmed. Your eyes cannot take it all in at once. But Florence opens herself only slowly, until you see

her full beauty. My husband didn't like Venice. Not enough secrets, he said. Of course, he was a Florentine, and that explains a lot. But really there is nothing in the world that is so beautiful as to look down at Florence from Fiesole just when the sun goes down, and to see the hills and the mountains and the cypress trees and the wonderful city in the plain. Nothing."

"You will miss all this," said Warren, "if you go to Canada."

She looked at him quickly. "To Canada? Why should I go to Canada?"

"Oh, but Mrs. Miller — your sister . . ."

Mrs. Buonarroti shrugged her shoulders and smiled. "My sister is such a kind person," she said, "but she doesn't understand. From the room where I live I can look out and see the wonderful campanile, and I can walk along the Arno, and once a week I take a bus to Fiesole. Florence is my city, Mr. Douglas. . . . I don't know whether you understand."

"I think I do," said Warren.

"To live in a strange land and in a strange city with my sister would be — well, not exactly like the Inferno, but like Purgatorio."

They both laughed.

A minute or two afterwards Mrs. Miller returned.

"Well," she said, "that was nice and hot. Mind you, they don't know how to make a cup of tea here. Or in Italy. The water's never boiling when they pour it. That's the trouble." She turned to her sister. "Well, I hope the young gentleman's been telling you all about Canada."

"I'm afraid Mrs. Buonarroti has been telling me about Italy," said Warren.

"I knew it," said Mrs. Miller. "Emily does love talking about Italy. Oh, well. You just wait till you see the wide-open prairie, Emily, and the Rocky Mountains. Once you live there, you'll never again want to live anywhere else. I know I wouldn't. Why, I couldn't live in England again, let alone in Italy. Everything's all crammed together so."

Just then Mrs. Buonarroti began to cough again and she had to get up to catch her breath. Warren and Mrs. Miller both jumped up

and supported her, and after a while the fit subsided and she sat down on the bench, exhausted.

"The dry climate out West will do her the world of good," said Mrs. Miller to Warren. "It will clear this up in no time."

Over the public address system there came an announcement. The express to Paris and Calais was arriving.

"That's our train," said Warren. "Should I go and get a porter?"

Mrs. Miller nodded.

When he returned with the porter, the ladies put on their coats and hats. Mrs. Buonarroti took hold of Warren's arm and they walked out on to the platform. The rain was still coming down in steady, thin strings.

"How I hate this rain," said Mrs. Buonarroti, speaking very softly, "and how I wish I was back in Florence."

The Unknown Conquest of Canada

by

MEL JAMES

Every schoolboy knows about Wolfe and Montcalm, but a much earlier conquest of Quebec by three adventurous brothers is virtually forgotten. The Kirkes' brief glory in the days of Champlain is here revived.

On September 13, 1759, General James Wolfe won Quebec and all Canada in a story-book victory over Montcalm. But there might never have been this struggle on the Plains of Abraham if three adventurous brothers, David, Lewis and Thomas Kirke, had been able to keep possession of Quebec which they captured without firing a single shot one hundred and thirty years before Wolfe's daring but costly conquest.

The three brothers conquered Canada in 1629. For three years, the British flag fluttered over the tiny settlement that Champlain had established in 1608. Lewis Kirke, as the first English Governor of Canada, ruled with compassion and courtesy over the French settlers who elected to remain in Canada rather than return to their native France.

Yet despite the Kirkes' victory and daring over Champlain, they are virtually unknown, here in Canada, in England, or in their native France. No statues have been erected to mark their triumph; not a single written description or portrait of them is known to exist.

Who were the Kirke brothers? They were the three eldest of five sons and two daughters born to Gervase Kirke, an Englishman who, as a young man, moved to the town of Dieppe where he married the daughter of a French Huguenot, Elizabeth Goudon. Gervase began working for merchant companies as a youngster, and, on settling in Dieppe, carried on a lucrative business with Holland and his native England. The three boys, David born in 1597, Lewis in 1599 and Thomas in 1603, were trained for a life at sea in merchant vessels.

By the time they were young men, they were given command of ships trading with Antwerp and English ports, and, due to their business skill and seafaring ability, the Kirke family prospered. But political difficulties arose. In 1627, their successful maritime business out of Dieppe was abruptly ended when England and France became involved in a series of political and religious intrigues that led to war.

The Kirkes then settled in England and soon Gervase was invited to become a director of the London Company of Merchant Adventurers which had been formed to carry on trade with the New World. He was of course well aware of the prosperous fur trade being carried on in Canada. He also knew that Cardinal Richelieu, chief minister of Louis XIII of France, had cancelled the existing Union Company charter, a fur trade monopoly with the New World, four years before its expiratory date in order to form the "Company of New France". This company was designed not only to reap profits from fur trading but also to answer Champlain's desires for settlement, with the backers agreeing to send thousands of colonists to the New World during the next fifteen years.

In the summer of 1627, Kirke therefore urged the other directors of the London Company to back an expedition to Canada and recommended his adventurous sons for the voyage. This was quickly agreed upon, and funds were raised to equip three ships, the *Abigail* of 300 tons to be commanded by David, and the *George* and the *William* of 200 tons each, to be commanded by Lewis and Thomas. King Charles I gave the expedition his blessing by granting letters of marque, signed by him and bearing the Great Seal of England, authorizing the Kirkes to "capture and destroy any French ships which they might encounter, and utterly drive away and root out the French settlements in Nova Scotia and Canada."

The little fleet sailed out of Gravesend and down the Thames on the evening of March 21, 1628, and made its way to Newfoundland. Before leaving, they received word that the Company of New France was also preparing a fleet to sail for Quebec under the command of Admiral de Roquemont. This expedition, carrying supplies and a number of new colonists, included transports, sloops and large

fishing vessels under the protection of four warships, making a total of eighteen vessels in all.

A few hundred miles from the coast of Newfoundland, the Kirkes spotted a ship approaching astern. Quickly fanning out, they captured the vessel after a brisk but brief battle. It was the *Vicaille*, which, because of her speed, had been sent ahead by the French to bring supplies and news to Champlain. On board was the hero of many later exploits in Canada, *Sieur de la Tour*, who admitted that the rest of the fleet was some three weeks behind them. The Kirkes had plenty of time to sail on to Quebec.

David quickly added the newly captured *Vicaille* to his own fleet. After stopping for fresh supplies at Newfoundland, he proceeded to Nova Scotia and the Bay of Chaleur where the French had a fishing and fur trading base on Miscou Island. This was captured easily and the Kirkes moved on to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, capturing another base near Tadoussac. Here Kirke met a tribe of Indians who were deeply impressed with his quick victory, and readily believed the bluff that his squadron was but a detachment from an armada of British ships not far off. They were also impressed with his promise that fur trading would be much more profitable with the English and suggested that Kirke starve out the settlement at Quebec. And, as an added display of their faith in him, they offered to help guide his fleet down the St. Lawrence to capture Champlain's farming settlement at Cape Tourmente, near the Island of Orleans. David decided to act on their advice. With two French traitors, Etienne Brulé and Nicholas Marsolet as guides, he immediately sent an expedition to the farm site where the element of surprise again won an easy victory. The inhabitants were captured, the cattle butchered and the barns fired.

In the meantime David Kirke wrote a letter to Champlain from his newly established headquarters at Tadoussac, asking that Quebec be surrendered peacefully, "to avoid the bloodshed that might occur on both sides." In the message, he continued his bluffing tactics, claiming to be but a part of a larger fleet of eighteen vessels, and adding, "For my part, I have already seized the establishment at Miscou, and

all the small craft along the coast, as also those here at Tadoussac where I am at present at anchor." He pointed out that he had captured the *Vicaille* and explained, "I had made preparations for coming to see you myself, but I have thought it better only to send an advice boat and two shallops to seize and destroy the cattle at Cape Tourmente; for I know that when you are distressed for want of food, I shall more easily obtain what I desire, which is, to take your settlement."

Kirke sent his letter with some Basque fishermen he had captured, explaining that "they will be able to tell you how the affairs of France and England are going on, and even the course affairs are taking in France touching the New Company created for this country . . . Send me word what you wish to do," he concluded, "and if you desire to treat with me in this matter, send me a man for that purpose, whom I promise to treat as well as myself, giving him every kind of satisfaction, and to grant any reasonable requests you may make, on your resolving to give me the settlement." He signed the letter, "Your Affectionate Servant," on July 18, 1628.

Despite the adverse condition of the settlement, Champlain answered with a spirited letter that also contained some elements of bluff. He reported that Quebec still had ample provisions and ammunition, and that if Kirke wished to see them, he had better come and not threaten from such a distance. "Honour demands that we fight," Champlain wrote, adding that he did not in the least doubt that Kirke had a commission from the King, "as great princes always select men of brave and generous courage."

David misjudged the letter. Believing that Champlain was too well entrenched and powerful to dislodge without severe loss of life, he decided instead to destroy what vessels and sloops he didn't need and to take the rest with him to meet de Roquemont's fleet. Off Cap Chat, Indians told him the French fleet had arrived and was sheltered in Gaspé Bay. Kirke hoisted all sails in order to swoop down on de Roquemont before the French admiral heard of their whereabouts and prepared for battle.

On the morning of July 24, Kirke sighted the fleet scattered behind its four protective warships and immediately went to the attack.

Lewis and Thomas boldly blazed away at the warship closest to de Roquemont's flagship, while the *Abigail* and the captured *Vicaille* sailed on either side of the flagship herself and fired a series of broadsides. When the ships closed to grapple, one of Kirke's officers leaped on board the French vessel, and, seizing de Roquemont, threatened to kill him if he did not order his fleet to surrender. De Roquemont gave in, ordered the surrender signal up, and the French fleet ceased firing.

For the Kirkes it was a far richer haul than if they had captured the settlement. Warships, transports, supply vessels and several large fishing craft carrying vast quantities of supplies, 138 cannon and more than 600 prisoners, 350 of whom were settlers, were included in the spoils. Kirke decided to place the settlers in two of the captured ships with food and supplies while the sailors were kept in accordance with the customs of war. After lingering in Gaspé Bay for about ten days in order to organize his greatly enlarged fleet, Kirke left for England, satisfied that Champlain would get no further supplies for his tiny settlement that year.

The victory, the first real success of the British in their dismal war with both Spain and France, prompted wild rejoicing in the streets of London, while in Paris, a solemn council was held by Louis XIII with members of the Company of New France clamouring for revenge. The Kirkes were made subject to the death penalty if they ever set foot in France again and a howling Paris mob burned effigies of them in the Place de Grève.

Enriched by the spoils of the captured French fleet and the ransom received for the naval prisoners, the Kirkes promptly set about fitting out another larger and more powerful armament, to consist of nine vessels, some of them carrying new colonists to Acadia. This project owed much to the energies of Sir William Alexander, a great favourite of Charles I, who had become interested in the London Company because of its association with the New World. Sir William, who wrote poetry on such things as his "unsuccessful address to a lady," was far more successful in gaining huge tracts of land in the New World. In 1621, King James I granted him an area in Canada

equivalent in size to the present-day Maritimes and named in his honour, Nova Scotia. As Sir William's dreams of settlement did not conflict with the aims of the London Company directors, (who were glad, in fact, to have a man of his influence within the organization), it was decided to set up a new enterprise called "The Canada Company." Once this agreement was reached, plans for David's second trip to the New World went ahead rapidly.

The Kirkes left Gravesend on March 25. Once again David was in command and had, besides the three vessels that made the trip the previous year, the *Gervase* of 200 tons, two other vessels and three pinnaces, all well manned and armed, and again supplied with letters of marque under the Great Seal of England. After an arduous voyage across the Atlantic, the fleet arrived in Canadian waters during the latter part of June. At this point Alexander's Scottish settlers sailed for Cape Breton Island and Port Royal, while the Kirkes proceeded up the St. Lawrence. On the way they captured a shallop sent by Champlain to get help for the settlement now reduced to virtual starvation. The captured settlers on board admitted their countrymen at Quebec were willing to surrender.

Kirke again made his headquarters at Tadoussac and sent his two younger brothers to Quebec where they prepared a letter to be taken to Champlain. Written on board Lewis' ship, July 19, 1629, it read:

Sir;

In pursuance of what our brother wrote to you last year, that sooner or later he would take possession of Quebec, unless it were reinforced, he has instructed us to assure you of his friendship, as we assure you ours, and knowing well the state of extreme destitution in which you are with respect to everything, he calls upon you to place the fort and habitation in our hands, assuring you of the best treatment for yourself and your people, and also of as honourable and reasonable a settlement as you could desire. Awaiting your reply, we remain, Sir,

Your very affectionate Servants,

Lewis and Thomas Kirke.

Delivered to Champlain by one of the officers, the letter had the desired effect. Champlain agreed to surrender the fort, asking

in his articles of capitulation, that "all the 'religious' and others should be allowed to leave with arms and baggage and all their furniture, and that a sufficient supply of provisions for the passage to France should be given in exchange for peltry, etc."

Lewis ratified this particular clause by stating, "I consent that the officials go with such arms, clothes, and furs as they may individually own, and the soldiers with their clothing and one beaver skin each without anything else; as regards the Fathers, they must content themselves with their cassocks and their books."

Champlain accepted these terms and, on the morning of July 20, Lewis' force took over the fort. Mustering as much pomp and ceremony as he could to mark the event, Lewis, according to an account by Champlain:

... had the English flag hoisted on one of the bastions, and ordered the drums to beat to assemble the soldiers whom he placed in order on the ramparts; he then had a salute fired from the ships as well as with the five brass guns at the fort, the two small falconets at the factory, and some iron mortar pieces; after which he made the soldiers fire volleys of musketry . . . the whole in a sign of rejoicing.

Proof that the Kirkes were not barbarous pirates, but rather daring and courteous adventurers, is seen in all their actions with the captured settlers. An inventory was carefully made of everything at the fort and Lewis allowed no plundering of any kind by his troops or sailors. He invited some of the settlers to remain at Quebec and provided food and clothing for those who were in need, which moved Champlain to write, "We had every kind of courtesy from the English." Of Lewis Kirke personally Champlain added, "... every kind of courtesy he could think of he showed me."

By July 24, with an occupation force established and stores landed, Thomas left Quebec with Champlain and a number of other settlers on board. The next day he met a French vessel under the command of Emery de Caen of the old Union Company fur monopoly, who had slipped by the English fleet during a fog. Ordering all prisoners below, Thomas fought a brief but vicious battle, finally forcing the French ship to surrender. He then proceeded to Tadoussac to see David.

After making a visit to Quebec, David left Lewis in charge as governor and prepared for the return journey to England. Before leaving, he held a banquet at Tadoussac, at which he told Champlain that the French had not made the most of this great country. He promised the English would develop its immense resources and people it with settlers, for there was far more wealth in Canada than the mere provision of furs and he was sure the English would see that this wealth was realized.

Late in August, David set sail for England, taking with him Champlain, Emery de Caen, and a number of other officials from the settlement and the captured French vessel. But his arrival at Plymouth on October 20 was not a joyous event, for he learned that the war between England and France had ended in April, a good three months before the actual capture of Quebec.

While Champlain aptly described David's feelings by recording . . . "this greatly annoyed Kirke," he was not foolish enough to wait for the colony to be returned to the French. For although it was understood that England was to return all captured possessions taken after the peace, Champlain realized the English, now in actual possession of Quebec, were in the bargaining position. He therefore sought out the French ambassador to London and urgently requested that the colony not be ceded to England in the formal treaty yet to be signed.

Kirke, too, made his own petition, addressed to King Charles, citing the great cost involved in making the expedition, the advantages of settlement at Quebec and its impregnability from attack. He wrote, ". . . that if it pleases your Majesty to keepe it wee doe not care what the Frenche or any other can doe, though she have a hundred sayle of shippes and 10,000 men."

But the Kirkes were unable to succeed because of the political and economic necessities of Charles I, who, in that same year of 1629, had dissolved parliament and imprisoned its leader in the Tower. To Charles, Quebec's capture was a means of forcing the French to pay him the remainder of his wife's dowry, a total of 400,000 crowns. He had married the younger sister of Louis XIII, Henrietta Maria,

and was more in need of this sizeable monetary prize than a country of unknown value three thousand miles away.

The French had some demands of their own, and Charles, anxious to meet their desires, formed a commission of four men to "discover what goods, merchandize and other things have been taken by Captain David Kirke from the French, the Fort at Quebec, the College of Jesuits and a French vessel." When Kirke declared that only 1,300 beaver skins had been taken from the French, with the remainder of the 7,000 obtained through trading with the Indians, a warrant was issued to search the warehouse of the Canada Company. This so infuriated the Kirkes that, with the aid of another merchant, they broke into the warehouse and carried off the skins, only returning them when threatened with severe penalties.

Charles realized, however, that the Kirkes were entitled to some degree of restitution, and ordered the French to pay them the sum of £20,000. This the French agreed to do, so that by August 1, 1631, the Lord Treasurer of England was able to send the following despatch to Cardinal Richelieu:

My Lord,

Matters being at last satisfactorily arranged on all sides, His Majesty is now resolved to send Mons. Boulamacchi to France in order to receive the remainder of the Queen's dowry, and to take with him the powers of his Ambassador to complete the business of Quebec and Port Royal.

After this, it was only a matter of time before Quebec was restored to the French. In March, 1632, final agreement was reached with the signing of the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, and on July 13, Lewis Kirke's three year reign as Governor of Canada came to an end when the French regained possession of the settlement. It was to remain in their hands for the next 127 years.

What happened to the Kirke brothers? For one thing, the French failed to honour their part of the agreement and never paid a penny of the £20,000 promised. Charles I did pay tribute to the Kirkes, however, by granting in 1631 to Captain David Kirke, Lewis Kirke, Thomas Kirke, John and James Kirke, his brothers and their issue

forever, "the coat of armour of M. de Roquemont" to be worn in a canton over their paternal coat of arms.

Two years later, David, now married to the daughter of Sir Joseph Andrews, was himself knighted by Charles for having captured Canada. In 1635 and 1636, Lewis and Thomas commanded British warships of the Channel Squadron, and in 1637, David, still keenly interested in the New World, applied for and was granted the right to settle in Newfoundland as Governor. He was to take over from Lord Baltimore, who, on becoming dissatisfied with the colony, had been given a grant of Maryland in 1632. Never one to waste time, David formed a company in England and sailed with his family for Ferryland in 1638.

When civil war broke out in England in 1642, Lewis and Thomas remained loyal to the king, joining the Cavaliers against Cromwell's Roundheads. Shortly afterwards, Thomas was killed in one of the numerous skirmishes between the two forces, while Lewis, given command of a troop of horse, so distinguished himself at the Battle of Newbury that he too was knighted and later made Governor of Bridgenorth Castle. But under the rule of the victorious Cromwell Lewis paid for his loyalty to the king by being fined £151 from his slender purse.

Meanwhile David carried on in Newfoundland. Political difficulties with the home government, as well as the hardship and frustration of establishing a more flourishing colony, appear to have plagued him until 1653. He died at Ferryland during the winter of 1655-56 and was buried there. With him too was virtually buried the story of the first English conquest of Canada.

The Trellis

by

CLARA LANDER

I remember the first day we moved to the house on the hill. Before that we had lived in The Little Cottage on Eighth Street; and before that, above the Second-hand Men's Furnishings and Crockery on River Street. Now we had come not one, but two hills up in the world, to Nineteenth Street; and I was exploring the second floor when I thought I heard the sound of a car being cranked.

The window ledges all seemed to begin where I ended. So I made like a siren and the cranking stopped. Next came the sound of running feet, into the house and up the stairs, with a great clambering over bed-rails and packing cases, towards milady's chamber. It did indeed become my own, but later and under more voluntary circumstances.

I can forgive my father only now when I realize what that day must have meant to him. I mean, the delivering of the initial load of furniture to the first home he had ever owned, and the being worried already over the mortgage. But at the time I was conscious only of one thing: Abandonment on a mountain-peak. No new experience for a girl-child.

It was when I was being carried across the front lawn that I suddenly sighted, over my father's shoulder, another girl-child behind a corner pillar of the verandah of the house next door. Her big, china-blue eyes followed us right into the old Model T, and then followed the old Model T down the rutted dirt road to the bend which led to the hill around the Baker house and into the Valley.

She was still there when we came back with the second load. And with the third. A silent partner in the entire operation she never missed a movement nor a mission, neither a coming nor a going. It was like that for the next thirty years.

I don't know if it was the day after moving-day or the year after that I realized she was not a child at all, but a woman, though a doll-sized woman. And she was married to a GIANT. A husky, strapping Army Colonel just returned from France. He called her Maud and he was a great wood-chopper. I used to sit out on our back stoop and

watch him; and she used to sit out on their back stoop and chatter to him while he attacked and then stacked the fire-wood they bought from the Indians.

I could never quite associate our Indians with the ones we used to see chasing the settlers every Saturday afternoon across the screen of the old Strand Theatre on Central Avenue. You never heard a whoop out of *our* Indians. Not even a peep. If you asked them the price of anything, they'd just hold up their hands and work it all out on their fingers. If you said "Yes, I'll buy some," they'd shrug their shoulders and fish for it in a bundle or a basket. And if you said, "No, not today," they'd shrug and drive away in their rickety-looking wagons drawn by rickety-looking horses that didn't behave at all like Indian horses in the movies. No, these horses just didn't care about anything — whether they stopped or started, whether you bought or you didn't buy. Maud always bought.

If it wasn't jack-pine or tamarack or poplar, it was berries — saskatoons, pinchberries, chokeberries, strawberries, raspberries, cranberries, gooseberries, blueberries — or bead-work belts, purses, cushions, and moccasins — or wicker baskets. Her house was just *full* of wicker baskets. Though for a long time I didn't know for sure. I could only imagine what it must be like inside.

After the chopping the Colonel would go and sit in his big wicker rocking-chair out on the verandah to smoke his pipe and read the Prince Albert Daily Herald. You could hear Maud trotting daintily around on her size-one, French-heeled, beige pumps: Tip-tap, tip-tap, inside the house; and then tip-tap, tip-tap out onto the verandah. The screen door would slam and presto! There she was like an elf out on the lawn with her special blunt little dandelion-knife. She'd peer about, pouncing on one clump of grass after another in an eternal vendetta. But as much as she hated dandelions she loved delphiniums; and next to delphiniums, lilacs.

I think it was the spring after the winter Sammy died that she first spoke to me. She said: "Would you like a lilac?" I was dumbfounded. Her first commandment also reached me in a haze: "Wipe your feet on the mat!" I did, and was ushered in at last to the Shangri-la of the front parlor. There I stood suspended and as nearly lifeless as a puppet.

Wicker baskets were on and under everything, just as I had suspected. The guns and swords along the walls surprised me, however. So did the tin-helmet, because I didn't quite know what it was for. When the Colonel walked in he looked surprised, too, as if he didn't quite know what I was for, either. Maud said: "Oh Reggie!" as if she had been caught doing something wrong; and he looked for a moment as if she had indeed. Then he turned sharply to the corner cupboard and knelt down. He seemed to be hunting for something far back on the bottom shelf. He found it, too. It was a set of miniature, blue and white china dishes, very old but not faded, and the teapot lid was gone.

He picked up the whole set in his two hands and carried it out onto the verandah to a little table. Then he came back, wrapped one big paw around my little one and marched me out there, too. But my attention was distracted, alas, by the sight of my mother running up and down the street, looking worried.

We appeared out of the nowhere, the Colonel and I, and my mother stopped dead in her tracks. At the same instant my father drove up and parked for supper. So there was nothing we could all do then but talk to each other. At least, the Colonel and my father talked, while mother dragged me in to get cleaned up for the Sabbath. When we came out they were still talking. My father looked like a pigmy beside the Colonel. He had to stand back a bit, in fact, to see what the Colonel was saying.

The Colonel was saying how sorry he was that Sammy had died and that Sammy had been a great little fellow. My father looked proud and happy. But my mother leaned her head against the corner pillar of our verandah and cried quietly in the dark. Then the summer was over and it was the first day of school.

Two sets of parents waved me off with four sets of instructions. But coming back it was Maud who met me first, and a good half-block from home. I thought she was searching the boulevard for dandelions again, but she wasn't. She fell in step with me and the inquisition began, as it was to begin the first day of every school year thereafter: "What's the name of your teacher?" "Miss Kirkbright." "Oh," Maud would say, "her." Report cards, too, had to pass her inspection. Very good ones were taken in to the Colonel to see. Friends

also were subject to their approval. Even when I was twenty, I knew Maud would be waiting up for me, silently, behind the corner pillar of her verandah, watching and listening in the dark. As a duenna she was a darn nuisance.

But the Colonel was my hero. He saved many a day, like the time my father took me down-town to get my curls cut, and then brought me home again — uncut. My mother promptly sent me down-town again, but this time with the Colonel. Joe Wilson the barber was a little fellow, much shorter than my father. Joe looked up at the Colonel and said: "Well, how do you want it cut?" The Colonel cleared his throat and repeated orders: "Buster Brown. With bangs." And so indeed I emerged, though in tears. We stopped at Corbin's Candy Store on the way home. But even that didn't help. My tears ran down into the ice-cream, and the ice-cream ran down the side of the cone and onto my dress. We were now at the bottom of the hill — there was no viaduct then — and it was a long climb to Nineteenth Street. So there was nothing else the Colonel could do but tell me a long story:

It was a story about an Indian brave called Eut-le-ten who wanted to reach the land above the sky which the Indians believed was the roof of the world. Up there lived Nas-nas-shup, Chief of all the Chiefs, and he had a daughter of such beauty that all the braves contended for her hand. But whoever would win her must undergo the most terrible contests her father could think up. Now Eut-le-ten, it seems, was a marvelous shot with the bow. He could bring down the swiftest deer in the forest, a fish jumping in the stream, or a prairie-chicken darting from a thicket. Which made him a very popular fellow.

But he was smart, too. He called together all the braves of his tribe, and commanded them to make a multitude of arrows, straight and strong. Each arrow must be tipped with bone or flint so sharp it would pierce the thickest hide of the great elk. In four suns the arrows were ready and Eut-le-ten took the lot of them up to the highest hill, which would be about Twenty-Fourth Street. And he shot the first arrow straight above his head high into the sky until it was out of sight. Then he shot a second arrow with such great speed and skill that it caught the tail of the first. And quickly then a third, and a fourth, and

so on, until he had shot a rope of shafts right to the roof of the world. That's how he was able to climb to the highest sky and claim the Chief of Chiefs' daughter.

By this time we were home. The Colonel mopped his brow and went to get into his chopping-clothes, and I went to give the packet of curls to my mother. She started to cry again. So I went outside. The Colonel was busy chopping, but for some reason Maud wouldn't come out that day to chirp at either of us. So I was left to gaze up into the sky and wonder if Eut-le-ten looking down was sorry for me, too.

Years later I used to sit with the Colonel in *his* time of trouble, when he lay swollen and dying and just a little afraid. And I'd tell *him* stories. Not like those he told, but the kind you get in college omnibuses. When the Colonel died he left me his book of Indian legends and his jade-handled letter-opener. And before she died, Maud gave me her cut-glass decanter and the seven tumblers that go with it. For my wedding-day, as something old she had already given me a tiny Irish linen handkerchief trimmed with real lace. It was the one she had used on her own wedding-day many years before in Brandon.

I think of her most, though, when April comes with its woodsy burning air, when every smell and sight and sound flashes me back to the house on Nineteenth Street: I see again my father in one yard and the Colonel in the other, raking their way casually towards the unmarked boundary between the two lots. There they'd pause to light up. They wouldn't look at each other, but would gaze away through the gap between the two houses and down over the Saskatchewan Valley.

One night the Colonel said wouldn't it be a good idea to build a trellis between the two houses with an archway so that we could still see out over the Valley. My father said he saw what the Colonel meant and it would be good, yes. So they got to work that very night. They worked until their wives came out onto the verandahs and began scolding. The next night after supper, the Colonel and my father were out there again. I don't think they were, either of them, really very good carpenters, but they got lots of advice. People on their way to the golf-course — everyone used to walk in those days — would call encouragement and offer suggestions. But the trellis turned out quite

well, considering. Especially after a few summers when the Virginia Creeper got going. And once it got going it was hard to stop. It shot its little green arrows out so thick and fast that Maud had to be constantly at it, training it away from the arch so we'd still be able to see the Valley to the north.

In the end the vines of the Virginia Creeper overshot the top of the arch and roped the two houses together. And the leaves shot up the sides of both verandahs, then up the front as high as the third floors, and finally over the roofs. Until you couldn't tell one house from the other.

THE GOD OF MR. PEALE

by

DIANA BRADT

Whenever Mr. Peale extols
Religion, more or less,
The very aisles are filled with souls
Compelled by sure success.

Good men embrace a change of heart
While sinners, grinning, nod
At this, the modern counterpart
Of Jonathan Edward's God.

No need to fear the chastening rod
Or for women to be nervous;
Chances are this friendly god
Won't attend the Sunday service.

This new and safe divinity
Who frequents the bizarre
Might also be out on a golfing spree
Smoking a cheap cigar.

The businessman delightedly
Worships this god with zeal,
Converted by the guarantee
Of a slicker business deal.

The barfly feels a special warmth
And contemplates, while drinking,
The marvellous reactions of
The power of positive thinking.

The dandy and the juke box player
Have acquired a new-found poise
Since God stepped down from way up there
To join up with the boys.

Earth's never had a breach of thought
Philosophy couldn't heal;
It bore the god that reason bought . . .
The god of Mr. Peale;

The business god, the tolerant one
(And as gods go, a little yellow).
Not God, the Father and the Son
But god, the regular fellow.

Wordsworth and his American Editor

by

E. D. MACKERNESS

The sporadic fifteen year correspondence between Wordsworth and his American editor, Henry Reed, provides illuminating insights into the characters of both men. A well-known English scholar explores this relatively neglected facet of Anglo-American relations.

The relationship between the poet Wordsworth and Henry Reed, the Philadelphia professor who brought out the first really complete American edition of his works (1837), has been discussed in several critical studies. Many of the letters which the two men wrote to each other over a period of nearly fifteen years were printed in Knight's *Letters of the Wordsworth Family* (1907). But a fair assessment of Reed's influence on Wordsworth was not possible until Leslie Nathan Broughton published the complete correspondence in 1933. This collection of letters throws an interesting light on certain aspects of Wordsworth's later career. It reveals some of the anxieties which were troubling the poet during his "final phase", and shows just how strong were the affections which bound him to his family. Not least, it illustrates the manner in which a venerable literary figure allowed himself to be subjected to what can only be called polite impositions on the part of a self-appointed literary adviser he never even met.

One commentator, Abbie Findlay Potts, has described Professor Reed's approaches to Wordsworth as "almost fulsome". That is an understatement. They were more than fulsome; they were of a subtly calculating nature. His prose style throughout his correspondence with Wordsworth exhibits an unusually frigid formality, but his tone is more frequently sycophantic than ingenuous. Floridity of style is not uncommon in letters written during this period, but Professor Reed's habitual periphrases and laboured repetitions are too deliberately studied to permit any other conclusion than that the writer had certain

designs on Wordsworth's good nature. What these were it is the purpose of this paper to discover.

The correspondence began with Reed's letter of April 25th, 1836. He was then a young man of twenty-eight, and Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at the University of Pennsylvania. His first letter is the immature outpouring of an enthusiastic Wordsworthian, almost overcome with admiration, thankfulness and joy, as a quotation will show: "... I am seeking, for the pure pleasure of doing so, to tell you of my sense of obligation. The salutary warnings from your pages have, I persuade myself, not been addressed in vain; communing with you there, I have felt my nature elevated. . . ." Wordsworth received several letters of this kind from other correspondents; but not all of them took pains, as Reed did, to introduce saving clauses testifying to the rightness of their own sentiments ("... no one can, I trust, question the sincerity of what is written under such circumstances — so privately so free from ulterior motive . . ."). A curious feature of this particular letter is that Reed makes no mention of the edition of Wordsworth's poems he was then planning. This, as it happens, was a little unfortunate; for when, on August 19th, 1837, Wordsworth came to acknowledge both the letter and the edition itself (which had been sent to him earlier in the year) he expressed the regret "that it should have been published before my last edition, in the correction of which I took great pains . . . and which moreover contains several additional pieces. . . ." The "last edition" referred to here is, of course, the fifth collected edition of 1836-7. In this, Wordsworth had adhered to the system of classification which had been used by him ever since 1815; though, as he says, he had now added poems of recent composition. But Professor Reed, in his Philadelphia edition of 1837, altered this method of classifying the poems so as to include many more items under the heading of "Poems of the Imagination".

The 1837 edition was not the *first* American printing of Wordsworth's poems; a four-volume reprint of the *Miscellaneous Poems* (1820) had been issued at Boston in 1824, and before that the *Lyrical Ballads* had been published by subscription in Philadelphia (1802). Moreover, a fair number of the earlier poems had appeared separately in periodicals. For this reason, among others, Wordsworth had become

somewhat sensitive to the fact that copyright arrangements between England and America were not yet such as to give English authors adequate protection against the possibility of their work coming into the hands of unscrupulous transatlantic publishers. It is well known that he took considerable interest in the question of copyright, and he was quick to see that in America his works might come before a very large public which could easily be misled by inaccurate transcriptions.

In the letter of August 19th, 1837, Wordsworth intimated to Reed his fears about "hasty and incorrect printing"; and this gave Reed a chance to set himself up as a sort of protector of the poet's interests. As he told Wordsworth on January 3rd, 1839: "... the Editorship [of the poems] was assumed by me solely for the purpose of placing myself between you and the reprinters here and thus guarding your work from the errors and the abuse to which in the present defective state of legislation on International copyright the writings of foreign authors are more or less exposed. . . ." Reed assured Wordsworth that there was a great body of readers in North America to whom the Poems were of the utmost significance; so much so, that it would be greatly to the poet's advantage if he would make a special effort to reach those of his fellow men who, though "separated geographically and politically, [are] still kindred by community of language and literature".

At this point, Reed made one of a number of interesting suggestions to Wordsworth. Knowing that the poet had recently returned from a tour of the Continent, he ventured to suggest that the *Itinerary Poems* might be extended so as to include an account of a visit to the United States. What could be more appropriate (and more gratifying to his future reputation) than that the great poet of natural description should celebrate in verse the feelings aroused in him by the prospect of the Cataract of Niagara? "My honoured friend," writes his impassioned well-wisher, "the thought is in my heart and I must write it." Wordsworth's reaction to this proposal is not recorded. But years that bring the philosophic mind had rendered him less susceptible to this kind of compliment than Reed probably supposed; and the prospect of further travel abroad was no longer so attractive. In 1839 he

had again been suffering from inflammation of the eyes, and, as he said in his letter to Reed on December 23rd, 1839, he was now too old to entertain very strong feelings about his importance as a literary figure. There is a touch of disappointment in Reed's letter of April 7th, 1840, where reference is made to the manner "in which you contrast the liveliness of my feelings respecting the destiny of your works with your own composure — I will not say indifference — on the subject." But at that moment Wordsworth did not respond to Reed's promptings (Reed had hinted, by way of recommendation, that Wordsworth would find America a much more rewarding — and less uncomfortable — place than Europe!) to some extent because he was beginning to be seriously worried by matters of a personal and domestic nature.

We hear of these at the end of a letter already quoted (December 23rd, 1839). Wordsworth writes: "You will be sorry to learn that several of my most valued Friends are likely to suffer from the monetary derangements in America. . . ." He goes on to question whether, in the present state of world politics, republics can be trusted where money is concerned; and Reed had to admit (letter of April 7th, 1840) that there had been some "misdoings" in various parts of America — though he trusted that the country would work itself free from such embarrassments as Wordsworth mentioned. But he offered to enquire into the state of the Mississippi Bonds, which were of particular interest to Wordsworth and his family. And this offer led Wordsworth, in his reply of May 26th, 1840, to ask Reed as a matter of urgency to discover in what sort of position the American banks were then, since "a female Friend especially dear to me and all my family" had no less than £10,000 invested in the Bank of Pennsylvania (plus another sum in the United States Bank) and had been advised to dispose of her shares in case of subsequent depreciation.

Reed's reply to this request (August 5th, 1840) is one of a number of letters in which he went thoroughly into the condition of the investments held by the Wordsworth family in several American concerns. The "female Friend" was Isabella Fenwick, and it is much to Professor Reed's credit that by diligent investigation he was able to inform Wordsworth about the exact nature of her holdings, which were for

the most part Pennsylvania State Loans, and more secure than the poet believed them to be. In these letters, Henry Reed reveals the workings of a competent and methodical mind; he made exact distinctions between the different investments, and gave Wordsworth his reasons for believing that the money deposited in the United States Bank and the Mississippi Bonds was less safe than that in the Pennsylvania loans. Eventually, as it happened, both types of stock rallied, but Wordsworth was especially anxious during the early part of 1840 because property belonging to his brother Christopher was also involved (though he did not disclose this until some time later). For a short period, indeed, the poet was quite panic-stricken, but Professor Reed left no stone unturned to find out the truth about the financial interests at stake, and he was certainly instrumental in quietening some of Wordsworth's severe anxieties. Ironically enough, Reed was himself in financial difficulties at the time, and it was the depreciation of certain investments of his own which forced him to postpone a long-wished-for visit to England. In the end this had to be put off until after Wordsworth's death.

Now from these letters it is clear that Professor Reed's mastery of pecuniary affairs was much greater than Wordsworth's, and generally speaking he was much more aware of the dangers inherent in financial speculation. But the breach of trust for which Wordsworth held several of the American states to be responsible made the poet rather touchy on the question of republican government. In several of his letters he hints that he is very distrustful of American "democracy", even going so far as to say that "nothing would tempt me to trust any portion of my little Property to an unqualified Democracy . . ." (July 18th, 1842). In this instance Wordsworth evidently did not perceive that he was broaching matters of a rather delicate nature. But when he and Reed got back to the discussion of literary questions, a different tone is evident in letters reaching Rydal Mount from Philadelphia. For Reed now began — cautiously at first, but afterwards with less hesitation — to put further propositions to Wordsworth. He asked, for example, that the "Tract on the Convention of Cintra" should be included in future editions of the Poems; to which Wordsworth replied that he had refrained from reprinting it out of deference to the Duke

of Wellington (September 14th, 1840). Reed accepted this explanation, and then went on to make a request of a different order. In a letter dated April 28th, 1841, he told Wordsworth that he thought the scope of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* should be extended to include "the transmission of the spiritual functions of the Church in England to the daughter Church in this Western Continent, by *the consecration of the American Bishops*". The foundation of Anglican bishoprics in North America constituted "a fine historic incident in the Church History of England"; and by neglecting to write on the subject Wordsworth was leaving unfilled a "vacant niche" for at least one sonnet. This observation is not, perhaps, without some point; but there is more than a slight degree of importunity in the way Reed phrased his requests ("But I ought not to be writing so much — I meant only to make a simple suggestion . . ." etc.) and returned again and again to the same subject. So as to leave the poet no reasonable excuse for neglecting this topic, Reed sent him his own review of a biography of Bishop White (1748-1836), the first Protestant Episcopal Bishop in the Diocese of Pennsylvania.

Wordsworth's agreement to comply with Reed's request (letter of August 16th, 1841) caused the Professor much joy, and led him to expatiate further on the subject of the Anglican fellowship in America. As if to allay some of Wordsworth's fears, he wrote on November 29th, 1841: "... The Church in this country has moved onward in perfect harmony with our popular systems of government, and without any direct connection will, I am persuaded, prove one of the indirect means of checking any tendency in those systems to irregularity, for the Church carries along with it a spirit of discipline." With his reply (March 1st, 1842) to this letter, Wordsworth sent no fewer than three sonnets on "Aspects of Christianity in America", and Reed was glad to note that in them justice had been done to

saintly WHITE

Patriarch of a wide-spreading family . . .

Encouraged by his success, Reed, pausing momentarily to permit himself the indulgence of "some self-gratulation . . . at the thought of having been in some measure the means of obtaining from [Wordsworth] the composition of [the poems]", decided to

strike while the iron was still hot. In the same letter (April 29th, 1842) he asked for two more ecclesiastical sonnets on the Burial Service and the Solemnisation of Marriage. His request was again made in the language of fatuous compliment: "I am confident that your imagination could not fail to touch, both with tenderness and wisdom, the feelings which the Church seeks to associate with [these affairs]" And yet again the poet of Rydal Mount obligingly responded. Indeed, this time he produced six sonnets (letter of September 4th, 1842), not merely the two for which Professor Reed had asked. And this windfall provoked Reed to put together an expansive encomium on the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* as a whole: they were "admirably fitted to inspire and guide right feeling in the study of British Church history", were found "adequate to the deeper Church feeling which has been awakened of late years", and so on (November 15th, 1842).

With this letter, Reed's solicitations began to take a slightly different turn. He seemed now to be reasonably certain that Wordsworth could be relied on to comply with his demands; so safe-guarding his modesty with such phrases as "You will not, I am very sure, suppose me capable of pestering you with crude suggestions" (a device intended to remove any suspicion of his basic motives), he attempted to obtain Wordsworth's support for one of his own stated prejudices. In the tenth of his *Lectures on the British Poets* delivered in 1841, Reed concurred with Cowper's judgement on the literary criticism of Samuel Johnson. He believed that Johnson's sympathies were "few and contracted" and that "instead of that catholic taste which is at once the true critic's power and his exceeding reward he was bitter and bigoted in his judgements and rugged in his feelings". Perpetually striving to "disenchant poetry of all its magic", Johnson was, in Professor Reed's view, *morally* unfit for criticism. Recalling that Wordsworth had in some of his poems written what amounted to partial critiques on one or two of the English poets, Reed now proposed that he should apply himself to the composition of a series on English literature, to match the ecclesiastical series. This, he thought, "would serve better than aught else to undo the mischief of Dr. Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets' — for the truth and beauty of poetry would prevail

a thousandfold over the fallacy and dogmatism of critical prose . . ." (November 15th, 1842). Reed was familiar with some of Wordsworth's opinions on English poetry, and knowing his taste for minor as well as major writers from earlier periods, tried to induce him to attempt something after the style of Drayton's "Epistle to Henry Reynolds", which had actually been quoted in the volume of *Chaucer Modernised*.

This time, however, Professor Reed's suggestions did not meet with a favourable response. In his reply of March 27th, 1843, Wordsworth told him that if the request had been made earlier it might have been complied with. "At present," he wrote, "I can not hope it will — but it may afford you some satisfaction to be told that in the MSS Poem upon my own Poetic education there is a whole Book of about 600 lines upon my obligation to writers of imagination, and chiefly the Poets, though I have not expressly named those to whom you allude . . ." (i.e., Wither, Daniel, the Beaumonts, etc). Wordsworth was plainly not interested in Reed's proposal.

From now on we find Reed resorting to a different kind of intercession. In his later correspondence he is frequently to be observed taking up editorial points with Wordsworth, suggesting emendations and variant readings. He submitted, for example, that the line "if they were rightly taught" in an unpublished sonnet on the Ordination and Consecration Services should be altered to "for they were rightly taught" on the ground that the conditional sense of "if" did violence to the proper meaning of the poem. Wordsworth accepted this emendation. And in 1845, when another edition of his poems was to be printed, he adopted Professor Reed's augmentation of the Poems of the Imagination. "Limiting the class as I had done before," wrote Wordsworth (September 27th, 1845) "seemed to imply . . . that the faculty which is the primum mobile in Poetry had little to do, in the estimation of the author, with Pieces not arranged under that head. I therefore feel much obliged to you for suggesting by your Practise the plan which I have adopted. . . ." There is surely no kind of flattery more acceptable to an editor than that in which a poet indicates, as here, that his own judgement has been rightly anticipated. So despite the set-back over the Lives of the Poets scheme, Reed could still take

a pride in the fact that he was furthering Wordsworth's interests in the best and most intelligent way.

Throughout the period we have been discussing, a voluminous general correspondence continued between Wordsworth and his friend in Philadelphia. Of the two men, Reed was by far the more active correspondent; his interest in literary *minutiae* never ceased, and he took very seriously the position he had established for himself as a sort of intermediary between British and American interests. When Wordsworth was approached by a Mr. Atkinson of Boston for an original composition suitable for inclusion in an anti-slavery publication, for instance, Reed advised him to have nothing to do with the project since it emanated from a quarter associated with "reform" and "undisciplined philanthropy" (August 28th, 1845). In this case Reed acted entirely as though he were Wordsworth's agent, for the poet went so far as to send him some verses ("To My Grandchildren") intended to be forwarded to Mr. Atkinson at Professor Reed's discretion. Reed also arranged for the American painter, Henry Inman, to visit Wordsworth at Rydal Mount for the purpose of painting his portrait, and from time to time he introduced other American visitors to the Wordsworths. Reed's letters contain many discussions of financial and political issues. On these matters, it must be admitted, Wordsworth was not always as guarded as he ought to have been, and it is possible that Professor Reed occasionally resented some of the pointed comments made about the unreliability of his countrymen. He did not reply seriously to the poet's several aspersions until April 2nd, 1849. But the strength of his feelings on the matter can be gauged from the fact that he wrote two letters to Wordsworth on the same subject, displaying in both a sense of deep personal injury and great displeasure.

Wordsworth's sonnet "To the Pennsylvanians" ("Day undefiled by luxury and sloth") was probably composed early in 1845. It contained, in Professor Reed's view, a libel against his native state. Admittedly the poet had used rather violent language:

This high repute, with bounteous Nature's aid
Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed
At will, your power, the measure of your troth . . .

and had, perhaps, resorted to an unnecessary degree of vehemence. As Professor Reed pointed out, such virulence might be allowable if, say, payment had *not* been resumed on the Pennsylvania Bonds in which Wordsworth was interested. "But," he wrote in the letter of April 2nd, 1849, "no such State-dishonour attaches to Pennsylvania. . . . The debt is now considered as placed on a secure basis and the interest is regularly paid, subject indeed to a very slight depreciation, which will soon be removed. . . ." Taking a more personal view, Reed went on to remind Wordsworth that when, at an earlier date, he (Reed) had put himself to so much trouble on behalf of Miss Fenwick and Dr. Wordsworth, he was only too glad to know that the poet trusted him and his fellow Pennsylvanians. Now he could not help regretting "that your poems contain an abiding record of a different feeling. . . ." At one time, certainly, the sonnet had what Reed calls a "contingent truth"; but experience had shown that the feelings which gave birth to it ought no longer to be entertained. A sense of justice dictated that the poem should at least be accompanied by another one designed to counterbalance the possible ill effects of "To the Pennsylvanians" — or at any rate an explanatory note which would serve to soften the harshness of the poem as it stood. There was, as it happens, no prose reply to this "frank remonstrance" (as Reed described it) because the aged Wordsworth had already terminated his side of the correspondence. But the vindication of Pennsylvania's honour did not pass unheeded. For when the 1849-50 edition of the Poems was issued, it contained an appropriate retraction.

We do not know how the news of Wordsworth's death affected Henry Reed. But after it he was not slow to realise that the correspondence which had passed between himself and the poet might be put to good use. Wordsworth died in April, 1850, and on June 8th of that year we find Reed writing to the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth to inform him about the epistolary material ("kept from all publication") in his possession. With an eye to literary business, Reed briefly described the contents of the letters, offered to draw up copies of them, and gave his opinion that they might be valuable "in a biographical point of view. . . ." (He added in a footnote: "I should be greatly honoured by any use of them in a biography of your illustrious rela-

tive"! Reed forwarded the twenty-two letters he had received from the poet, and the episode of the Pennsylvanian sonnet gave him a last chance to testify to his own rectitude in his dealings with the late Laureate. "It was very gratifying to me," he wrote, "on receiving a copy of the new Edition . . . to find the 'additional Note' at the close of the 5th Vol. showing by its being printed in the unusual place of a fly leaf — that he was anxious to attend to such a request . . ." (October 28th, 1850).

Reed's visit to England in 1854 (accompanied by his wife's sister, Anne Bronson) was productive of many situations in which the Professor was able to pay full respect to the Wordsworth family, and from his letters and those of Miss Bronson we gather that his behaviour among them was characterised by the same easy obsequiousness and correct reverence that we have noticed in the letters to Wordsworth himself. The American visitors were well received at Rydal Mount and were introduced to many of Wordsworth's surviving friends, Reed making full use of what he calls "the Wordsworthian guidance" to gain admittance to circles where he thought American interests might have weight. He played the role of cultural ambassador to perfection. An incident which took place after the Bishop of Chester (Dr. Graham) had consecrated a memorial window in Ambleside church illustrates very well Reed's conception of his own chosen function. Going up to the Bishop (at Miss Bronson's prompting), Reed said to him: "My lord, as I am the only American in the congregation this morning, I beg leave to acknowledge your kind allusion to my country" (letter to Mrs. Reed, June 15th, 1854). This was only one of several such encounters, in which Reed let it be known that he felt entitled to recognition in England for the missionary work he was doing on behalf of Wordsworth and other English poets. He and Miss Bronson saw everyone and went everywhere — from Tintern Abbey to Iona and from Coleorton to Durham. They also visited Ireland, and made a short tour on the Continent.

Towards the end of their pilgrimage, Professor Reed happened to mention his stay at Rydal Mount to a clergyman at Canterbury. The minister asked him, "How is it that you Americans can get where we cannot?" We are not told what reply this question received. But

had the clergyman known how sedulously Reed had prepared the way for his reception in England, he might not have been so anxious for information. The correspondence between Wordsworth and Henry Reed remains as a striking example of effective self-insinuation carried on with a degree of solicitude somewhat in excess of that usually displayed by editorial advisers.

Australian Writing: A Sequel

As a supplement to the survey of Australian Literature carried in a previous issue, the staff of the Australian High Commission, Ottawa, here provide a brief account of the considerable body of Australian writing which deals with economic and social problems.

Under the title *The Digger and the Swagman Write*, Professor Mary Murphy in the Summer 1959 issue of *Queen's Quarterly* tackled with considerable courage and talent a survey of Australian literature and graced her article with a recognition that the term literature includes non-creative writing as well as creative works of fiction and poetry. It is a formidable task to survey the literature of a whole nation in a few thousand words, for compression invariably risks distortion. The treatment may not be sufficiently comprehensive and generalizations, which must be used, can so easily be misleading and inaccurate. Professor Murphy's final paragraph illustrates this truism by denying in effect the existence of what is actually a considerable volume of Australian writing on political, social and economic problems. She wrote:

It is believed, too, that Australian writers will *begin* (our italics) to analyse such topics as labour-management relations, international policies, and assimilation of migrants. These are areas as yet largely untouched by writers' interest and pens, but to describe adequately the land "down under" attention must be focused on economic and social conflicts as well as on flora and fauna. The shift in emphasis will mirror the gradual search for maturity by Australian writers and, indeed, by their nation.

In fact, Australian writers began to analyse economic and social conflicts within the community long before Australia achieved nationhood in 1901. Politics and labour-management relations have always been of interest in Australian society where the myth is preserved that Jack is not as good as his master but a great deal better. Australian

analysis of precisely the three topics listed by Professor Murphy — labour-management relations, international policies and assimilation of migrants — are unique simply because there are unique features of the Australian scene to be explained.

"Management" and "labour" take on peculiar definitions in Australia where the real struggle is against the arbitrary — or seemingly arbitrary — exercise of authority. Probably the best simplification of the fluidity between the classes of management and labour has been made in the light-hearted *They're a Weird Mob* (1957) by a Melbourne journalist who hid his identity in the pen-name of "Nino Culotta", Italian immigrant. It presents in fictional form an analysis of just this relationship: "I like the way it was between them. Joe was the boss, but Pat was no servant."

A *bona fide* Italian immigrant was one of the first writers to use the Australian idiom in his chronicle of the only armed revolt against constituted authority. In the 1850's, Carboni Raffaello came to the gold-fields of Victoria where his introduction to the English language was through the Australian version. In *Eureka Stockade* (1855) Raffaello gave a vivid account of life on the gold-fields and the resentment of the "digger" for the troopers or "traps", as they were called.

Troopers were appointed to examine the diggers' mining licences which had to be carried on their persons at all times. If a digger was found on his claim without the licence on his person, he was summarily marched off the diggings and was given no period of grace in which to present his licence if he had one. Although "licence inspection" was designed to detect licence evasion which was rife, the diggers regarded this exercise of authority by the troopers as peremptory (as it was in many cases) and opposed it.

Relations between the diggers and the troopers had virtually the same characteristics which were to appear later in relations between labour and management. In effect, the "industrial class war" was in the nature of an extension of the "colonial class war" to which Professor Murphy referred in her appreciation of the poetry of "Banjo" Patterson.

If current Australian writing is not much concerned with labour and management, it is because so much has already been written and

because the battle has been long over. In his *Better Employment Relations and other Essays in Labour* (1954) Professor A. R. de Foenander sought to account for the prolific output of Australian writers on the topic of labour relations:

The greatest, and probably the most distinctive and enduring contribution that, in fact, Australia has yet made to law, or any other department of sociology, lies in the field of public industrial law and the problem of labour relations. With respect to private industrial law – thus workmen's compensation, employer's liability and master and servant law where there are interesting divergencies in the corresponding provisions in the enactments of the various States – Australia has, at the most favourable estimate, merely furnished useful data for application in the prosecution of relevant comparative studies. In these branches of the law she can boast of being little more than a selective borrower and a diligent imitator – certainly when it comes to conception and principle. But in the endeavour to maintain the industrial peace against attack the contrast is marked, for Australia, in these attempts, has shown herself to be an enterprising experimenter and a bold innovator. In this province her pioneering work has gained for her a reputation for sagacity and world leadership – as regards both speculative thought, and enthusiastic implementary action. Other countries (in particular, Great Britain and the United States of America) observe the mechanics and methods of Australian industrial regulation, and study the administrative work of her industrial instrumentalities.

Probably because of the order brought to industrial relations through Australian innovations in its labour practice, the subject is no longer a fertile field for the novelist. The stormy petrel of a militant labour force has now become a responsible administrator, exemplifying the tendency towards conservatism which overtakes a radical youth when he achieves a position of influence. This theme has been used in a trilogy which Vance Palmer completed in 1959 (*Golconda*, *Seedtime* and *The Big Fellow*). The three novels tell of the career of an independent and radical-minded hero who attains office through the Labour Party but completes the traditional transaction to a more conservative approach after attaining office.

The rise of the hero is also an expression of a popular Australian theme that the frontier is still open and any man may move from a group of lower status to the group of highest status within his life-

time. This theme is probably a national fantasy but it is one to which Australian literature clings. The preservation of national fantasies may not end "the gradual search for maturity" by Australian writers which Professor Murphy mentioned but an uncertain selfhood is almost a trademark of Australian writers to-day as opposed to the lusty confidence of Joseph Furphy earlier in the twentieth century.

Along with her sister dominion, New Zealand, Australia has an unorthodox geographical and cultural position. Geographically, she is immediately south of Asia but her cultural traditions have been adapted from British and other European cultural traditions. Economically speaking, too, Australia's geographical location is a paradox because its national income per capita is high although the per capita national income among her near neighbours is a cause of concern to the better developed nations of the world. Australian writers have been obliged therefore to analyse and explain international policies in their own way, because other English-language writers do not write in exactly the same context.

Professor Murphy mentioned the dearth of magazines of the North American type in Australia. There is indeed a dearth of the glossy type of illustrated magazine, but there is a healthy number of periodicals of opinion of the type of *The Economist*. They are devoted to the intelligent written word without the attractions of glossy paper and illustrations. Among such periodicals are *The Observer* (Australian Consolidated Press), *Nation* (Independent), *Australia and its Neighbours* and current affairs bulletins. These borrow their form from periodicals in the United Kingdom — local taste prefers the United Kingdom models to the North American ones — but the contributions are by Australian correspondents in the areas they are writing about. The articles in them are about the Australian scene and Australian attitudes and especially about Australia's relations with her Asian neighbours. They do not duplicate overseas articles and they fill a real need because the correspondents for *Time* and *The Economist* do not know the dilemma of the Australian writer in his cultural oasis.

The bulk of intelligent comment on current international problems is to be found in periodicals. Major works are more likely to

be published if they are written as a background to current policies. An interesting perspective has been produced by the economist, Colin Clark, in *Australia's Hopes and Fears* (1958). Clark has a first-hand knowledge of Asia and of Australian relations with the countries in Asia. He is also an authority on the Australian economy. His book is therefore an articulate expression of the growing awareness among Australians of their responsibilities to their Asian neighbours.

The Schools of Pacific Studies and Social Sciences in the Australian National University also have undertaken research into the immediate Pacific area in which Australia is situated. The Publications Section of the University has arranged for the publication of a series of monographs which present the results of scholars' investigations. Some useful studies, particularly anthropological studies of primitive societies in the Pacific, have emerged.

There has been no dearth of books on Australian actions in the international field. The several volumes of the official war histories of the two World Wars analyse Australian policies and the policies of other belligerents before, during and even after the wars. For example, the volume about the rôle of science and industry in the Second World War concludes with a chapter about the ten years after the war, in which the development of techniques almost unknown before the outbreak of war is presented and evaluated.

The assimilation of a large number of immigrants is a new challenge to Australians. Although there were moderate immigration "waves" in the 1850's (discovery of gold), after the First World War and during the 1930's, the present planned migration drive dates only from 1946-47. The implications of the drive pose indeed a fresh challenge for Australian writers.

Since the establishment of the Australian National University in 1946, Professor W. D. Borrie has directed an enterprising research staff in the study of the derivation and assimilation of migrants admitted into Australia. These researches have resulted in several demographic studies, of which his book *Italians and Germans in Australia* is one. This study broke new ground. Established source material was not available because there was no precedent of a

country having stimulated an immigration intake worked out on the policy of attracting an assimilable group of migrants equal to one per cent of the current population per year. Professor Borrie's study is not only a valuable contribution to demographic studies, it is also a social document.

The research of scholars like Professor Borrie usually precedes the efforts of the creative writer, who is often dependent on the scholar to provide his background material. Not until 1958 did a creative work of merit emerge which stated sympathetically — if grimly — the social problems allied to the mass intake of migrants. Richard Benyon's prize-winning play *The Shifting Heart* was originally produced in several Australian centres by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust and last year it was well received during a season in London.

As yet there is no large body of Australian literature on the theme of the mass immigration from Europe since the last war but, after all, this has only been in progress for the last ten years. Then again the subject may prove of ephemeral interest if, as is hoped, the social problems now thought to be inherent in the assimilation of migrants decline in magnitude as Australian society becomes increasingly accustomed to their reception. It may well happen that the enrichment of Australian literature by the fresh approach of the "adopted" Australian will come to outweigh his importance as material for indigenous writers.

Review Article

Portrait of the Artist - Full length

by

WILLIAM BLISSETT

I think that James Joyce would dance some intricate spiderlike steps if he could see the array of books on his life and works written since his death. Of these Mr. Ellmann's new biography is not only the biggest, it is the most excellent and indispensable.

It is easy enough to speak slightly of the Joyce industry, but having examined most of its products I have found much to learn and something to enjoy in each — a good report when compared to the estate of English literary biography and criticism as a whole, not a little of which is deposited by dull-witted pedants unable to distinguish history from a stack of facts, or detonated by sharp-elbowed operators intent on getting ahead in the world (what world?) by showing with maximum subtlety and verbiage that little girls are pink and little boys blue (or ambivalently, vice versa).

Let's take a look at the shelf on which Mr. Ellmann's handsome nightblue volume will find its place when the first pleasure of handling it has worn off. Kristian Smidt gives us (always welcome with Joyce) a word, *Celtic*; Patricia Hutchins, a nostalgic album of photographs and her agreeable Kensington conversation; Padraic and Mary Colum, personal recollections by two good writers who have enjoyed the advantage of being Irish and of Joyce's generation; Richard M. Kain and Marvin Magalaner, plenty of explication with a minimum of mystification. Kevin Sullivan on Jerry Joyce and the Jesuits can't be beat for blandness; J. Mitchell Morse has followed Joyce through the labyrinth of his heresies, resisting all temptation to twitch the thread; W. M. Schutte and Father Noon have written Ph.D. theses on Joyce and Shakespeare and Joyce and Aquinas so good as to be almost books; W. Y. Tindall on Joyce is as always elegant, artificial, conceited. The Bernard Buffet of scholarship in the modern field, Hugh Kenner, has written the book that most repays re-reading: if Joyce had been a critic (his *Critical Writings* prove that he was not) he would have been like Kenner — a metropolis of ideas swarming within a spiky geometrical ant-trap.

And now Ellmann. "(Nobody," said Joyce, 'seems to be inclined to present me in my unadorned prosaicness.')" No use hiding that in parentheses on page 537: it is the grain of irritation that eventually produced this great big not unshapely pearl.

James Joyce. By Richard Ellmann. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1959. Pp. 842. \$13.75.

What we already know is fully there — Clongowes and Belvedere and the University, Trieste and Zurich and Paris, brother, wife, children and friends, publishers and patronesses and ophthalmologists. It is a compendium of published information — including Sullivan, the Colums, and Stanislaus Joyce — and of unpublished. On 28 December, 1953, Professor Carlyle King interviewed Eileen Vance, now Mrs. Harris, who teaches on an Indian reservation near Saskatoon and her reminiscences are quoted. Almost everyone else, almost everywhere else Mr. Ellmann himself has visited, checking records with memories and memories with records. Fullness, accuracy, balance: what better combination of qualities could there be in a biographer? For the book is biographical throughout: thousands of facts are retained, but many thousands more must have been rejected as not strictly relevant to the life of Joyce; and likewise there are no excursions into criticism and explication, tempting though such by-ways must have been, except as they plainly bear upon the life.

Earlier biographies of Joyce, produced under his eye and — we realize now with some surprise — as heavily censored as the life of a Victorian pater familias presented by his widow, had given us Stephen Dedalus, weedy and distingué, paring everlastingly his fingernails in joyless parody of his Great Original. From Ellmann Joyce emerges with the solidity of a Leopold Bloom: he was a bit of a socialist, we learn to our surprise; he carried on a silly flirtation in Zurich as Bloom did with Martha Clifford; his superstitions and observances were much closer to Bloom's "potato preservative against pestilence" than to Stephen's elaborate and dissident scholastic theosophy. Not that the biographer attempts to force his subject into this mould any more than the other. He catches many aspects of Joyce that had never been transmitted into art — most memorably the harrowing episode during his visit to Dublin in 1909 when his faith in Nora's fidelity and innocence was shaken by Cosgrave, and he wrote agonized letters in this vein: "O Nora is all to be over between us? Write to me, Nora, for the sake of my dead love. I am tortured by memories. Write to me, Nora. I loved you only: and you have broken my faith in you. O, Nora, I am unhappy. I am crying for my poor unhappy love. Write to me, Nora." This is as distressing as life itself. And it is all the more necessary to the portrait of the artist as a grown man because the artist could use it nowhere in his self-portrait.

The general reader is unlikely ever to want this volume either supplemented or abridged. Everyone interested in Joyce will want to possess it.

What about the student of some specific aspect of Joyce's art? Before I was asked to review the book, I had just finished reading it for my own purposes, which were to determine the place of Wagner and literary Wagnerism in Joyce's life and work. Some answer to the question just asked may be forthcoming if we consider the passages on which I took notes.

Joyce was gifted with a fine tenor voice, an inheritance from his father; and he had a Dubliner's love of song, the range of his repertoire stretching from

the convivial and sentimental ballads of Ireland to Elizabethan songs and to Italian opera. In 1904, not long after Bloomsday, Joyce shared the platform of the Antient Concert Rooms with John McCormack and J. C. Doyle, and sang so well that Nora, who had then newly met him, "formed the abiding impression, to the consternation of his friends of later years, that 'Jim should have stuck to his music instead of bothering with writing.'" Ellmann also relates the touching story of John Joyce's reconciliation to his son's elopement with Nora. In a village inn he sat down at a piano and "without comment began to sing. 'Did you recognize that?' he asked James, who replied, 'Yes, of course, it's the aria sung by Alfredo's father in *Traviata*.' John Joyce said nothing more, but his son knew that peace had been made." Omitted by Ellmann — probably because it is not authenticated — is a story that deserves to be true, of how Joyce and Franz Werfel carried on a conversation entirely in Verdian song.

"For the present," Joyce wrote in 1908, "I am going to devote my attention to getting rid of my rheumatism, having my voice trained, and fattening myself." Ellmann comments: "He did in fact take some lessons from a second Triestine maestro, Romeo Bartoli, who was an expert in old music. But these lessons, like those with Sinico three years before, came to an end the next year, not however before he had sung at a concert in the quintet from *Die Meistersinger*, an opera he regarded as 'pretentious stuff.'" This is the only reference I have seen to Joyce as a singer of Wagner, but for all its comment of disparagement, it is an important piece of evidence: few indeed were the literary Wagnerites who could do more than follow the motifs in a handbook or tinkle them on the piano.

The listener is distinct from the performer in Joyce. As a young man in Paris, despite his poverty, he found his way to the opera and heard one of the early performances of *Pelléas et Mélisande*. What he thought of it, and what other operas he heard, Ellmann does not tell us, perhaps for lack of evidence. In Rome in 1907 we learn that Joyce fell into a state of apathy, largely attributable to uncongenial work and excessive drinking. "A memorial procession in honor of his old favorite, Giordano Bruno, failed to stir him, and he had no patience, either, with a performance of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*. He was resolved to find nothing to admire." Rome is perhaps not ideal for Wagner, or Wagner for a hangover, and so this passage may or may not indicate a first moving-away of interest in and admiration for the *Meister*, who is always mentioned with respect in the early critical essays. By 1914, in his conversations with Oscar Schwarz he was apparently in full reaction: "Joyce had no patience with the current adulation of Wagner, objecting that 'Wagner puzza di sesso' (stinks of sex); Bellini, he said, was far better." In the context, however, this belongs with several other downright or paradoxical or teasing opinions and may express no more than a momentary irritation or desire to shock.

In 1919 Joyce was at work on the *Sirens* episode of *Ulysses*, and Ellmann quotes a recently-published account of a conversation with a Zurich friend,

George Borach: "I finished the Sirens chapter during the last few days." Joyce is remembered as saying, "A big job. I wrote this chapter with the technical resources of music. It is a fugue with all musical notation: *piano*, *forte*, *rallentando*, and so on. A quintet occurs in it, too, as in the *Meistersinger*, my favorite Wagnerian opera. . . . Since exploring the resources and artifices of music and employing them in this chapter, I haven't cared for music any more. I, the great friend of music, can no longer listen to it. I see through all the tricks and can't enjoy it any more."

Ellmann goes on immediately to quote an account given him by Ottocaro Weiss of a conversation with Joyce just about the same time. Joyce had read some of the *Sirens* episode to Weiss "shortly before they went off together to a performance of Wagner's *Die Walküre*. In the first act, when Siegmund sings the famous love song, 'Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond,' Joyce complained that the song's melodiousness was in bad taste and said to Weiss, 'Can you imagine this old German hero offering his girl a box of chocolates?' During the intermission Weiss lauded the music with the fervor of a young Wagnerian, Joyce listened gravely and then said, 'Don't you find the musical effects of my *Sirens* better than Wagner's?' 'No,' said Weiss. Joyce turned on his heel and did not show up for the rest of the opera, as if he could not bear being preferred."

What is that — anti-Wagnerism? If Ellmann had abbreviated his account and not supplied it with the context of the Borach reminiscence, it might have been so misinterpreted. Instead, we know that Joyce is fatigued with all music, and touchy with the touchiness of a despot visiting the territory of a rival despot; that he is nevertheless present at a Wagner opera and that it is with Wagner that he challenges comparison of the most musical of his compositions.

Wagner reappears in connection with Joyce's last great musical enthusiasm, for it was in *Tannhäuser* that he first heard John Sullivan sing. Sullivan has recently recalled to Ellmann Joyce's amusing remarks on the opera: "What sort of a fellow is this Tannhäuser who, when he is with Saint Elizabeth, longs for the bordello of Venusberg, and when he is at the bordello, longs to be with Saint Elizabeth?" (The answer that springs to my mind is — Stephen Dedalus' sort of fellow). If that sounds like "Opera News on the Air", this sounds like an answer in the "Metropolitan Opera Quiz": "I've been through the score of *Guillaume Tell*, and I discover that Sullivan sings 456 G's, 93 A-flats, 54 B-flats, 15 B's, 19 C's, and 2 C-sharps. Nobody else can do it." Nobody but Sullivan could sing the notes, nobody but Joyce would count them.

Conclusions? That Joyce early and late was drawn to Italian opera, especially Verdi and Rossini; that he listened to Wagner as opera rather than as music-drama and that as an admirer of *bel canto* he was not musically a Wagnerite; that his technical knowledge of music, especially of song, was considerable. Nothing very new here: rather, a corroboration of one's earlier impressions. It is ungracious to complain of a lack of fullness in a very long, meticulously

documented book, unpadded too; but I should have liked to know a little more about what operas were available to Joyce in Dublin, Paris, Trieste, and Zurich, and what he said to his friends about them. I have the impression that Mr. Ellmann was not much interested in the subject and perhaps steered his interviews away from opera-intermission chit-chat. The only gaffe I found in his book is a reference to Erik Satie, that studiously, religiously, uneminent anti-critic, as "the eminent music critic", which is about like calling Alfred Jarry "the eminent literary critic".

However, as Joyce himself said in one of his critical essays, music is the least important part of Wagner; and there is plenty of evidence in Ellmann — some of it new — to place Joyce in relation to literary Wagnerism. It is reckless to say that everyone Joyce had to do with, this side of Flaubert and Ibsen, was a Wagnerite, but I hope to get away with it.

At University College, Joyce's professor of French, Edouard Cadic, "read with delight Joyce's paper on *Cloches*, in which the style tintinnabulated to suit the subject; and when Joyce invented the term *idée-mère* as a French equivalent for *leit motif*, he exclaimed happily, 'For that I will give you my daughter.'" Ellmann goes on to comment: "It is a term that usefully describes the way in which a concept like *river* in Joyce's writing will serve to mother a whole chapter of river names and themes all done in rivery prose." True, and it is a term that Joyce, still in his teens needed to invent to describe the central technique of literary Wagnerism as employed by the French symbolists. Mallarmé was a Wagnerite, intent on recapturing for poetry the total art that Wagner achieved in music-drama; and Mallarmé was taken to hear Wagner by Edouard Dujardin, editor of the *Revue Wagnerienne*, and author of the first stream-of-consciousness novel, later acknowledged by Joyce as a model for *Ulysses*.

At the same time, in his Italian class, Joyce was saturating himself in D'Annunzio, whom he continued to admire all his life. D'Annunzio had written an inscription for the place of Wagner's death; his book *Il Fuoco*, set in Wagnerian Venice, Joyce regarded as the most important achievement in the novel since Flaubert.

The Irish writers of Joyce's youth — all of whom he read, at arm's length — were exercised not so much by the challenge of music-drama to literature or the possibility of a poetry without rhetoric held together by a system of leit motifs (these being the French preoccupations) as by the equally Wagnerian question of a national myth to unite the present with the heroic past. Here Ellmann misses some opportunities. He finds a source in Montaigne for the image, so important in the *Portrait*, of "forging the uncreated conscience of the race", but I believe there is a more important one, deriving through both W. B. Yeats and George Moore from the forging of Siegfried's sword. However, the book is biography,

not criticism, and on the biographical side I could wish only a little more information about Dujardin who comes into Joyce's life and (after an absence of decades) into the literary world with the publication of *Ulysses* and Joyce's acknowledgment of indebtedness, and thereafter flits in and out like a ghost.

Joyce and Wagner, exiles both, despots both, culture-heroes and priest-kings, now have something more in common: in Ernest Newman and Richard Ellmann they have been blessed with the biographers they deserve — tireless and accurate, sensitive and self-effacing, candid and just. The "unadorned prosaicism" of the biographers serves not to belittle but to reveal the full stature of the two artists who, in the nineteenth century and in the twentieth, achieved the utmost possible in art by the effort of will.

Review Article

Albert Camus

by

P. B. GOBIN

"Only in death is man's life turned into Fate", says one of Malraux's characters. The tragic, sudden death of Albert Camus tempts us to consider in the cold light of the balance sheets a man who personally embodied much of what was best in a whole generation — a work that was growing, shooting ever deeper roots into the understanding of the world. At forty-six, Camus was by no means ready — as was the elderly Gide of *Thésée* for example — to leave the world, his sheaf garnered. Indeed, he stated again and again that his work had still to be written.

It is futile, of course, to speculate upon what the developments of Camus' thought and art might have been in years to come. And yet, it is hard to resist the idea that perhaps, in his constant striving to keep his mind open to all honest views, alert to all new stirrings of the human spirit, Camus would never have *completed a work*. In spite of the consistency in the themes he handled, and the particular light and perspective of his vision of the universe, he never manifested any inclination to gather into a sort of *summa* the various components of his creation. No *Comédie humaine* here, no *Saga of Yoknapatawpha County* even, certainly no colossal *Hommes de bonne volonté*. Camus was far too scrupulous an artist to give free rein to his imagination, to set himself up as the all-knowing chronicler (if not creator) of a little land of make-believe (if not of a whole new world), to allow his prose to run riot. As a man, he was far too humble to set himself up as a pundit.

The genuine humility of Camus sometimes led him to minimize his own achievement. When he received the Nobel Prize for literature, he felt that it was a tribute to his friends more than to himself, and remarked that Malraux would have been more worthy of the honour if it was meant to sanction a particular spirit. When in 1944, after he had been acknowledged as the leading editorial writer of *Combat*, he heard of the death of his friend the journalist Leynaud (Clair in the Underground), he had this to write:

The tragedy is that the war without uniforms did not have the terrible justice of just plain war. The bullets on the front lines will strike anyone, the best and the worst of men. But for the past four years, the best among us have risen as targets and fallen. The best, who have earned the right to speak, have lost the power to do so . . . We say it, because we feel it deeply, if we are still here to-day, it is because we have not done enough. Leynaud has done enough.

THE FALL. By Albert Camus. New York: A. A. Knopf. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. 1957. Pp. 147. \$3.50.

CAMUS. By Germaine Brée. New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers University Press. 1959. Pp. x + 275. \$5.00.

Camus' humility, however, at no time assumed the guise of self-abasement. It is always "the other side of the coin" of dignity. In a letter to the widow of an Underground hero, he writes: "One cannot really love others, unless one can assess one's own value. Not at the highest, but at the truest estimation." That is why, while eager to engage in dialogue, he refused to yield on any points he considered fundamental, just for the sake of uneasy compromise. He did not like "the philosophies that are ashamed of themselves". His independence and integrity brought Camus to define his position repeatedly with regard to various systems and doctrines — and usually to mark clearly where he felt he must differ. This he did with great restraint: no name-calling, no attempt to belittle the interlocutor — but a very firm leave-taking.

The first leave-taking (if not in point of chronology, and if not through actual apostasy) was from the Christians. God is dead, as far as Camus is concerned, though significantly Camus does not absolutely deny the existence of God or Christ. In a letter to Mauriac written in 1945 he writes "if Christ had died for some, he did not die for us". This has led some to see in Camus a kind of *Janseniste manqué* — without grace, but also without faith. There is no hope in a future life. "I do not share your hope . . . Christianity takes an optimistic view of human destiny — but a pessimistic view of man. I take a pessimistic view of human destiny but an optimistic view of man."

This optimistic view of man made him reject Nazi nihilism. Even though he and the German friend of *Lettres à un ami allemand* are both atheists Camus refuses to find a meaning to this world by sacrificing *everything* to the greatness of his nation. "I hardly saw any objection to your views save a violent — seemingly irrational — desire — almost passion for justice You light-heartedly accepted despair, but I never agreed."

In the France of 1944, this might have defined the position of a communist. And yet, by that time, Camus had already moved far away from the communists. In the first place, he could not accept the extreme rationalism of Marxist doctrinaires or their totalitarian viewpoint. The projection of human lives into the realm of the transcendent cannot be any better justified, in Camus' eyes, by "historical" judgment than by absolute national vocation or divine decree. The communists, following the logic of their system, had also accepted "political realism". But Camus could not condone lies, violence, oppression, even in the interest of mankind's future happiness. So after a brief passage as a young man in the ranks of the communist party in Algeria, he found himself at odds with Marxist zealots.

His differences with the existentialists did not come out in the open until after *The Rebel*, his major philosophical essay, had appeared. Sartre's review, *Les Temps Modernes* published a biased, superficial and grossly unfair review of the book. Camus had dealt with the relationships between metaphysical

revolt and revolutionary ideologies. He had stressed the sinister importance of messianism in 20th century revolutions. He had thus indirectly expressed how precarious the foundation of Sartrean allegiance to revolutionary practices actually was. He had also pointed out that "analysis of rebellion leads at least to the suspicion that, contrary to the postulates of contemporary thought, a human nature does exist, as the Greeks believed."

In spite of Camus' obvious existential preoccupations, he clearly appeared as a heretic in the eyes of the Paris school of existentialism. Had he not cast doubts upon the validity of the Soviet experiment? Could he not be suspected of philosophical idealism? Had he not been praised for his style by bourgeois reviewers? At any rate, Camus and Sartre parted company. One cannot but regret the break between the two most brilliant intellectual leaders of the non-communist left. Actually, Sartre had been one of the first people to realize the importance of Camus' work. He wrote a moving tribute to Camus last January. In an intelligent man false pride will melt, perhaps not too late.

Others have spoken truly of Camus' greatness as a writer. Germaine Brée is right: he was first and foremost an artist. Justin O'Brien, his English translator, salutes him as the greatest European writer since the death of Thomas Mann. The terseness of Camus' diction, the absence of "frills", of narrative or descriptive padding in his *récits* (he does not call them novels) the austere concentration upon fundamentals, the moral nakedness of his plays would perhaps repel most people, were it not for the sudden grace of a lyrical vision, the controlled rise of a generous anger, the civilized smile of an unobtrusive scholar's joke.

Camus' style and approach to the work of art have influenced the "new wave" of French writers by their honesty, lack of cant and striving for clarity. But, like the painter Jonas in one of the stories of *The Exile and the Kingdom*, he shunned aesthetic coteries and never really clarified his attitude to art in his prefaces or critical writings. One can perhaps read as "solitary" the one small word Jonas painted in the middle of his final canvas.

Joseph Grand, the would-be writer in *The Plague*, is such a perfectionist in matters of style that he cannot write more than one sentence of his great book. He is a pathetic, lonely figure as an artist. But even Joseph Grand will courageously assist Dr. Rieux in his fight to bring some relief to the victims of the plague, and in the process find solidarity as a man. Indeed the word Jonas wrote on his canvas might have been "solidarity".* In his Nobel Prize acceptance speech, Camus spoke of the artist's commitment to society, his responsibilities to his fellow men: "To me, art is not a solitary delight. It is a means of stirring the greatest number of men by providing them with a privileged image of our common joys and woes".

* In French the two possible readings are *solitaire* and *solidaire*.

Was Camus a pessimist? Answering a reporter in 1951, who had quoted to him a passage from *The Myth of Sisyphus* written ten years earlier, Camus remarked: "I was then more pessimistic than I am now"

The dawn of truth has not been promised us. There is no covenant. But truth is to be built, like love, like intelligence. Nothing has been given or promised, but everything is possible to him who is willing to undertake and to assume a risk. This is the wager we must take Camus never defined himself in any other terms but those of "a not unmitigated pessimism".

The very titles of his works of fiction give us clues as to the grounds for that pessimism. *The Stranger* underlines man's solitude in a world without God. In *The Plague*, as Miss Brée shows, "the symbol of the pestilence . . . establishes a direct connection between evil and a paralysis of our human conscience, intelligence, and will". *The Fall* shows how, having once ignored the plight of a drowning girl, thus failing to live up to his duty of solidarity, a man falls to the utmost degradation, and by a moral confidence trick tries to drag others down with him into the last circle of hell. *The Renegade*, another of the stories in *The Exile and the Kingdom*, belongs also potentially to that last circle where Judas and Brutus dwell in retribution of a breach of loyalty. A complete masochist, the renegade delights in becoming the tortured victim of those to whom he had betrayed his God. After the false prophet of *The Fall*, we have a false martyr.

The plays are perhaps less explicit, but all are tragic, and in all of them, as Miss Brée has pointed out, "the hero is marked for destruction, the victim of a form of collective murder; and in this murder, consciously or not, he is a willing participant". Whether in his adaptations (Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun* — 1956, Dostoevski's *The Possessed* — 1959) or in his original plays (*Caligula* — 1944, *Cross Purpose* — 1944, *The State of Siege* — 1948, *The Just Assassins* — 1950), the hero is not innocent. Yet, confronted with oppressive metaphysical forces he musters the greatness to hurl defiance: "I am still alive!" shouts Caligula, after he has been stabbed to death. Even Jan, the unconscious victim of *Cross Purpose*, dies with a question rather than an acceptance on his lips.

The refusal to accept meekly the order of the universe is however more clearly stated in Camus' philosophical writings and the reasons for it are fully analysed. In Camus' essays we can see, free from the contingencies of the stage, and untransposed in fiction, an objective development of his themes. Three main essays mark stages in the development of Camus' thought. Each one concentrates on a particular problem, each one develops a provisional solution, but they all are related, and the major theme of each of them appears in a minor way in the others.

The Myth of Sisyphus, published in 1942, deals with the question of suicide — "the one truly serious philosophical problem" — attempting to answer the

question "whether life is or is not worth living". This is no Hamletian dilemma. If Camus rejects the temptation of death it is not that he is afraid of the dreams that perhaps may come into that sleep. He sets the problem in terms of the *absurd*. "This divorce between man and his life, the actor and his setting, is properly the feeling of absurdity." Within the irrational walls of the world and reality, man tries to understand, to bring the light of his intelligence to bear. To choose suicide is but to turn away from the problem. A subtler form of suicide, "philosophical suicide" frustrates man's desire for clarity and offers a solution outside of this world: if God were called upon to provide the answer, reaching for God would amount to "leaping" outside of the world's reality.

The answer for Camus lies in accepting the challenge. One must continue to live, being conscious all the time. The true absurd hero is therefore the man who says yes and assumes his own fate. "The absurd man, when he contemplates his torment, silences all the idols." Sisyphus, sentenced by the gods to keep pushing to the top of a mountain a rock that is forever rolling back down, is a true example of the absurd hero. "One must imagine Sisyphus happy."

The Rebel, published in 1951, moves on from metaphysics to ethics. The problem this time is not suicide, but murder. "In the age of negation, it was of some avail to examine one's position concerning suicide. In the age of ideologies, we must examine our position in relation to murder." The concept of the absurd does not provide much help here. "Awareness of the absurd, when we first claim to deduce a rule of behaviour from it, makes murder seem a matter of indifference, to say the least, and hence possible The murderer is neither right nor wrong." However, the absurd hero, refusing the solution of suicide to his problem, implicitly proclaims the value of his own life, of any life indeed. *The Rebel* will therefore deal with the question of human *values*.

The rebel is a man who says no to a particular form of order, which he feels to be oppression. By setting himself up as an opponent, he asserts at least by implication the existence of another type of order. "Rebellion is born of the spectacle of irrationality, confronted with an unjust and incomprehensible condition. But its blind impulse is to demand order in the midst of chaos, and unity in the very heart of the ephemeral." In other words a passage will be made from the realm of facts (the condition of the world) to that of rights (the definition of values). Since in an absurdist conception these values are not God-given, they have to be created. However, since they represent a transition from facts to rights, they refer to an ideal that is held to be valid for all men.

The great temptation is therefore to define these values in absolute terms. This can be done in several ways. One can substitute one's own rebellious standards for those taken as God-given, as was done by Lautréamont and Rimbaud. This is exemplified by the famous statement attributed to Rimbaud

by Verlaine: "I am he who shall become God". Or alternatively, one can assume that God is dead, the actual deicide having been consummated in several phases, starting with the execution of the king "by divine right" in the French Revolution; proceeding through Hegel's transformation of the master-slave relationship into one between man and God and culminating in a cult of "universal history sitting in judgment on the world". The State comes in the end to play the part of Destiny; it acquires absolute pre-eminence, not by the grace of God, but as God. Or still again, one may reach a nihilistic perspective, where in the absence of rules of good and evil it becomes necessary to define them in terms of terrorist action.

Camus could not accept either bourgeois or revolutionary nihilism any more than he would accept absolutism, whether divine, individual, or collective. Both nihilistic and historical murder violate the spirit of revolt. The proper revolt should not be in terms of all or nothing, but must be pervaded by a principle of moderation.

The third major essay came out in 1957 as a companion piece to Koestler's *Reflections on Hanging*. In *Reflections on the Guillotine*, Camus focusses his thought on the problem of legal justice — and its extreme form of sanction, the death penalty. After having dealt with the theme of death first in metaphysical and then in fundamental ethical terms, he now considers the practical, institutional form of the problem. And yet whereas Koestler's plea essentially rests upon a social and legal investigation of the issue, Camus' analysis only calls upon individual cases by way of illustration of a moral and metaphysical problem. His plea is made in the particular context of a completely secular society. French judges do not even have the smug protection of commending the soul of the sentenced man to divine mercy; "if the judge be an atheist, an agnostic, a skeptic, he places himself on God's own throne without any faith in it". Like Dostoevski's grand inquisitor he "assumes the right to set up once and for all the Kingdom of Death".

Camus' views on the death penalty are expanded in the Stockholm speech accepting the Nobel Prize and also indirectly in *The Fall*. The narrator Clamence, who tells his own story in the latter book, is a judge but a self-styled "judge penitent". He starts with self-debasement but ends up with a general condemnation.

We are the first to condemn ourselves. Therefore it is essential to begin by extending the condemnation to all, without distinction. . . . No excuses ever, for anyone . . . I deny the good intention . . . the extenuating circumstance. With me there is no giving of absolution or blessing.

Like the secular judge, or the grand inquisitor, Clamence is an absolutist. Unlike the grand inquisitor, he does not act "through an incurable love of humanity that he cannot shake off", and unlike the "dispassionate" judge of actual criminal courts, he wishes to assert his hold upon mankind by making

them share his misery. He is fallen from his former state of "defender of the widow and the orphan" to the negative comforts of having to assert his pride through shame. In *The Fall* we are shown the degradation of "the man who would be an angel".

In the first two phases of his work, Camus embodied positive answers to his anguish in heroic prototypes: Sisyphus, who by accepting his sentence negates its oppressive purpose, and the true Rebel who refuses to set himself up as another Master. In the third, he set up a type of traitor to mankind, and dealt with it ironically. Some saw in this a sign of disillusion. But, and this is the other side of the coin, the terribly pessimistic premises of Camus' vision of the world are not only tempered by the tense happiness of the absurd hero, the self-sacrificing freedom of the rebel, the bold assertion of life against man's judges. There is also beauty and harmony in peace. The theme of man's nuptials with the earth, apparent in Camus' youthful lyricism, has never been completely forgotten. Man's exile should not make him forget his kingdom.

There is happiness in just being. Meursault, who is being tried for his life, hears "the horn of an ice cream vendor" and thinks of "the most humble, the most tenacious of my joys: the smells of the summer . . . a certain evening sky, Marie's dresses and her laughter . . .". There is enjoyment through the senses. Not the refined hedonism of Gide, or the bestiality of the minotaur one finds in Montherlant. Man is not an animal. Man is not a lonely alchemist of pleasure, but must live and die simply in the landscapes of love and the atmosphere of brotherhood. The lyrical section that concludes one of the short stories of *The Exile and the Kingdom* shows how one can be attuned to the cosmic beauty of the world:

She was breathing, she forgot the cold, the weight of the creatures, the congealed or demented life, the long anguish of living and dying. After so many years of fleeing before fright, of crazy, insane racing, she finally stopped. At the same time, she seemed to find her roots again; the sap was again running through her body that did not tremble any longer.

The final story ends on an invitation to the hero to join the humble family circle of a poor Brazilian negro. "Breathing with desperate gulps the smell of poverty and ashes, he felt in himself the surge of an obscure, panting joy that he could not name The brother made a little room between himself and the cook, and half turning towards d'Arrast, without looking at him, he pointed to the vacant space: 'Come and sit with us.'" Man may therefore find "a justice and a love that are worthy of a mother's silence and a solidarity with other human beings in one's true home".

At the heart of Camus' revolt lies a principle of moderation. One must understand clearly the plurality of the universe. One must not take a simplified view of creation. It is never "too late, fortunately!" as the false prophet Clamence would have us believe. Man's revolt, man's struggles are never over.

There is no final judgment for better or worse. "No one can be finally rewarded — not even Nobel Prize winners — no one can be punished absolutely", but man's revolt meets a principle of order if it does not reach beyond man's sphere, if it remains "under the sun". In a society that has now become completely secular, the sacrifice of the innocent, the passion of the God-man, need no longer serve as an alibi for the injustice of the supreme God. The romantic couple of victim-torturer does not express any longer the sanctity of suffering. The curse brought on Eve and on Cain is lifted.

Camus goes even further. He turns back to the ancient wisdom of Oedipus. Sophocles' Oedipus concludes "that all is well"; for Camus that remark "drives out of this world a God who had come into it with dissatisfaction and a preference for futile sufferings. It makes of fate a human matter, which must be settled among men". This brings joy to the "absurd man". Sisyphus is happy in his conscious struggle to push his rock up the hill — his striving negates the gods. The rebel too experiences a strong joy in his moment of lucid action, of re-entering the lists "to reconquer, with history and in spite of it, that which he owns already, the thin yield of his fields, the brief love of this earth, at this moment when at last a man is born"

Thus the final joy is that of a precious instant. It does not grow from the vision of a promised land. The release from superior forces does not induce the former slaves to murder their master. The ritual killing of the King of the Wood no longer has any justification. The revolutionary terrorism unleashed by the execution of Louis XVI has no place in Camus' thinking.

This limitation in time, this moderation in scope, do not lead Camus to smugness. The temptation to be a Sadducee, to accept *le confort intellectuel*, with the hypocrisy it entails in the present world, has to be conquered forever anew. Camus was no bourgeois thinker. He always chose the hard way — ever refusing to judge instead of to understand. But he found peace, and harmony in his strife. His was the Kingdom of the Greeks — the Ithaca he evokes at the end of *The Rebel* — a world of light, where the sun and the sea and the earth compose a landscape at the measure of man, where excess is madness, where passion in its Christian sense has no place — a world remote from the dark mists of his seven circles of hell, a universe where gods and men converse without intercessors. In that kingdom, everything is lucid, unromantic, unblurred by tears, those causes and symbols of blindness; yet nothing there is cut and dried, neither party nor state dispense mass salvation. It is the civilized home of free brothers.

One must imagine Albert Camus happy. He is buried in the soil he loved, under the light of the Mediterranean. He found his death at the meridian of his powers. He found his peace before he ever compromised.

THE NEW BOOKS

Canada: Past and Present

QUEBEC, 1759: THE SIEGE AND THE BATTLE. By C. P. Stacey. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada. 1959. Pp. 212. \$5.00.

It was inevitable that on the anniversary year of the Quebec campaign we should have a number of works commemorating the events of the *Annus Mirabilis*. It was equally certain that much commemorative material would emanate from England. What was not so sure was that Canadians would join the erudite memorialists. C. P. Stacey has met the occasion with a book that is a small masterpiece.

Despite the fact that this work has had its value recognized in Canada almost at once it is necessary to realize that the task Stacey set himself was not a simple one. To pursue the truth lying beneath two centuries of special studies and of developing legends not only demanded careful workmanship, but also the firm conviction that the public would readily accept the conclusions of an academic debunker.

For this is a debunking book. Scholarship alone was not enough to give this book its happy sense of conviction. Stacey's secret seems to lie in the fact that legend-smashing is accomplished in a sophisticated, urbane manner by a mind that carefully eschews the temptation to consider his conclusions definitive and yet does not shrink from the necessary task of firm judgment. These qualities are helped to maintain their balance by the dexterous use of informative and sometimes witty bracketed asides such as "History seems to prove that the surest method of ensuring the permanent preservation of a piece of paper is to beg the recipient to destroy it".

Considering this achievement, it would be childish to quarrel seriously with the perspective that has been adopted in this book. Yet it needs to be said that in his debunking the author has not been nearly so ready to discover qualities in the works of previous historians as he has been to find errors of fact. The grand view that is able to weave together the diverse strands of cause and effect giving unity to the study of the whole

war, for instance, is present in the work of Sir Julian Corbett, to whom the epithet "silly" is applied at one stage in this book. Stacey's view is perhaps rightly, and certainly by definition, more limited, but he is less than charitable to scorn a predecessor who wrote when the great need was to paint military history on the broad canvas.

Indeed Professor Stacey could use a turn at the broad canvas himself. His cursory mention of the possibility that the victory at Quiberon Bay (October, 1759) had something to do with the lack of French supplies for New France in 1760 is a bare acknowledgment of the fact that Quiberon was a representative success in a progressively successful naval stranglehold on France overseas. Admiral Hawke in the autumn not Durell in the spring represented the trend of naval affairs. This is not to say that the author is ungenerous to the navy's role in the actual campaign.

Sometimes a desire to castigate the "traditional" view leads Professor Stacey into odd emphases. For instance, his quarrel with the view that the campaign was a "supreme example of harmony and effective co-operation between the services" seems strained (pp. 57-59). As evidence he uses Wolfe's petulant outbursts in his *Journal* concerning naval dilatoriness. Surely this material simply provides but one more evidence that Wolfe, in the depths of his own indecision, recorded his irritation with every mortal soul within his ken. This sort of outburst is an integral part of every venture in inter-service co-operation, as the author well knows. It is hardly evidence of any serious lack of co-operation having regard to the campaign as a whole.

These, however, are not serious quarrels with the author's material or his use of it but simply reminders that there are glass houses on the stone-throwing range.

One item is puzzling. On page 63 Stacey suggests that Montcalm's "decision" to allow Dumas' operation to take place "is a serious reflection on his generalship". Perhaps these words are a trifle strong in the light of the fact that the decision to let Dumas cross the river was made by Montcalm and Vaudriol (Stacey, p. 62). Does not the possibility exist that Vaudriol forced this

decision on Montcalm despite the Governor's earlier objection to it? After all Montcalm was not supreme.

When all is said and done, however, this is the sort of book most historians dream of writing. Also it should be said that Canadians who label themselves French and English will find no deliberate exacerbation of their differences. If they claim to find such material it will not be because Professor Stacey deliberately trailed his coat.

DONALD M. SCHURMAN

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

CONTEMPORARY CANADA. By Miriam Chapin. New York and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1959. Pp. 332. \$7.50.

This book is not only one of the best studies of modern Canada, it is a very good study. Mrs. Chapin is not a Canadian so she has not had to write a book boosting Canada and refraining from critical comment. She has lived in Canada twenty-seven years, and thus is not a stranger hastily writing a book to satisfy increasing American interest in Canada. Does she love Canada? — is the next question in reviewing a book of this type. It is a difficult question to answer because her love for Canada is not blind; it is the regard of a stern, clear-sighted friend. She has done Canadians and other students of Canada more of a kindness with this honest book than any number of authors who produce reams of unthinking devotion. For example the first chapter is entitled "Nation or Satellite?"

Miriam Chapin has worked hard and thought deeply. She is much alarmed at growing American dominance. For all types of manufacturing American ownership reached the 52% mark in 1959. Why do Americans pay less for some Canadian resources than Canadians do? Why do they own most of the resources? Miriam Chapin carefully discusses such questions.

Part I describes the geography of Canada. An excerpt or two might be the best way of conveying the excellence of this section. In British Columbia "The settlements cling to the foot of the mountains that rise so steeply from the sea, or nest on big Vancouver Island. The colony began there,

not on the hostile coast, drenched with rain, tangled on every hillside with that most persistent of small shrubs, the evergreen salal with its unbreakable stems." "The Prairie Provinces have little water power, and Alberta's coal mines fade like Nova Scotia's." And most surprising, "Then let us praise Toronto, since few do."

The political scene is described with clarity and candour. Canada's political system is explained for the benefit of American readers; Canadians will find it an excellent review of basic facts and forces, from which they may well learn something new.

Part III deals with Demography — "The intention, and so far the effect, of the new immigration regulations is to keep Canada an English-speaking country, with the French barely holding their own, and to admit no more than can be assimilated into an English-speaking community." Law — "Often an accused man is advised by a 'friendly' policeman to plead guilty, so that he may get a light sentence. Then he may get twenty years." Economics — "Americans like to invest in Canada because it is a calm, sensible nation . . ." Labour — "Canada is the only ostensibly independent country whose labour organizations are run by leaders outside it." Education — "The psychiatrists burn with zeal to adjust the unusual or rebellious child." Health — "The flush toilet cheats the land and pollutes the rivers." Literature — "If the old scornful question were ever asked in our day, 'Who reads an American book?' the answer would be shouted, 'Canadians.'"

The fourth part of her magnificent study discusses Canada's position in the world. The whole book is so tightly and beautifully written that it is impossible to summarise — it is already a summary of what Canada is. At the time of Suez Anthony Eden's "... pressure on Canada, which amounted to a command, to support the British action had the same effect as throwing sand into an engine." With regard to the Colombo plan she writes, "Fortunately Canadians do not usually care very much whether they are liked or not; they regard the expectation of gratitude as a weakness. They only hope that when the projects are completed they will be remembered with mild approval, though they do not really expect to be remembered at all. The greatest present obstacle to the expansion of the Plan is

Canadians' own ignorance of what is done in their name. If they knew, they could hardly avoid being proud."

All Canadians should read this wise, wonderful, beautiful, pungently written book. If any adults cannot appreciate it, they should be educated to a level at which they could understand it — then the public as a whole would have the knowledge enabling our democracy to function intelligently. Canada is a most fortunate country to have found its Tocqueville.

DONALD Q. INNIS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

CANADA IN WORLD AFFAIRS. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1959: Vol. V, 1946-49 by R. A. Spencer. Pp. 447. \$5.00. Vol. VIII, 1953-55 by Donald C. Masters. Pp. 223. \$3.50. Vol. IX, Oct. 1955 to June 1957 by James Eayrs. Pp. 291. \$4.00.

These three volumes bring this excellent series of reference books up to date. Chatham House and the Council on Foreign Relations do a similar job for British and American foreign policy. This series, carried on by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, describes Canadian attitudes. None of the three authors takes the liberty of comment assumed by Arnold Toynbee in the pre-war Chatham House series. Opinion may differ but this reviewer feels that had our authors allowed themselves a bit more freedom, a bit more interpretation, they would have contributed more.

Of the three volumes, Mr. Spencer and Mr. Eayrs had richer veins to explore. Mr. Masters describes a cold war period of tense calm, the most important aspect of which was the entry of West Germany into the western alliance. Mr. Masters and Mr. Eayrs unfortunately cover the same ground in their description of the Hon. Paul Martin's efforts to work out a package deal over new United Nations' memberships. Both authors praise Mr. Martin highly, but it is dull to read in Vol. VIII, p. 205 that "an attendant handed him a note with a New York number to call," and in Vol. IX, p. 222,

to learn precisely the same thing all over again. A little over-all editing would do no harm.

Mr. Spencer, in his 1946-49 volume, deals with two points of special interest. The one, which is under-played, deals with Canadian attitudes in the Korean crises of 1947-48. Presumably not enough material is yet available to relate Prime Minister Mackenzie King's final effort to avoid foreign commitments and responsibilities and the near-rebellion of the Young Turks in his Cabinet who declared that pre-war isolationism could be no longer maintained. The other situation described by Mr. Spencer is the part played by Canada in the creation of NATO. This is excellently done, and without the exaggeration which Canadian pride sometimes injects into the tale. The prescience of Mr. Pearson in urging inclusion of Article 2 in the draft treaty has been amply justified by events.

The chief interest in Mr. Eayrs' volume is, of course, the Suez crisis. The arrangement of his account is unhappy, for it separates the Commonwealth from the Middle Eastern aspects of Canada's role. We would have preferred, too, to be given more texts of apposite U.N. resolutions. Apart from that the story is well told. Again, we would have welcomed more interpretation and comment. The Canadian role was a fascinating one; the ingenuity of Mr. Pearson greatly to be admired. But it would be interesting to have attempted some appraisal of fundamental motives in Ottawa, the inter-play of international responsibilities with Commonwealth and domestic exigencies. It is to be noted too that Mr. Pearson's repeated efforts to combine a cease-fire and police force with a real solution of Middle Eastern difficulties all failed. Does this fact detract anything from the achievement? Had he known that he was, in this respect, bound to fail, would he and the Prime Minister have taken another line? These are among the questions that arise, and the judgment of a seasoned historian would have been valuable — but perhaps his terms of reference excluded such an approach.

MONTREAL

G. V. FERGUSON

Political Movements

THE SOCIAL CREDIT MOVEMENT IN ALBERTA. By John A. Irving. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. 369. \$6.00.

Those of us who have waited so long for this book have not been disappointed. With commendable clarity, insight and attention to detail Professor Irving has described and analysed the rise of Social Credit in Alberta from the time that William Aberhart became converted to the cause of monetary reform in the summer of 1932, and began to introduce Social Credit doctrines into his Sunday afternoon religious broadcasts the next fall, until the accession of the movement to power on August 22, 1935.

Professor Irving's study is based on two fundamental convictions. The first is that only a pluralistic interpretation of such a movement as Social Credit is adequate. The second is that no acceptable theory of democracy or of social causation can be formulated which ignores the detailed empirical analysis of social movements. It is heartening that a professional social philosopher has carried this conviction to the point of himself indulging in the "leg-work" involved in such research.

The book emphasises throughout the part played by William Aberhart, a part so important as to refute any deterministic explanation of the movement. My own recollections of Alberta during this period would lead me to doubt the author's assertion that "during the rise of the movement the A plus B theorem became part of the everyday vocabulary of nearly all adult Albertans"—even Albertans have never taken social theory quite that seriously—but almost none failed to take some kind of position for or against William Aberhart. In his analysis of the background of that remarkable leader Professor Irving has done a vast amount of painstaking research. He has examined Aberhart's pedagogical and administrative techniques carried over from his educational and religious career to politics, his attempts to dominate every organization to which he lent his energies and his extraordinary capacities as a public speaker, organizer and fund raiser. At its inception, says the author, "the movement may best be understood . . . not as a new movement but rather as an extension of an

already well-established fundamentalist and prophetic movement" and of course this religious organization was under the unchallenged control of Aberhart.

The middle part of the book is a detailed account of the development of the Social Credit movement. Few studies anywhere, and certainly none in Canada, have attempted to delineate so exhaustively the nature of a political party—its techniques of organization and propaganda, the relation between party leaders and followers, the evolving strategy and tactics toward competing parties and so on.

Much of the latter part of the study is devoted to a description of the appeal of Social Credit both to the "secondary leaders" of the movement and to supporters in less responsible positions. One of the most perceptive chapters is the concluding one which is an analysis of the psychological needs which were met by participation in the Social Credit movement.

Professor Irving is unduly cautious in drawing conclusions about the significance of the Alberta Social Credit movement for Canadian politics and for democratic theory generally. In spite of the limited economic reforms demanded by Social Credit, the Alberta movement was radical if not revolutionary during its early phases. First, it erected unreason as a fundamental political principle. Aberhart and his followers did not have even a rudimentary knowledge of Douglas Social Credit and their "ideology" was little more than a collection of slogans and transparently nonsensical analogies. The United Farmers of Alberta movement had always proved receptive to a very large number of heterodox social theories—single tax, group government, direct democracy, the philosophy of co-operation, socialism and so on—but all of these were distinguished from Aberhart Social Credit in that they were reasoned critiques of the prevailing order and in the House of Commons men like Gardiner, Coote, Spencer, Irvine and Garland gained a position of respect for their reasoned indictments of the position of the prairie farmer under the national economic policies and of the workings of the Canadian political and economic system generally. The fundamental quarrel between the U.F.A. and Social Credit movements therefore revolved not so much about differing economic objectives as about the place of reasoned dis-

cussion in public affairs. From this point of view, the C.C.F. version of socialism was not an acceptable alternative to Social Credit in Alberta not, as Professor Irving claims, because it was too radical but because it was too rationalistic in a community where many people were too psychologically bruised to resist Aberhart's emotional appeal. The second challenge of Social Credit was to the rural élite which had controlled the provincial administration since 1921 and had exerted dominant influence in rural parts of the province since the early days of settlement. In his book "Agrarian Socialism" Professor Seymour Lipset describes the leaders of the C.C.F. in Saskatchewan as in general members of a farming élite—persons who had had better than average success in their own farming operations, who in the main belonged to the established Protestant churches rather than the sects and who held positions of leadership in municipal, school, cooperative and other rural organizations—and points out that although the C.C.F. was radical in respect to Central Canada it was conservative within the context of the rural Saskatchewan community. It seems likely that the U.F.A. leadership was a very similar élite and that its displacement in 1935 was something of a social revolution. The third aspect of radicalism in Social Credit was its challenge to the national economic policies and to Confederation itself so well described in Professor Mallory's earlier book in the series. Thus in its emphasis on irrationalism, its displacement of the rural élite and its challenge to the Canadian constitutional structure the early Social Credit movement was genuinely radical, a version of what some American writers have come to call the "radical right".

Professor Irving's book is a valuable contribution to the literature of Canadian social science. Might I suggest to the Editor of the series that two further books are necessary, one on the U.F.A. movement and one on the bureaucratization of Social Credit as a governing party?

D. V. SMILEY

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

MOVEMENTS OF POLITICAL PROTEST IN CANADA, 1640-1840. By S. D. Clark. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. viii + 518. \$6.50.

For the past several years Canadian intellectuals have been accentuating the differences between Canada and the United States. *Movements of Political Protest* represents a reaction against this trend, for the author contends that a preoccupation with such differences has "led to a failure to recognize the extent to which the political development of the two countries has been shaped by very similar forces." Professor Clark condemns, as only a partial truth, the assertion that Canada has no revolutionary tradition and, as an alternative, he presents the thesis that both Canada and the United States were influenced by similar frontier forces which produced a separatist, anti-authoritarian, rebellious spirit.

The influence of the frontier, Professor Clark suggests, is reflected in the American constitution in the form of checks and balances designed to restrict the power of the central government, but in British North America the frontier sentiments gained no such expression in the established political institutions. This apparent paradox is explained by the fact that the United States was the product of a successful revolution. As a result frontier movements, assuming the form of a challenge to British authority on the North American continent, could align themselves with manifest destiny and come under the panoply of American nationalism. In British North America, however, geography favoured, and a separate national existence demanded, the creation and preservation of a strong central government. Any frontier movement which sought to reduce the powers of the central government automatically introduced a threat of absorption by the United States. Thus although rebellious movements did attain significant proportions in British North America, they were doomed to failure because they could not hope to produce a second independent nation in North America.

This is a thesis which offers an interesting new North American perspective, and which provides additional explanations of both the opposition encountered by reformers, and the position adopted by the high Tories. However, it would appear that

the attempt to emphasize Canadian and American similarities is just as capable of producing blind spots as its counterpart. It is difficult to reconcile the assertion that the political development of the two countries has been shaped to a large degree by similar forces with the obvious fact that the frontier had little influence on the creation of political institutions in British North America. In order to do so Professor Clark is forced to maintain that the forms of political organization were not in harmony with the true spirit of the people. An imposing compendium of meetings, resolutions, declarations and editorials is presented in an effort to establish that the predominant spirit of British North America was republican in character. But no adequate explanation is given of the fact that relatively few individuals were prepared to take up arms in open rebellion. Sufficient attention has not been given to the defection of moderate reform elements as each movement veered towards the extreme. The effectiveness of the loyalty cry, whenever it was raised, has been passed over too lightly. The assertion that "responsible government developed in reaction rather than in response to the true democratic spirit of the Canadian people" is based upon two assumptions, neither of which has been proved. In the first place it assumes that the reform element constituted a majority of the population, and, in the second, that responsible government was something less than a majority of the reformers were willing to accept. The point that we have tended to dismiss our rebels too lightly is well taken, but William Lyon Mackenzie cannot be transformed into the typical Upper Canadian.

W. G. ORMSBY

OTTAWA

Two Novels

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDDY KRAVITZ. By Mordecai Richler. Toronto: André Deutsch Ltd. 1959. Pp. 319. \$3.75.

Since the low perspective of the rogue throws a ghastly light over the face of the society he views, in one of its effects the rogue's tale is satiric, and since the rogue's

travels parody a quest, in another of its effects his tale is pathetic. This form, therefore, calls for a nimble, derisive, and compassionate talent, a sort of acrobat of prose, and in Mordecai Richler, it seems to me, we find precisely that talent. His fourth novel, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, beautifully posed on a line between savage indignation and pity, is an impressive realization of the possibilities in the picaresque form.

Duddy Kravitz's apprenticeship is a sorcerer's apprenticeship, bungled from the start, and it creates a series of appalling ironies and parodies, the grotesque and comic world of an aspiring magician who has got hold of the wrong end of the wand and cannot let it go. The magical world that Duddy wants to bring into existence is first revealed to him in the ghetto-Jew's dream that to own real-estate is to be in Paradise. "A man without land is nobody". Duddy's grandfather tells him. But the way to Paradise, Duddy discovers from his father, a taxi-driving Montreal pimp, is the way of the "Boy Wonder", Dingleman, who can convert streetcar transfers into million dollar bills. This appears to be a kind of Exodus-contrast between the Promised Land and the Golden Calf, and Richler does not hesitate to draw the moral that since the vision possesses paltry human beings it is a tormenting one, and since it must be realized through a grossly materialistic commercial society it may be corrupting rather than redeeming. When Duddy, for example, realizes that "Kravitz town" on the shores of a lake north of Montreal may become a reality, he lets out an exultant and horrifying shout damning "everything to hell and heaven and kingdom come".

But two things save Richler's parody of the Exodus story from the dullness of pat contrasts or schematized narrative: one is the rich grotesqueness of his imagination, the other, the complexity and power of his portrait of Duddy. The savage commercial world of Montreal takes shape in an astonishing group of figures. There is Dingleman himself, who turns out to be a sweaty, crippled dope-peddler. There is Calder, the Anglo-Saxon Westmount millionaire, who indulges himself in a little game of dropping hundred dollar bills into the urinals of smart resort hotels and watching to see who among the guests will stoop to

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retrieve them. And there are the Jewish business men, like the wealthy junk-dealer Cohen who sees business as a Hollywood-style battle ("Remember how Gregory Peck had to send his fliers out to die in *Twelve O'clock High*?") and religion as a community game like going to football matches (Mr. Cohen took his seat at the temple for the High Holidays on, as he said, the forty yard line).

Nor does Richler sentimentalize his hero. Duddy is anything but the sensitive soul corrupted by wicked parents and a callous society. As we discover in the school episodes in which he drives one inept teacher to drink and madness Duddy was born a nasty and dangerous little animal. He seizes instinctively and with frightful energy on the perverted methods which will make him, in his turn, the "Boy Wonder". Appropriately enough, many of these are the methods of a debased art. From the time he begins to peddle obscene comic books until he becomes a film producer (Dudley Kane Enterprises, producers of "Happy Bar-Mitzvah, Bernie"), Duddy is an image-maker who gathers about himself the wrecked artists of our time: poets like the epileptic Virgil and film-makers like the alcoholic Friar. And appropriately too, Duddy's path to his Paradise is over the wreckage of friends, relatives, customers, and enemies. In the end it is Duddy's imagination which turns against him, and the pathos of the novel is contained in his sickening knowledge that what he is creating does not square, in some obscure way, with what could be created, with what he perhaps intended to create. In a nightmarish breakdown Duddy runs wild over the land he is fighting to buy and asks himself the dreadful, ambiguous question: "... what in the hell am I doing lost in a blizzard, a Jewish boy? Moses, he recalled from the *Bible Comics*, died without ever reaching the Promised Land, but I've got my future to think of."

The question has been asked by other contemptible, suffering heroes, but never in quite the way Richler puts it; indeed, one doubts whether it could be asked in precisely this way any place other than north of Montreal or by any other writer than Richler. Richler's awareness of the tension between an elusive vision and the human being possessed by it may not be unique, but his sense of the shabby inspiration (or

is it the inspired shabbiness?) of Duddy is profoundly moving, and he is superbly confident in handling the burlesque appropriate to his theme, some of it very funny indeed. One thinks particularly of how the easy solutions for Duddy are demolished by parodies of the art film, the little magazine (*The Crusader*, *The Only Magazine in the World Published by Epileptics for Epileptics*), and the jargon of psycho-analysis. Inevitably, these will raise questions about the "positive" values of Richler's novel, questions which will undoubtedly recall the very different treatments of Richler's theme in Marlyn's *Under the Ribs of Death* and Wiseman's *The Sacrifice*. Perhaps there will even be some loyal Canadians who will bridle at the suggestion that all Montreal poets are as sick as Virgil. But where the ethics of the business world (lying, cheating, forging, whoring, crippling) are given such a thorough going-over, and where humanity and abuse are put to such lively and humane ends, that would be small thanks indeed to Richler for his *Duddy Kravitz*.

E. W. MANDEL

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

ADVISE AND CONSENT. By Allen Drury. Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Co. Toronto: Doubleday Publishers. 1959. Pp. 616. \$6.50.

In some ways this is a good second-rate novel. In other respects it is a propaganda tract of a very unpleasant kind. The four major characters, all U.S. Senators, are well drawn. The action is swift and sustained, building up to a mighty climax after which matters drag on unnecessarily. The ending is typically Hollywood. There is a good picture of the Senate in action and of the relations between that august body and the President. The problem is the confirmation by the Senate of the President's appointee for Secretary of State during a period of crisis in U.S.-Russian relations. The author's knowledge of official Washington is superficially impressive; like Drew Pearson, he undertakes to give his readers a picture of operations behind the scenes. It is a grim and ugly picture and a cruelly biased one. The conservative supporters of a tough line against the Soviet Union

are the heroes. Their opponents are either fuzzy-minded simpletons or unprincipled scoundrels. The White House is occupied by a sinister machiavellian caricature of Franklin D. Roosevelt. He is opposed in the Senate by a tough but virtuous mid-westerner remarkably like the late Senator Robert A. Taft and by a hard, ruthless, but courtly and basically warm-hearted old South Carolinian with attributes suggestive of those of a number of old-line Southerners. On first appearance the Vice-President is a mere Throttlebottom, but presently he becomes transfigured into a statesman. The nominee for Secretary of State is ambiguous and unconvincing. Why such an astute President should make such an issue about his appointment is a mystery. That politics is sometimes a dirty business nobody would deny, but that a President of the United States ever operated in the manner suggested is difficult to believe.

The U.S.S.R. is Orwellian. The most ridiculous scene in the book describes the reaction of the Senate upon receiving word of the landing of a manned Soviet rocket on the moon. This along with the descriptions of the British, French, Indian, and Soviet ambassadors leads one to believe that foreign relations is not Mr. Drury's specialty. Then, for good measure, there are shades of Hiss and McCarthy, though the McCarthyites here are the fuzzy-minded advocates of peace and accommodation. Mr. Drury has pulled out all the stops, and the result is sensational. The Roosevelt haters and the anti-Soviet bitter enders should find *Advise and Consent* pleasant reading. So should the enemies of America because if politics in Washington are carried on in the manner depicted then the situation is grim indeed.

HAROLD A. DAVIS

BRADFORD JUNIOR COLLEGE

Victorians Revisited

THE ETHICAL IDEALISM OF MATTHEW ARNOLD. By William Robbins. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. xi + 259. \$3.75.

THE HEADED VOICE. By E. D. Mackerness. Cambridge: W. Heffer and Sons. 1959. Pp. viii + 158. 21s.

When I was an undergraduate it was not considered respectable to "like" the Vic-

torians. To confess a taste for Tennyson was to invite derision. Dickens was all very well for the kiddies—and for Hollywood. Ruskin had become a case history. Newman, of course, had been discoloured—and disqualified—by Lytton Strachey. Arnold's criticism seemed to us paleolithic, his poetry tuneless and tame. On the other hand, Pater and Wilde and, curiously enough, men as unlike them as Huxley and Spencer, were somehow absolved. But they were not Victorians. Not *really*.

Since World War II (and notably on this side of the Atlantic) there has been an extensive reappraisal of the Victorian culture. We have had, recently, important biographical and critical studies of most of the "great" Victorians—and most of the merely "eminent" Victorians, too. We have even plunged into the underbrush for the "minor" Victorians (watch the Ph.D's come out!). Then there are the books (and the countless articles) on Victorian taste, Victorian morals, Victorian dons, Victorian children—not to mention Victoria herself.

This had to happen. That there are dangers in the "pendulum swing" no one will deny. But the depreciation of the Victorian culture had been as unkind as it was unjust. We had to recover the immediate past—see it as it really was. True, for some the Victorian age is just far enough back in time to stand for "the good old days", a ground of escape from our own uncertain terrors. Books like *The Ethical Idealism of Matthew Arnold* by William Robbins and *The Heeded Voice* by E. D. Mackerness provide a telling corrective for those of us who like to dream ourselves backwards into a never-never Victorianism of assurance and stability. Arnold's age as Professor Robbins presents it (and the Mackerness study of Anglican sermons in the period serves to confirm him) is an age of anxiety, a trying time of shifting and elusive values, of spiritual trial and peril, a time, too, of desperate remedies. These books taken together constitute an impressive witness to the truth that the Victorians, not us, received and were called upon to absorb the ultimate shock of "modernity". The convergence in the 1850's of a persistent rationalism and an emergent scientism in the lightning flash of a historical awareness, that linked as in a single landscape the bottomless past and the unfathomable

future, revealed to men like Arnold the radical condition of crisis in which man as man truly and actually lived. Chartism, suffrage, barbarians and philistines, even disinterestedness and sweetness and light — what were they unless man could somehow again know who he was, whence he came, and whither he went? It is with Arnold's quest for a viable religion that the Robbins book deals. And one gets from it not only a penetrating and well-ordered analysis of the development of Arnold's religious thought, but also a new understanding of the Victorian spiritual and intellectual crisis at its very core.

One recalls that the poems of the younger Arnold are the poems of a dying faith. They are also a kind of scrutiny of the causes — and consequences — of such a death. Between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born, the younger Arnold grieves for the lost ages of faith, and for a vanished order in which man had seemed to be at one with himself in fraternity with nature under the sovereignty of God. It is the strange disease of modern life that man, made wholly alien to nature, wars within himself and without, and has neither joy, nor love, nor light, nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain.

In truth, chaos is come again. Nor could it be called to order by a mere pedagogy — whether a pedagogy of letters or politics or morals. Inevitably, Arnold had to come to terms with the religious question. Man must once more seek to *locate* himself as man.

Professor Robbins contends that as a religious thinker "Arnold's function is to remind enthusiasts and extremists of the Aristotelian golden mean, to reject obscurantism on behalf of man's instinct for expansion and change, to rebuke innovation in the name of painfully acquired wisdom, to check fanaticism and blind materialism by reminders of the spiritual needs of man, to help us live by that happy fusion of powers he calls 'the imaginative reason'."

Certainly Arnold sought desperately to find a mean between what he regarded as the "rigidity" of British orthodoxy and the "cold negations" of German biblical criticism. In what seems like an extreme development of Broad Churchmanship he envisaged and advocated an experiential Christianity devoid of dogma and the super-

natural. God thus becomes "nothing but a deeply-moved way of saying *conduct* or *righteousness*". Jesus is a manifestation of the perfection possible to natural man in his "higher self". The temper and the intent of Arnold's "Christianity" is fully evident in the following passage from *Irish Essays*:

... But what, then, is the miracle of the Incarnation? A homage to the virtue of pureness, and to the manifestation of this virtue in Jesus . . . What does Easter celebrate? Jesus victorious over death by dying. By dying how? Dying to re-live. To re-live in Paradise, in another world? No, in this. But if in this, what is the Kingdom of God? The ideal society of the future . . .

And so on. For Arnold, as Professor Robbins observes, the "truth" of Christianity is a "natural truth, "a truth operative at the level of resurrected human nature, to be apprehended by the imagination, *that imagination whose emotional alliance with conduct brings us to religion*". [Italics mine.]

It does less than justice to Professor Robbins to make extracts from a closely reasoned book in which the process (and the *poignancy*) of Arnold's thought is revealed within the terrifying context of his predicament, the predicament of his moment in time. For Arnold was a shock-absorber — and a first-footer into what seemed, surely, to be darkness indeed. Only complacency of the most unfeeling and ungracious kind could blind us to the difficulty — and the pain — of Arnold's effort. (It is a virtue of Professor Robbins' book that its author is *not* complacent and indeed is able, in no small degree, to identify himself with Arnold). Nevertheless, one wonders if Arnold unwittingly, if you like, desperately, has not deceived himself with that sleight-of-hand phrase "the imaginative reason". (Would not "common sense tinged with fancy" be nearer the mark?) For has not Arnold, in "de-mythologizing" the Gospels, separated out the poetic and the moral realities, indeed has he not put them apart from each other and against each other, thus reducing the imaginative act to mere metaphorical process, to mere illustration divorced from reason — and therefore sterile? Coleridge knew better than this, Hopkins knew better, Maritain and T. S. Eliot know better — each in his own way. Could a Christian poetry, let

alone a compelling faith, come forth again out of this well-meaning, intellectually anti-septic "morality tinged with emotion" which Arnold would like still to call "Christianity"? It has not. It will not. It cannot.

When I read Arnold's *God and the Bible* I cannot help but think of Stephen Leacock's essay "Indoor Football, or Football without a Ball". . . .

I cannot therefore agree with Professor Robbins in his view that Arnold's practical idealism "can be a means of reconciling the persisting differences of Christian, scientist and humanist", any more than I can agree that Arnold's idealism (or the idealism of his numerous intellectual progeny) was or is a *via media* between orthodoxy and atheism. There is a *via media* within the faith, none between faith and not-faith. And faith is a matter of encounter (total encounter) — not a matter of the lowest (or even the highest) common denominator.

But Professor Robbins does give us Arnold — and the most lucid and arresting treatment I know of that shock to received belief which constitutes one of the major critical events in western intellectual history. *The Ethical Idealism of Matthew Arnold* is one of the most distinguished works of scholarship we have had from a Canadian and one of the best studies of the Victorian age we have had from anyone.

It is instructive to read *The Heeded Voice* along with the Robbins study of Arnold. In the Mackerness book the pulpit talks back! The author, while very much concerned with the changing literary style of the Anglican sermon from the 1830's to the end of the century, is careful to examine the rhetoric with a mind to its intention and its object. We observe that the new evidences which forced Arnold into an *ersatz* Christianity, grievously besiege the Anglican pulpit. The "higher criticism", Darwinism, headlong, heedless, compass-less social change — all the distractions and temptations of the time are voiced in the great sermons. Jowett teeters close to the Arnoldian brink. Kingsley is evasive and flutulent. Liddon is perceptive, discriminating, and Catholic.

On the whole the vast shock is absorbed. While secularism advances, while by the end of the century the periodical has replaced the pulpit as the main forum of controversy, the rock stands. New methods

of biblical criticism are put fruitfully to work. The new science — and its symbolism — begin to fall into place.

The voice of the Church breaks, changes — and (if one may be permitted to look beyond the limits of the Mackerness book into our own day) the tone is deepened, the accent, the words new, the truth timeless, unaltered, unalterable. Mr. Mackerness is more reticent than Professor Robbins, much less explicit in his attitudes, and he eschews modern instances. But one puts down his book with a sense that if the Church is not now what it once was, it is not other than itself.

There had been no need to go in for football without a ball.

MALCOLM ROSS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Literature and Ideas

THE ECCENTRIC DESIGN. By Marius Bewley. London: Chatto & Windus. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin & Co. 1959. Pp. 327. \$5.50.

HEIRESS OF ALL THE AGES. By William Wasserstrom. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. Toronto: Thomas Allen. 1959. Pp. 157. \$4.00.

Mr. Bewley's book is for you if you are prepared to accept the view that the only significant literary art in America is symbolist art. Americans, he says, have not been able to write novels in the European tradition of fiction because North America has lacked a social structure of traditional codes and manners. The novelist here has therefore had to fall back on ideas — ideas grounded in American democratic abstractions; he has had to worry about his own emotional and spiritual needs as an American; he could write only about his own plight, which has been mainly an overwhelming consciousness of isolation. Out of this intense contemplation of the American navel has come the American novel — that is, the novel that matters: the fiction of Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville, and Henry James. Here you have deep and emotional concern with abstractions; there are no great characters in this fiction but rather

"great symbolic personifications and mythic embodiments". So Mr Bewley's argument runs.

The Eccentric Design is sub-titled "Form in the Classic American Novel", and its author claims that his focus is on the achievement of his chosen writers as artists. The longest and best part of the book, however, is a discussion of Fenimore Cooper, and mainly of those novels of Cooper which under the most elastic definition could hardly be called works of art: political novels like *The Bravo* and *The Headsman* and the Littlepage trilogy of *Satanstoe*, *The Chainbearer*, and *The Redskins*. What Mr. Bewley does excellently is to give an account of the political ideas of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Alexander Hamilton and to show how these ideas were used by Cooper in an exploration of the tension between aristocratic and democratic conceptions of life.

In his two chapters on Hawthorne's stories and novels Mr. Bewley shows how Hawthorne all his life gnawed away at the tough bone of the creative artist's place in society. Hawthorne detested the American society of his day, and yet he felt guiltily that a responsible citizen ought to take part in it; he had an uneasy suspicion that an artist is basically anti-democratic, and for much of the time he even wondered if an artist could be a good man. "As a dealer in ideas he was a conventional bore," says Mr. Bewley. His discussion of Melville is vitiated by the utter nonsense of his opening sentence: "Democracy is based on a belief in the perfectibility of man." He might have learned from Hawthorne that democracy can only be soundly based on a recognition that all men are sinners and that therefore none has an unqualified right to possess, govern, or enjoy.

Mr. Bewley ignores completely the realistic tradition in American fiction that stems from Mark Twain. It is significant that Mark Twain is mentioned only once in a book that purports to deal with the "classic American novel" and then is dismissed in a sentence as "not a writer who comes to terms easily with literary analysis." Abdication of critical responsibility can hardly go further.

Heiress of All the Ages has a much narrower range than *The Eccentric Design* but it too is concerned with the connection of

ideas with literature. Mr. Wasserstrom studies the way in which 19th century American conceptions of women and sex are reflected in 19th century American fiction. He maintains that the genteel tradition was not so bad as it has been made out to be. He says that after 1860 Americans of even the strictest gentility preferred girls with spunk, that heroines in fiction were "demure and accessible", that they were neither angels nor devils but somehow joined "the benignity of the first with the piquancy of the second", that while they were self-effacing they were also self-reliant in the spirit of the Western frontier. He also says that the most impressive of these fictional heroines had an intense affection for their fathers and were "half nymph, half nun".

What does this add up to? It certainly does not prove, as Mr. Wasserstrom asserts, that "a leading motive of polite letters was to demonstrate that sexual desire could animate even the best men and women, to establish a new vision of love, a new harmony in the relations of the sexes." Mr. Bewley has the root of the matter in an eight-page appendix to his book where he says that the genteel tradition was the consequence of the decline of Calvinism, that its mark was the domination of literature by business in the Gilded Age, and that its fruits were servility and timidity.

CARLYLE KING

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

COLERIDGE THE VISIONARY. By J. B. Beer. London: Chatto & Windus. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin & Co. 1959. Pp. 366. \$6.75.

The organizing principle of this book is the author's realization that Coleridge's three greatest poems are inter-related symbolic structures dealing with the twin themes of fall and redemption, and poetic genius. In the first four chapters Mr. Beer considers Coleridge's relation to Romanticism and his search for "an all-embracing vision" as revealed in his nascent mythologizing and "sense of lost glory". The interpretation of *The Ancient Mariner* which follows clarifies without over-simplifying the poem's symbolic structure in the light of neopla-

tonic theories of allegory and the concept of the spiritual sun, marking a positive advance beyond previous interpretations of the poem while recognizing their value.

The chapter on *Christabel* left this reader feeling that Mr. Beer has not wholly succeeded in coming to grips with the poem's inner symbolism beyond giving a concise statement of the serpent-dove imagery. Mr. Beer's interesting explanation for Coleridge's failure to finish the poem leaves many questions unanswered, and he quotes without comment Coleridge's intriguing entry in a notebook of 1823: "Were I free to do so, I feel as if I could compose the third part of *Christabel*, or the song of her desolation."

The two chapters on *Kubla Khan* bring to the poem's interpretation a wealth of source materials and analogues from the Song of Solomon to the poetry of Rilke proving once for all that the theme of the poem is "genius and the lost paradise". It is to be hoped that the interpretations of such important symbols as the pleasure-dome and the mighty fountain will provoke some fruitful controversy. Mr. Beer writes well, with a sure knowledge and appreciation of his subject, and students of Coleridge are in his debt.

The book contains two appendices of some interest, one Southey's translation of Coleridge's *Greek Ode on Astronomy* and the other a note on the imagery of *Zapolya*.

WARREN STEVENSON

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

THE DISINHERITED MIND: ESSAYS IN MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE AND THOUGHT. By Erich Heller. London: Bowes & Bowes. 1954. Toronto: British Book Service. 1959. Pp. xiv + 306. \$4.50.

Professor Heller's brilliantly written book *The Disinherited Mind*, first published in London in 1954 and now available in an American edition, contains eight essays on modern German literature and thought (Goethe, Burckhardt, Nietzsche, Rilke, Spengler, Kafka, Kraus). In the new edition the book includes a series of talks originally given on the BBC Third Programme, under the title "The Hazard of Modern Poetry" which in the form of a précis sums up the underlying theme of the book.

From the beginning the reader is aware that he is not offered a series of disconnected studies in literary and philosophical criticism. Heller's book rather offers a theory on the development of the European mind since the Renaissance, based on the works of a representative group of German poets and philosophers. According to the author the writings chosen display one of the distinctive symptoms not only of modern literature, but of the modern outlook on life in general: "the consciousness of life's increasing depreciation". Heller explains the phenomenon of secularisation in terms of a spiritual revolution which has destroyed the meaningful order of life as it existed throughout the Middle Ages, by depriving reality of its symbolic meaning and the symbol of its reality. Empiricism, man's "great experiment of separating meaning from reality and symbol from fact", having debased the value of both reality and meaning, "has rendered absurd man's desire for a meaningful order" and has disinherited his mind. In his essays Heller shows that the outstanding German writers who serve as examples for his theory were highly aware of this dilemma. They are shown either surrendering in resignation (Spengler), or trying to rush the disinherited mind back to its lost throne by offering a new meaningful order (Goethe), or seeking refuge in a little cosmos of inwardness salvaged from the devaluation of the world (Rilke). The excitement with which one reads Heller's highly competent though philosophically biased analysis is not marred by the fact that the theory offered is not entirely new. In 1948, Hans Sedlmayr, the German art historian, presented a similar theory on the modern development of the fine arts, which even in its title *Verlust der Mitte* shows a striking resemblance to Heller's *The Disinherited Mind*. It is Heller's merit, however, to have investigated this problem in modern literature and philosophy.

Heller is sometimes carried away by his theory. This becomes particularly apparent when he deals with Goethe whose preoccupation with the problem of meaning and reality is described in a rather simplified manner. The interpretation of Franz Kafka's *The Castle* does not satisfy either, and we suspect that Heller's perspective must be blamed for the inadequacies in his analysis. This perspective unifies the whole

book. Heller is not satisfied with objectively analysing the distinctive characteristic of modern literature and thought. He evaluates his findings and holds that all the signs of modern poetry "point to a grave disturbance". Modern man, that is the author's critical conclusion, has progressed in the wrong direction and has destroyed the meaningful order of his world.

It is easy to detect the subjective element in Heller's pessimism. With Goethe Heller believes in a pre-established equation between subject and object; in his own words, he believes "that our demands for meaningful order correspond to a real order of things". Thus an age which is incapable of working a meaningless chaos of factual knowledge into a meaningful whole must appear as suffering from a serious disease. The reader, left with this rather gloomy outlook, begins to wonder. And if we are to believe the last sentences of the book this seems to have been Heller's chief intention. A book which thus succeeds in making its readers think deserves the highest praise.

W. SCHLOTTHAUS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Scholarly Editions

THE SONNETS OF WILLIAM ALABASTER. Edited by G. M. Story and Helen Gardner. Oxford: University Press. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1959. Pp. liv + 65. \$2.75.

William Alabaster (1568-1640) is one of the more interesting of the minor figures of the Tudor and Stuart period. He keeps turning up in a number of places: in Spenser's *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* as the author of an epic on Queen Elizabeth, in Father Gerard's *Autobiography* as a Catholic convert and would-be Jesuit, in Johnson's *Life of Milton* as the author of the Latin tragedy *Roxana*, in various state papers as recusant and spy, in Chamberlain's *Letters* as a preacher before King James, in Herrick's poems as an admired mystical theologian, in a parish register as the stepfather of the alchemist Robert Fludd. It is good to have all these references collected, as they are in Mr. Story's intro-

duction, and worked into a succinct and instructive essay on Alabaster as man and poet.

Even his contemporaries did not know how often Alabaster shifted his allegiance from Canterbury to Rome and back again, or how much his recantations were determined by conviction and how much by convenience. Who can distinguish between a gesture of self-preservation and a disturbance of the soul? At any rate, these incomplete sequences of divine sonnets, which the editors have collected from manuscripts in the Bodleian, St. John's (Cambridge) and elsewhere, date from the crisis of his first conversion to the Roman faith, 1597-98, when this proud, egotistical, fantastical man first bowed his stubborn mind to the contemplation of Christ's passion and experienced the joy of participation in divine grace. They are 'metaphysical' poems of devotion, the patterns of their imagery deriving from the typological reading of the Scriptures, their form the exercise in meditation, which L. L. Martz has convincingly related to the structure of the 'metaphysical lyric' in Donne and others.

This is not great verse: Mr. Story admits this and Miss Gardner's difficulty of paraphrase in the commentary is further evidence to the same effect. But the sonnets are always rhetorically interesting and occasionally splendid, especially in their openings (a minor poet can always start a sonnet well). For example, no. 7 in this arrangement:

What should there be in Christ to give offence?
His corded hands, why they for thee were bound,
His mangled brows, why they for thee were crowned,
His pierced breast, thy life did flow from thence.
What though some arrows glance with violence
From him to thee, shall this thy friendship wound?

The book is technically almost impeccable, a valuable addition to the scholar's shelf of Elizabethan poetry.

MILLAR MACLURE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

COMPLETE PROSE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON. Volume Two, 1643-1648. Edited by Ernest Sirluck. New Haven: Yale University Press. Toronto: Burns & MacEachern. 1959. Pp. 840. \$15.75.

Able and devoted scholars, chiefly American, have planned this notable edition, in seven volumes, of Milton's complete prose works. As members of the Editorial Board, as editors of individual volumes, writing general introductions, and as editors of individual prose works, writing prefaces and notes, they have worked "in a collaboration of equals". When they occasionally differ in interpretation, they provide the materials, and readers may form their own opinions. To serious students of Milton these volumes bring immense help; they provide the accumulated and sifted results of research through many years and in many places, with such exact references as to open the way to further study.

To the general reader this second volume may well be especially interesting. It includes the famous favourites, *Areopagitica* and *Of Education*, and the best known — at least by name — of Milton's contentious pamphlets, *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, followed by four other tracts which in a measure may be said to have accompanied or flowed from it. The editor of this volume, Professor Ernest Sirluck, of The University of Chicago, presents the historical and political background of the pamphlets. He gives a clear and detailed account of the struggle, in debate and propaganda as well as in open war, between the King and the Parliament. He describes the almost continuous outbreak of pamphlets, which made observations, gave answers, and replied to answers. He analyses the problems of the Westminster Assembly, and the manoeuvres of various non-Presbyterian English sects to gain influence with the army and with Parliament. The Scottish Commissioners had gone to London, not only invited but urged by the Parliament, which badly needed their help in providing Scottish troops to fight the King's army. Coming from Scotland, where every Protestant was a Presbyterian, the Commissioners must have been bewildered as well as irritated by the clamorous insistence on their peculiar religious views shown by Congregationalists, Anabaptists, Levellers, and Independents, and by "the embarrassed

and hesitant manoeuvres of the English Presbyterians". Groups were divided and sub-divided, variously interpreting the popular notions of Christian liberty and toleration.

The editor goes on to an interesting treatment of Milton's pamphlets, setting the arguments presented in the *Divorce Tracts* against the background of Milton's own experience, analysing them, and relating them to the opinions of men and groups whose support Milton was eager to secure. He considers *Areopagitica* as "a document in the history of two distinct if interdependent ideas, freedom of the press and religious liberty". He recounts the history of licensing, and shows Milton's use of the historic method in order to discredit licensing and to support the principle of temperance. In a succinct statement, "Escape . . . is impossible from evil; but not from vice", he compresses the argument which Milton had illustrated by vivid, memorable, and satirical pictures. Milton had insisted that the practice of licensing would discourage learning, and had supported his argument by impassioned, figurative eloquence; Dr. Sirluck ascribes to Milton the astute intention of dividing the members of the group most likely to oppose his position. The editor is concerned not with purple passages but with tactics. In his preface and notes to *Areopagitica*, where it takes its chronological place among the prose works printed in this volume, he gives detailed, scholarly, critical information. In his general introduction he considers *Of Education* last, although it appeared months before *Areopagitica* in that busy year, 1644; he is wisely thinking of the subject rather than the date. He discusses Milton's attitude towards Hartlib and Comenius, and mentions various theories and systems of education. He points out that Milton was happy at St. Paul's School and disapproved of the narrower curriculum which he found at Cambridge. Modern theorists about the education of pupils in schools might well read — with open minds if possible — this account, and also the copious notes given in this volume by Donald C. Dorian in editing *Of Education*. It is pleasant and interesting to find the suggestion that Castiglione's *The Courtier* influenced Milton, as it had influenced Spenser and other thoughtful Elizabethans. Milton, the musician's son, naturally added music to sword-play and

other athletic exercises to broaden the training in his ideal Academy.

Almost at the end of this volume — preceding only some helpful addenda, four apt appendices, and the index — translations are printed, with prefaces and notes by W. Arthur Turner and Alberta T. Turner, of letters between Milton and his Italian friend, Carlo Dati. These letters, taking Milton back to his happy sojourn in Italy, must have refreshed his mind and heart.

WILHELMINA GORDON

KINGSTON

Beowulf as Art

THE ART OF BEOWULF. By Arthur Gilchrist Brodeur. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press. 1959. Pp. ix + 283. \$4.50.

Although there is almost a library of books written upon different aspects of *Beowulf* there is, as Professor Brodeur points out, "still no systematic and sensitive appraisal of the poem" in its completeness as a work of art. The purpose of his book is the modest one of serving "as a kind of prolegomenon to such a study" but his eight chapters deal at some depth with the poem from all the important points of view. In Chapters I, II and VIII and in the three appendices he discusses different facets of the poet's use of language, Chapter III deals with the structure and unity of the poem, Chapter IV shows how the three battles are treated and their special effects produced, Chapter V takes setting and action as its subject, in Chapter VI three of the important episodes (Finn, Ingeld and Unferth) are discussed and in Chapter VII Professor Brodeur examines the fundamental question of whether the poem is essentially pagan or Christian.

In his chapter on "The Diction of *Beowulf*" Professor Brodeur deals with two questions raised in earlier studies of the poem, namely the argument by W. W. Lawrence that the composition of Old English verse was governed by exact rules and the statement by F. P. Magoun that the vocabulary is totally formulaic. After a detailed examination of the text he shows

us that there is considerable originality in the poetic compounds used in *Beowulf* and that this must be attributed to the imagination of the poet but that the pattern upon which these compounds were formed, being a characteristic of the language itself, was common to all the Old English poems. Professor Brodeur shows a wide and sympathetic knowledge of the poem and his comments upon the poetical values of single words or of connected passages show us clearly the merit that *Beowulf* has as a work of art. It is in these comments that the value of the first chapter really lies. There is less value in the comparison of the poetic vocabulary of *Beowulf* with those of other Anglo-Saxon poems. Professor Brodeur comes to the conclusion that we would have expected on *a priori* grounds, namely that in dealing with corselet, earthly king, sword, spear, helmet and so on the poem is rich in vocabulary but that in religious expressions it is poor. He shows us both by statistics and by examples that many compounds in *Beowulf* are unique to that poem but admits that "we can find individualities of diction in other long poems — and in some short ones — as well as in *Beowulf*". Though we might agree that the *Beowulf* poet "was the greatest master among all those poets who composed in Anglo-Saxon England", this study of the compounds does not prove it.

It is no longer necessary to apologize for the lack of advance in narrative in *Beowulf* for it is now generally recognized that it is not chronological sequence of action that is of prime importance to the poet. Professor Brodeur begins by stating the current view that what we have in the poem is a balance of two contrasted stages, the first and the last, of the hero's life. The link between the two parts, it is suggested, is Hygelac, Beowulf's uncle, and the particularly close relationship between them. To point out the value of this relationship is a contribution to our understanding of the poem, but surely it is to go too far when we are told, "In Part I, Hygelac is the center of Beowulf's world" and, "Outside the climate of the mutual love between these two, Beowulf would be little more than the monster-queller and marvelous swimmer of folk-tale." Beowulf becomes lost, dominated by Hygelac. "We do not see his temper change, or his character develop," claims Professor Brodeur. But

this is to disregard the very clear differences of approach to the three battles shown by Beowulf, from the rash, self-sufficient young man combatting against Grendel without the help of armour and weapons to the old, war-weary king who faces the dragon, compelled to fight because of his sense of duty to his people. Though Hygelac may well be a subsidiary thread in the fabric of the poem, Beowulf himself is of course the principal figure—in his own right.

The most entertaining parts of Professor Brodeur's book are the chapters "Design for Terror" and "Christian and Pagan in Beowulf". In the first he deals with the way in which battles are narrated, dwelling particularly upon the quality of suspense. In the second chapter he argues persuasively for considering *Beowulf* as the treatment of "originally pagan material in a manner acceptable to a Christian audience".

Two small points of presentation deserve comment. In the first chapter we are given many examples from poems other than *Beowulf* but line references are not always cited. Secondly, as lines are quoted to show literary qualities only, what purpose is gained by removing the conventional marks of vowel length when quoting from the poem?

Professor Brodeur has given us a comprehensive and stimulating study of *Beowulf* and thrown light upon its poetical qualities, qualities often relegated to the background in other studies of the poem. His attempt is constantly to show that *Beowulf* is an artistic unity, the product of a man standing head and shoulders above his contemporaries. Though one cannot agree with every detail of his interpretation, he certainly succeeds in showing what a great poem *Beowulf* is.

CHRISTOPHER DEAN

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

paper on which Whitman wrote tell us anything important about his poetry? Can we get closer to Shakespeare through a minute study of the compositors of his quartos? To these questions, Professor Bowers, America's leading bibliographical critic, provides clear answers, answers which run contrary to the assumptions of most literary critics.

For a brilliant demonstration of how the application of bibliographical techniques can illuminate important years of an author's life, and can revolutionize our whole conception of his creative process and manner of composition, I recommend the book's second chapter on the Whitman manuscripts of *Leaves of Grass* (1860). The argument is amazing and final.

The last two chapters deal authoritatively with the problems of editing Elizabethan dramatic texts, and comment on the aims and progress of recent bibliographical work on "accidentals" in these texts. A theme of these pages is, "a little bibliography is a dangerous thing". It may lead to "unprincipled eclecticism", as in the *New Shakespeare*, or worse, to the slavish adoption of the copy text. Bowers stresses repeatedly that no amount of bibliographical data can relieve the editor of the task of choosing between variants.

Yet admirable as this book is, it will not, I think, persuade many literary scholars to become reputable bibliographers. The polemical tone that now and again colours the argument betrays that the author has perhaps not faced completely the reasons why so many scholars have remained content with just a little bibliography and with those old-fashioned texts through which the whole glory of Shakespeare's work was first revealed to them. They may admire the bibliographer's zeal for truth, but even the truth may be pursued at too great a cost.

F. D. HOENIGER

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Studies in Bibliography

TEXTUAL AND LITERARY CRITICISM.
By Fredson Bowers. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada. 1959. Pp. ix + 186. \$3.85.

Are our texts of Yeats and Eliot thoroughly dependable? Can the kind of

SERIAL PUBLICATION IN ENGLAND BEFORE 1750. By R. M. Wiles. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. Toronto: Macmillan Co. of Canada. 1957. Pp. xv + 391. Illustrated. \$9.50.

MAGAZINE SERIALS AND THE ESSAY TRADITION 1746-1820. By Melvin R. Watson. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 1956. Pp. x + 160. (Lithographed typescript.) \$3.00.

These two books deal with two very different kinds of serial publication. Mr. Watson discusses the essays that appeared in series in various English miscellanies at regular or irregular intervals, for a longer or shorter time, written by one or more people under a single *nom-de-plume* or in a single character. He shows how these "serial essays" were connected with the essay of morals and manners established by Addison and Steele, and how from this genre the "familiar essay" of Hunt, Lamb, and Hazlitt emerged. His book, despite an occasional touch of dry merriment, is more methodical than stimulating. It brings together a number of facts not elsewhere recorded, and at the end gives a "Register of Essay Serials" comprising 280 series with notes on authors (when known, which is not usually the case) and comments upon the nature and quality of contents; he also gives a "Check List of Magazines containing Essay Serials". It is difficult to believe that, though the names of Christopher Smart, Tobias Smollett, and James Boswell appear among contributors to the essay serial, Mr. Watson had much exciting or rewarding reading to do. One is the more grateful for the field notes on a patient piece of machete work.

Mr. Watson's book is modestly (and neatly) produced by lithography from typescript. Professor Wiles's book, in marked contrast, is published by the Cambridge University Press, printed by Joh. Enschedé en Zonen, Haarlem, in van Krimpen's Lutetia types, crisply machined, and elegant enough in its solution of the many typographical problems to have been designed (shortly before his death) by Jan van Krimpen himself. This book, which grew from "a brief introductory essay" to be prefixed to a list of some 150 titles of "number" books, deserves perhaps such excellent if recondite design: for it marks

what must be one of the major discoveries of this century in the history of book production.

The device of the "number books" was a simple one, familiar to all students of Dickens and the Victorian novelists; it was a discovery in marketing technique rather than in the craft of book-production. If a complete book was too expensive for those of modest means to buy, or too unattractive to tempt those of languid interest, the book could be sold in parts. As each signature (or sheet) or group of signatures was printed, the "numbers" would be issued at regular intervals, suitably numbered and temporarily protected by a heavy blue paper wrapper; the price of a single part would be as low as a penny, or sixpence, or a shilling. At the end, when all the parts of the book had been issued, the subscriber could have the complete sheets bound into a normal book. If there were unsold sheets left, these could be bound up and sold as books; for a number-book bound looks like any other book, and only the well-informed bibliographer will be able to identify a bound book as having been originally issued in numbers. Sometimes the books were large and thick; sometimes in several volumes; sometimes they took years to complete in weekly or monthly parts. The object was to catch and hold a group of steady buyers, by inducing them to pay for an expensive book in very small sums. At each payment the subscriber had something tangible and legible; and in the end he owned something substantial.

It was a market that favoured the publisher or bookseller rather than the author. There were some notable struggles between publisher and author; "congers" of booksellers formed, cornering the profits, forcing the small dealers out of the trade; shares in the profits were negotiated, bought, sold, bequeathed; there was some litigation; there were wrangles over copyright until the first ambiguous Copyright Act was passed in 1709; then more wrangling and some more litigation; and occasionally — as in the case of the notorious Teresia Constantia Phillips — an author defied publishers, booksellers, and the whole trade to control all the returns from a provocative or scandalous book. Our knowledge of the 18th century book trade is greatly enriched by the wealth of detail marshalled on these and such topics.

Professor Wiles's "Short-title Catalogue of Books Published in Fascicules before 1750" (Appendix B) comprises some 381 titles; his "List of Booksellers, Printers, and others who shared in the Production or Distribution of the Number books in London and Westminster before 1750" runs to almost 300 names. But compared to the content of the essay serials, described by Mr. Watson, the number books make an impressive showing. Fielding spoke of the "heavy, unread, folio lump . . . piecemealed into numbers, [that] runs nimbly through the nation"; and Johnson (who was not beyond issuing the second edition of his *Dictionary* in parts) spoke of his contemporaries being "flattered with repeated promises of growing wise on easier terms than our progenitors". There were some badly produced number books and some badly written and some dull ones; and though most seem to have flourished, some certainly failed. Some of the books (like the modern paperbacks) were reprints of earlier books, and many were hack translations or compilations; but there was some original work too, and not all the translators and compilers were undistinguished scribblers writing with the pen-arm thrust (for poverty) through a hole in a blanket. Everybody bought number books: the wealthy, the scholars, the curious, the cultivated, the middle-class, the scarcely literate; and the books sold in what for those days were large numbers. Considering everything, the range and quality is astonishing. There were biographies, histories, books of travel (sometimes collections of these in folio), encyclopedias, commentaries on Holy Writ, translations of Latin classics, collections of songs, treatises on mathematics, topography, astronomy, architecture, official herbs, cooking, painting, calligraphy. There was Rapin's *History* and the *Acta Regia*, the *Harleian Miscellany*, the eleventh edition of Raleigh's *Historie of the World*, Foxe's *Martyrs*, and a study of funerary monuments, and Albinus's *Tables of the Skeleton and Muscles of the Human Body* with plates of an unprecedented size (22 x 29 inches), complete with the earliest (if incidental and gratuitous) drawing of a 2-year-old female rhinoceros. At one time (1733-4) two translations of Josephus were being issued simultaneously: as soon as these were finished, a third and rival translation was offered. Perhaps the range and

variety of paperbacks in our time is less flattering to our civilization than this impressive movement towards disseminated learning. Authors did not always profit greatly; publishers and booksellers usually did. But best of all, as the *Grub-Street Journal* for 26th October 1732 observed: "This Method of Weekly Publication allured Multitudes to peruse Books into which they would otherwise never have looked."

GEORGE WHALLEY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Universities

THE MUSE UNCHAINED: An Intimate Account of the Revolution in English Studies at Cambridge. By E. M. W. Tillyard. London: Bowes & Bowes. 1958. Pp. 142. 16s.

The account that the Master of Jesus College, better known as E. M. W. Tillyard, gives is intimate enough about the persons and politics involved in the revolution that brought the liberal English Tripos into existence in 1917, but a more orderly description of the Tripos would help people unfamiliar with it to weigh the account more adequately. Tillyard's view, however, of the behaviour of professorial and political man has a certain timelessness: how difficult it is to establish a vital concept in a viable form when established methods of instruction and educational objections, partly though not wholly valid, bar the way. Good fortune or chance was needed to aid groping management in the creation of the aims and ways of the new School of English.

As if it were not difficult enough for the reformers who wished to establish English literature as a liberal discipline in the education of men, politics, that force above philosophy, influenced the new course in ways even now only partly discernible. In 1911, Sir Harold Harmsworth, Bart., founded the King Edward VII Chair of English Literature, and defined its terms as follows:

It shall be the duty of the Professor to deliver courses of lectures on English Literature from the age of Chaucer onwards, and otherwise to promote, so far as may be in his power, the study in the University of the subject of

English Literature. The Professor shall treat this subject on literary and critical rather than on philological and linguistic lines.

There were mutterings that this was as near as Harmsworth dared suggest the foundation of a chair of journalism, but whether Harmsworth was prompted by the new faction or not the aims of the English Tripos were certainly foreshadowed in his terms.

After the death of A. W. Verrall, the first holder of the chair, there was much surprise when so unacademic a person as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch was appointed to succeed him. The account, unconfirmed, is that Asquith, then the Prime Minister, favoured H. J. C. Grierson, who had just finished his great edition of Donne, but Lloyd George favoured a party appointment. He was familiar with *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, and "Q" had been keeping Liberalism going in Cornwall for many years. Tillyard makes no prophecies, but one can imagine that the "literary and critical" terms of the appointment would have been mightily fortified by the presence of Grierson. Another outside, though not political, influence was Stanley Leathes' reform of the English papers in the Civil Service examination. Tillyard says that for years these were more reasonable and humane than any similar papers at a university. He paraphrases Leathes' *What is Education?* thus: "For the undergraduate Leathes thinks that a modern language will benefit a student of English more than Anglo-Saxon or Middle-English, which are postgraduate subjects; and for him English literature should begin with Chaucer. And, most important, the literature of a country must not be torn from its living historical context." Leathes, a Cambridge Classic, was cited as an authority in the Cambridge Senate proposals for the English Tripos, an important fact in what Tillyard says one may call "the conflict between the humanists and the pedants" or alternatively "between the scholars and the dilettanti".

Tillyard's reticence about the content and diffuse statement of the treatment of literature in the English Tripos makes it difficult to evaluate. Stephen Potter in *The Muse in Chains* at least prints two Cambridge examination papers. These seem to be legitimate indications of the revolution. The liberalism of the new studies was their chief feature. No longer would students

have "to study Early English and philology in ways that had nothing to do with their liking for literature", and students were told to go to the texts first and to the textbooks afterwards.

The men who created the School were of miscellaneous origin. Chadwick, Professor of Anglo-Saxon in 1912 was "a reformed philologist", who recognized that if modern English was to be popular, it would have to be free from philological entanglement. Without this enlightened view, the chance of forming an English Tripos would have been slight. Tillyard was a Classic and archaeologist who, in the line and on convalescent leave during the Great War, had read Shakespeare and Milton. Forbes, the most creative mind, was a first-class historian, artist, amateur archaeologist, and voracious reader of English literature. Chadwick, who preferred the simple and heroic, Romanesque as against Gothic, and found mediaeval romance and allegory purely offensive, appointed Coulton, who though a good lecturer was not much interested in the English Tripos.

Tillyard testifies to the excitement roused by the lecturers in the English School. The cause was not just their vital interest in literature and life, but their creativity: "For giver and hearer alike the best lectures are those in process of growing into a book. They have the virtues of freshness and the audience responds to the mood of exploration." To name some who wrote is suggestive enough: Coulton, Henn, Leavis, Lucas, Quiller-Couch, Richards, Roberts, Rylands, Tillyard and Willey. Other causes of their success, I am sure, were that lecturers did not give too many lectures, and students rarely listened to a dozen a week. What Mansfield Forbes called "cover-the-ground-ites" were not in favour.

This record and the names of a few graduates will do much to justify the Tripos. There are Alistair Cooke, William Empson, L. C. Knights, A. P. Rossiter and J. H. White to mention no others. The early students of the Tripos, who in school had had a solid discipline in language and mathematics were enabled to "achieve an integral reading of English literature; it was because their tastes had not been forced that they could savour it so freshly." But the schoolboys that these men taught have been introduced to Donne and other sophis-

ticated writers too soon; to them the change to university is not great enough to be fresh, and their background is less certain in a less stable society. The proper setting for liberalism has been removed.

Tillyard attributes the present desire of students to be told what to read to T. S. Eliot and *Scrutiny* with its "authoritarian tone and uncompromising opinion" which began to satisfy the growing minority of undergraduates who demanded what they ought to think about the nature of criticism and the proper authors to admire or despise. In 1922 with *The Waste Land* and *The Sacred Wood* Eliot had introduced into Cambridge "a set of ideas that both shocked and satisfied": they have become the new orthodoxy. Much as Tillyard admires Richards and practical criticism, he shows that in schools its purpose can be defeated by teachers who create "a repertory of labels and phrases to be attached, by a kind of cunning, to the proper exhibits".

To me the transmuting flame of the English School was Mansfield Forbes. What Tillyard says of him will suitably identify the integrity of Tillyard's writing and the modesty with which he records his own great contributions: "The things he taught mattered more to him than they did to any of the rest of us: they belonged less to the region of business or of personal advancement and more to the region of ultimate morality. Of course schools of study cannot expect that height of integrity from their staff; but if by some fluke it comes their way they should recognize it, value it, and allow for its vagaries." Remembering Forbes' varied and enriching influence on his students, I must set down two last quotations from *The Muse Unchained*: the English Tripos "exists primarily not to turn out dons but to construct people", and "practical criticism in its right place can promote that free exercise of the intelligence and imagination that should be the highest aim of every kind of education".

ALASTAIR WALKER

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

THE FIRST FIFTY. *Teaching, Research and Public Service at the University of Saskatchewan, 1909-1959.* By Carlyle King. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited. 1959. Pp. 186. \$3.00.

The University of Saskatchewan opened its doors in the fall of 1909 in a province newly founded and wholly absorbed in the pioneer stage of agriculture. Since then, it has been almost continuously exposed to the ups and downs of wars, drought and depression, the vicissitudes of drastic social change sparked by rapid scientific advance. For the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary in 1959, Dr. King, a distinguished graduate and Head of the Department of English, prepared this record of the achievements of the University in these momentous years.

The record is not a history of the University. There is nothing in it about limestone and mortar, about the University's singularly happy relationships with its chief patron, the Government of Saskatchewan, or about the steady wisdom that has shaped its internal government. There is little about the growing number of its students or the size of its staff. These matters would make a most interesting story but it is not the one the author chooses to tell. Instead, he writes about the product turned out with these tools, what the teachers and graduates of the University have to show for the resources put at their disposal.

Objective measures of quality for the range of university products are not easily found, and are likely to be invidious in explicit application. For the most part, Dr. King has stuck to quantitative measures and left judgments of quality to inference. He tells how Saskatchewan graduates have distributed themselves among occupations, what number of scholars have been launched on solid careers in research and teaching. He reports the original research carried through to fruition and enumerates the scholarly works published by graduates and staff. He shows how the University has been knit into the general life of the province through a great variety of extension services offered to numerous groups.

Throughout the book scatterings of names of Saskatchewan graduates who have held significant posts at home or abroad in education, research institutes, politics, military and civil service, and business provide

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some clues to the quality of work begun or done there. But all such lists are selective and provide no more than clues. The achievement of a university does not consist primarily of the dozens of graduates who have emerged into prominence here and there, but in the hundreds, or thousands, of educated men and women who bring knowledge, sanity and intelligence to the work of their province and their country. The distribution among occupations and other information tells us much about them.

Plenty of inferences as to quality will force themselves on the reader. Saskatchewan graduates, such as your reviewer, moved by a sure pride, will be content with that. They will not hesitate to stand on the record.

One striking feature of the book should be noted. Every chapter testifies to the number of Saskatchewan graduates who have made careers beyond the province in other parts of Canada. Anyone who wants to be reassured of the wisdom of grants by the federal government to Canadian universities will find ample evidence here that even the newest of universities serve the nation as well as provinces in which they lie.

J. A. CORRY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Life and Letters

ASA GRAY. By A. Hunter Dupree. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. Pp. x + 505. \$9.00.

All botanists use Gray's Manual (now in its eighth edition) for the identification of plants and as a reference for description of species. They know also that Asa Gray was the great plant taxonomist of the 19th century who amassed and classified many thousands of plants at Harvard and that the Gray Herbarium there is one of very few massive herbaria of the world. They are aware that Gray was a contemporary of Charles Darwin and that he was largely instrumental in convincing thinking Americans of the validity of much of Darwinism. Most botanists of today, however, have given little thought to this great man because they have been fully occupied with research in other fields and have not been

inclined to reflection or philosophic thinking beyond their immediate concerns. Now, at the beginning of the second century of Darwinism, interest in broader aspects of biology has revived and so the publication of this biography is timely.

The public, of course, knows even less about this man but many would like to learn about him now that Darwinism is getting so much attention. Moreover, the development of a person from humble circumstances to a foremost place in the intellectual life of New England in the 19th century and international renown is of vast interest.

This biography of Asa Gray is a notable work and is recommended to botanists (of course) and also to the general reader who will find here much to interest him. Gray, of Scottish ancestry, came from the farm and small business in upper New York State, had a classical education, and took a degree in medicine but never practised because his interest in the local flora had become too engrossing. In fact, he loved plants so much that he lived precariously for years until recognition of his great ability and achievements came to him. Even then he had to teach zoology as well for some time until the first full-time appointment in botany at Harvard could be made.

He was not a good teacher. Some of his students reported later that his delivery was very poor and that they remembered common inattention, the study of other subjects during his lectures, and also horse play and rude behaviour. He never had a single student who went on to advanced work in botany and he reported his immense relief in later life when he saw the students passing by his window and reflected that he had nothing to do with them any more.

This is indeed a black mark against Gray but he is not unique among great scholars in this respect. The late Principal Taylor has reported the heartless, noisy behaviour of the students of the great physicist Lord Kelvin in Glasgow. Surely good teachers should be found to instruct and inspire students so that the best of them will come in a prepared and receptive state to the great scholar.

Gray's associates were widely scattered. From collectors he got his plants and with botanists in Europe he developed his ideas and so, in spite of some rebellious national-

ists, he kept botany in America in the international fold. His close and exacting work in taxonomy forced him to accept the concept of evolution when it was presented to him privately by Darwin, notably in 1857, although he saw clearly a difficulty in Darwin's theory which was not to be removed for nearly fifty years when enlightenment came from the new science of genetics.

Although Gray accepted the thesis of evolution, he never abandoned his Presbyterian upbringing and he remained a liberal-minded Christian to the end. This was not a matter of keeping science and religion "in separate pockets", as with Faraday, but was the result of serious thought, as his correspondence and publications show. His life was blameless and, whatever his contemporaries may have thought of his views, they all recognized Asa Gray as a gentle, good man of transparent honesty and benevolence, of immense learning and devoted to the advancement of science.

R. O. EARL

TORONTO

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF EDMUND BURKE, 1744-1768. Vol. I. Edited by Thomas W. Copeland. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1958. Pp. xxv + 376. \$8.00.

However welcome this first instalment of a massive edition of Burke's letters may be to those who are not immune to the spell of the great mystagogue, it cannot but raise a question as to the justification of these vast enterprises of cooperative scholarship which proliferate in the era of the New Patronage (that of the great Corporations — this is a Carnegie step-child). Here we have a General Editor — responsible for this first volume and already distinguished in Burke studies — an Editorial Committee of seven, and an Advisory Committee of sixteen ornamented with such names as Namier, Oakeshott, Strauss, Viner and the late Richard Pares. We are promised eight volumes corresponding to "chronological sections" of Burke's career. The collection does not, mercifully, pretend to exhaustiveness, and the criteria for selection, exclusion, extract and summary, stipulated in the editor's preface, are admirable in intent

and, for this volume at least, application. Yet there is an apparent scruple. "Some scholars will naturally regret any exclusions the editors make". The elision of "scholars" would leave a truth and render the scruple otiose. In a world of Total War and Total Justice, we are in peril of Total Scholarship. We already have more Boswell than is good for us (sparing nor Talbot's blush nor filial censors' ink); and it is surely the scholarly mind that boggles at the possibility that sometime yet the incorporated posterity of an industrial Lorenzo will propitiatorily loose on us the deluge of, say, that half-ton or more of paper which Locke — a man as remorselessly prolix in the record of his domestic economy as in his metaphysical analysis — incidentally bequeathed to Chancellor King.

The Burke papers were admittedly less than accessible at Wentworth Woodhouse, but if they had been the property of another than a belted earl, might we have been spared the yankee waspishness of Mr. Carl B. Cone's recent charge that they "gathered dust and mold at the Fitzwillian estates"? It is certainly true that the renewed possibility of Conservatism as a viable and self-conscious philosophy, which has been so ably canvassed in the United States in recent years, together with the recent more paradoxical claim that the concept which that country recognises as "liberalism" also derives from Burke, provide a topicality and something of a market for even the juvenilia of the equivocal master. It appears to be true that such scholars as Mr. Cone have had to substitute hard work for a handy de luxe edition in the preparation of their monographs, and yet have succeeded.

But, the Burke papers are checklisted; a large proportion of them (including the O'Hara series) is photographed; of the 197 letters in this volume, 24 are printed for the first time. One is led to wonder whether the expensive accessibility of a compendious edition of papers to which the contemporary interpreters have not been entirely denied access in the past decade will, any more than the resulting monographs, teach us better to understand Burke's philosophy in his life than did Lord Morley — discounting his candid bias — in 1867 and 1888. Parturient montes.

And yet, the annotation in this specimen of the edition might in itself justify the fearful engines of syndicated learning —

although the dangers inherent in promoting historical scholarship to the status of a Heavy Industry are perhaps sufficiently pointed by the gloss on a couplet of one of Burke's youthful effusions:

"Full half his Laurels Richelieu would resign,

O Envid Corneille, for one Branch of thine."

which reads (p. 104): "Protagonists of literary culture have always been pleased that Cardinal Richelieu envied Corneille his success as a playwright."

W. F. M. STEWART

UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Truman and MacArthur

THE TRUMAN-MACARTHUR CONTROVERSY AND THE KOREAN WAR. By John W. Spanier. Cambridge, Mass.: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. Pp. xii + 311. \$8.50.

The United States, since 1941, has found the methods and attitudes it developed during a century and a half of isolation and security inappropriate to its new role. By considering its foreign policy the embodiment of the highest morality rather than the expression of national self-interest, it has made its position inflexible. One cannot compromise principles. As a result when the country becomes involved in war no solution short of the abject surrender of the enemy is acceptable. War becomes a technical matter left to the generals to secure ultimate and total victory. This book shows up the weaknesses of these assumptions in the present struggle with Communism. The Truman-MacArthur controversy is a "case study".

In the Korean War, General MacArthur thought he should be left free to wage war in his own way in order to secure victory, and he resented interference by politicians who could not know how best to destroy the enemy. To get his way he appealed to the opposition in Congress, and to a public temperamentally averse to fighting limited wars. However, this was such a war — so the President could not concede complete

discretion to his field commander lest he embroil America in total war. The result was a domestic political crisis in which the Administration was accused of hobbling its field commander and thereby prolonging the war, being "soft" on Communism, betraying Chiang-Kai-shek, and accepting direction from the "appeasers" Britain and France. To defend itself against these charges the Administration had to send aid to Formosa and assume an implacable posture against Mao (instead of encouraging any Titoist tendencies he might have), and carry the war to the borders of Manchuria. This acceptance of the policies of the opposition was not enough to end the attacks. Truman was forced to dismiss MacArthur lest his wilful provocations involve the United States in a full-scale war with China without the support of her European allies. The demand for the unconditional surrender of North Korea (a consequence of seeing America's wars as crusades for righteousness) ensured the continuance of the war; and the advance to The Yalu (or perhaps the crossing of the 38th parallel) brought China in to defend her vital interests. Massive Chinese intervention led MacArthur to demand the bombing of Manchuria, the "unleashing" of Chiang and the blockade of the China coast. This policy offered the Republican right wing a wonderful whip with which to lash the Administration. Truman was caught between MacArthur's Republicans and his British and French allies; and there was no room for manoeuvre. The stalemate was broken by MacArthur's "military appraisal" urging the extension of the war to China; this prompted the President to dismiss him. Then followed the general's triumphant return, and the protracted hearings in Washington.

The author reveals MacArthur's vanity and arrogance and also his rude inconsistency. He belittled Washington's fear that China might intervene, and when it did he blamed Washington for not telling him in advance. He admitted that the Joint Chiefs were in the best position to appraise Communist global strategy yet he presumed to claim that he could predict Soviet intentions. Finally, he agreed that the President as Commander-in-Chief should make the basic decisions in war, yet he as a field commander undertook to disregard instructions. He was unable to admit that he might have erred and thus clung to a line

of thought which led to the advocacy of dangerous policies.

There were some supreme ironies in the situation. Truman could not make peace lest he be accused of appeasement — so this job was left to the Republican Eisenhower. Truman's dismissal of MacArthur to assert civilian control of the military relied on the support of General Bradley and his colleagues. Some basic weaknesses in the structure of American government were revealed as well. The separation of powers led the President to "oversell" his policy as the highest moral principle, to secure congressional approval. It also drew the generals into politics as they were asked to declare their support for Truman or for MacArthur and his Republican supporters. This could only weaken civilian control and Presidential direction of policy. The result could be a shift of power to the generals as the technical experts. Truman's courageous dismissal of MacArthur becomes a defence not only of civilian control of the military, but of democratic control of government.

This is a sound and clearly argued book, which lays out an extremely important issue: Can military and civilian matters really be separated in times of global involvement? The author agrees with Clémenceau and Clausewitz that they can not. The book is too long and is overly repetitious — a condition probably traceable to its origin as a Ph.D. thesis.

HUGH G. THORBURN

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

The Baltic States

THE FORMATION OF THE BALTIC STATES. A STUDY OF THE EFFECTS OF GREAT POWER POLITICS UPON THE EMERGENCE OF LITHUANIA, LATVIA, AND ESTONIA. By Stanley W. Page. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. Pp. 193. \$5.95.

SOVIET POLICY TOWARD THE BALTIC STATES 1918-1940. By Albert N. Tarulis. University of Notre Dame Press. 1959. Pp. 276. \$5.50.

Professor O. Halecki has noted in his introduction to *Soviet Policy Toward the*

Baltic States that of 2810 American publications on East Central Europe for the period 1945-1957 only 104 deal with the three Baltic states. Many more contributions to the subject are needed if we are to understand the complexity of the problems of these three ancient nations on the shores of the Baltic Sea which have suffered invasion from the beginning of their histories, and which have always been struggling to rid themselves of alien rule. Thus these two new well-documented studies are certainly welcome.

Stanley W. Page in *The Formation of the Baltic States* describes in detail the sequence of events through which Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia became independent nations at the time of the Russian revolution. The book attempts to answer the question: how was it possible in an age of super-nations for such pygmy nations to come to life, and to block the Communist colossus from the sea? The conclusion drawn by the author is that the short-lived independence of the Baltic states was made possible only through an historically abnormal state of affairs: the intervention of the allied powers in the Baltic at a time when both Germany and Russia were exhausted. A positive effort toward liberation on the part of the Baltic peoples themselves is admitted as an important factor in the achievement of independence, but not a really significant one, for once the delicate equilibrium between the great powers was restored, the Baltic states ceased to exist. "The past has amply shown it is impossible for strategically situated Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia to remain independent alongside a powerful neighbour", says Stanley Page, thus sounding the death knell of Baltic independence. If Mr. Page would add the attribute "imperialistic" to the powerful neighbour, maybe then his position would be sound, but if the neighbour were democratic, believing in the right of self-determination which signifies democracy, the Baltic states would not automatically cease to exist, and could perhaps form a bridge between East and West, rather than a barrier. Or is democracy too to be considered as an "historically abnormal state of affairs"?

The Baltic countries have always been the centre of controversial political interests. White Russians, Red Russians, Pan-Slavics, Pan-Germans, local Baltic Germans, and native nationalists all were involved, and

all produced their own versions of the history of these nations. Thus to do justice to the emergence of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, all these various accounts need to be considered and evaluated. Stanley Page quotes some 160 different sources in his work, which gives it the appearance of an exhaustive research. But not knowing any of the Baltic languages, the author was forced to rely on material printed in the main European languages, and to leave entirely out of account most of the research done on the subject by native Baltic historians during twenty productive years of independence. As a result a person who has lived through that historical period can pick out unfortunate blunders in details on almost every page. For instance, some vital events leading to independence, like the demonstration of 40,000 Estonians in Petrograd on March 26, 1917, which led to the granting of Estonian autonomy by the Russian Provisional Government, are completely omitted. The picture of the Estonian War of Liberation as drawn by the author is thoroughly distorted even on such basic facts as the date on which the Estonian counter-offensive began. And the role of Estonian armoured trains in the defense of Riga, the capital of Latvia, against the force of Bermordt-Avalov during the crucial weeks in October 1919, is also omitted, and replaced by the role of the British Navy in the same defense, a distortion in keeping with the author's attempt to explain the course of events always in terms of intervention by the great powers. A point of view which harmonises very well with the view of Communist Russia, that the Baltic states were really only puppets of international capitalism. Had the History of the War of Liberation, compiled by the Committee of Research in Estonia been available to him, such distortions might never have occurred.

In spite of such short-comings, Page has attempted honestly to find out what happened in that boiling kettle of international events on the shores of the Baltic after the Russian revolution, and with his limited sources it is quite understandable how he could lose his bearings in that tangled and enchanting forest of controversial opinion.

Albert N. Tarulis, a Lithuanian scholar, has written a remarkable book on Soviet policy towards the Baltic states from the beginning to the end of their brief independence. It is illuminating to read this

well-documented and comprehensive account of the policy of a powerful country towards her less powerful neighbours; a policy which is often a record of broken treaties, of connivance between Communism and Nazism, and of the application of naked and brutal force as an instrument of international diplomacy. For Baltic readers this endless list of treacheries does not need documentation, as it is well known from their own experience, but this work will certainly help to offset the force of Soviet propaganda, which could distort the facts in Western minds. Albert Tarulis' book is the product of many years of research, and he has made ample use of his material to demonstrate his thesis. Publications like the "Document on German Foreign Policy", "Foreign Relations of the United States", and the "Select Committee on Communist Aggression", have been some of the more important documents which the author draws on to show that the methods of "peaceful co-existence" are frequently a prelude to the destruction of the freedom of other nations. How far from the words of Molotov, spoken in 1940, that "you must take a good look at reality to understand that in the future small nations will have to disappear" seem the words of the official statement of the policy of the Bolshevik party in 1917 that "all nations making up parts of Russia must be acknowledged the right to secession and constitution of an independent state".

The author, being a Lithuanian himself, understandably devotes most of his work to Lithuania, and this concentration on Lithuania makes his accounts of the relationship of Soviet Russia to Latvia and Estonia less reliable in detail, but not in the overall interpretation of events. It should be pointed out for instance that the leader of the Estonian communists, J. Anvelt, was not shot after the revolt in 1924, but escaped to Russia and was liquidated there some thirteen years later. This, however, is a minor criticism; the general reader will find the book rewarding to read, and may well be reminded of a saying of Voltaire, that history is little else than a picture of human crimes and human misfortunes. But perhaps we should add also the bravery of the unfortunate in defending themselves.

ALFRED KURLENTS

McGILL UNIVERSITY

The East: Old and New

EMPEROR MICHAEL PALAEOLOGUS AND THE WEST (1258-1282): A Study of Byzantine-Latin Relations. By Deno John Geanakoplos. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Ltd. 1959. Pp. 434. \$9.00.

In view of the role of the Byzantine Emperor Michael Palaeologus in the encounter between Eastern and Western Christendom, and the complexity of his career, there has been an urgent need for such a study as this, the available literature on the subject being very meagre. In spite of rich Western sources and sufficient Byzantine historical writings as well as some documents, modern historiography, with the exception of C. Chapman's monograph in French which cannot stand scholarly criticism, has not devoted due attention to the founder and the most important representative of the Palaeologan dynasty.

This Emperor-soldier was also a notable Byzantine diplomat. His important achievements consist not alone in the restoration of the Empire but still more in a policy of rapprochement between East and West. The situation in his time demanded an intricate policy on his part in every respect: in internal and external relations, in political and religious as well as in economic fields. It was an exacting task for and a great achievement of Geanakoplos to describe the Emperor's personality and his period. In the face of all these difficulties, he has taken as the basis of his book the most important issue in the struggle of the Byzantine state for survival, and has presented, in more or less chronological order, a picture of the relations between the Emperor and Byzantine society on one side, and all his opponents — the Latins, Turks, Genoese, and Venetians, the Western rulers and the Pope — on the other.

Geanakoplos' study is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the historical significance of Emperor Michael. His description is vivid and impressive, and his presentation of the political and religious problems is accurate even if some re-interpretations may be considered disputable. His treatment of the opposition of the Greek people and clergy to the union of the churches throws new light on the situation with which Michael had to cope. As far as the organisation of Byzantine society

is concerned, it is to be regretted that Geanakoplos speaks about federalism without taking into consideration the newest literature on this subject, such as the contributions of P. Lemerle and the present reviewer. He follows G. Ostrogorsky whose interpretations I have criticized in *Revue de l'Université de Laval* X (1955). For the maritime policy of Emperor Michael, the work of K. A. Alexandris should be consulted.

M. MLADENOVIC

McGILL UNIVERSITY

THE SCEPTER OF EGYPT: A Background for the Study of the Egyptian Antiquities in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Part II: The Hyksos Period and the New Kingdom. By William C. Hayes. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. Pp. xv + 496. \$16.50.

When Dr. Hayes' first volume on the Metropolitan Museum Egyptian collections was published by Harper and Brothers in 1953, he hoped to complete his project in one further volume. With the appearance of the present work, he is forced to assign the treatment of the later history of Egypt — from the fall of the New Kingdom in about 1080 B.C. to the Roman period — to a third volume. The fact is mentioned only because it graphically demonstrates the scope of the Metropolitan collections and detailed information given by Dr. Hayes on every phase of ancient Egyptian civilization.

In this volume, as in its predecessor, the author first sketches the history of the particular period under discussion and against this background treats its architecture, religion, the arts of painting and sculpture, the minor arts, literature (and particularly inscriptions), amulets, seals and jewellery, clothing, toilet articles and games, household furnishings, professions and crafts, tools and weapons, and funerary practices. The mere listing indicates that his work is a source book for any student of ancient Egyptian civilization. Its value is enhanced by the wealth of illustrations (275) and the hundreds of asterisks referring to specific objects in the Metropolitan collections.

Basically, therefore, it is — as its subtitle implies — a guide to the Egyptian collections of the Metropolitan Museum.

As such, it is indispensable to any serious student of ancient Egypt. But it is far more. Dr. Hayes' knowledge of other great collections—in London, Paris, Berlin, Turin, Brooklyn and Boston, as well as in Egypt itself—and his broad scholarship (as partially indicated by a Bibliography of 21 pages for this volume alone) have made it possible to present here a synthesis of ancient Egyptian civilization. This work constitutes, therefore, an excellent compendium of that civilization in all its aspects—the life of the pharaoh and the peasant, the arts of war and peace, the objects of utility and decoration, its technical achievements and failures. It is not a political or art history only; it encompasses all facets of that great ancient culture which for two thousand years and more has worked a strange fascination for the western world.

The present volume deals with two important periods in Egyptian history—the period when Egypt was dominated by the foreign, Asiatic rulers called "Hyksos" by Manetho; and the five hundred years of Egyptian domination of much of the ancient world called the New Kingdom or the Empire. The Hyksos period, a national calamity for all later Egyptians, was by no means the total disaster they would have it. At least it forced Egypt out of its former isolation and provided the incentive and the means for expansion beyond her own boundaries once she threw off the foreign yoke. Without the wealth, cross-fertilization of ideas and the challenges resulting from her new imperialism, the splendours and achievements of the Egyptian Eighteenth Dynasty renaissance would have been impossible. That they were great, and lasting, any visitor to Egypt and its monuments—from ancient Greek visitor to modern tourist—will testify, for many of Egypt's greatest structures which have been preserved to us were built or renovated at this time. The wealth of objects and illustrations of ancient Egyptian life (in wall paintings or reliefs), preserved so fortuitously for us by Egypt's dry climate, enable us to reconstruct the civilization of this age more completely than for almost any country or period before the fifteenth century A.D.

Dr. Hayes is fortunate in being Curator of such a magnificent collection. It is our good fortune that he has had the skill and the opportunity to provide such a monu-

mental guide to its treasures and at the same time to evoke so successfully the splendour and the trivia of this ancient civilization.

A. D. TUSHINGHAM

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM
TORONTO

CANADIAN SLAVONIC PAPERS, Vol. III. Edited by George Luckyj. Toronto: Canadian Association of Slavists, University of Toronto Press. 1959. Pp. 121. \$3.00.

Seven articles and three reviews form the contents of this volume. The contributors are Canadian and all, with one recent exception, hail from the East, notably from Toronto.

Professor W. K. Matthews' posthumous linguistic article gives data to show how, on the basis of Old Church Slavonic texts, written in Glagolitic, we can trace modern Macedonian phonology. M. Kay, reviewing a recent book on Russian phonetics, attacks an authority on Soviet linguistics for not using the linguistic methods accepted in the West. After so much regimentation and subordination to party directives, in the past and in the present, one cannot expect Soviet linguistics to be on a par with Western science.

An Unpublished Essay on Leo Tolstoy, by Peter Kropotkin, a text now fifty years old, is edited by D. Novak. The editor's notes are few, but at one point he guesses wrong. Kropotkin in his *Essay* makes a slip by stating that Stendhal's *Sentimental Journey* influenced Tolstoy's first novel, *Childhood*. Novak corrects it to *Le Rouge et le Noir*. Anyone studying *Childhood* will notice that the reference is to Sterne, whose *Sentimental Journey* had a strong impact on this particular work. In *Dmitri Merezhkovsky, the Intelligentsia, and the Revolution of 1905*, C. H. Bedford tries to convince the reader that this famous Symbolist philosopher and author had an unfounded faith in the Russian intelligentsia and in the 1905 Revolution. To commemorate the hundredth anniversary of Pisemsky's drama, *Bitter Fate*, M. Jenkins undertakes to restore the past fame of this now somewhat forgotten Russian author by juxtaposing his work with Leo Tolstoy's *Power of Darkness*.

A. Bromke's *Background of the Polish October Revolution* contains a concise yet vivid survey of the presently known historical facts responsible for the Polish "Thaw" in 1956. Another article pertaining to Poland, *Maria Wyslouchowa (1858-1905) and the Polish Peasant Movement in Galicia*, deals with the life of a relatively little known Polish idealist, publicist and leader of peasants and women of the Russian "narodnik" type. The author does not make too clear a distinction between Polish and Ukrainian Galicia, the sphere of Wyslouchowa's activity. Also, referring to history, the diplomatic background and the fate of the short-lived Carpatho-Ukraine are fairly exhaustively and documentarily treated in *The Ukrainian Problem in International Politics, October 1938 to March 1939*.

In a review article G. Luckyj presents interesting data showing that, contrary to the generally accepted Soviet view, one of the foremost present day Soviet Ukrainian poets, Volodymyr Sosyura, began his literary career in the Ukrainian and not in the Russian Language. In another review Luckyj criticizes the *University of Toronto Quarterly*, XXVIII, Oct. 1958, for basing its article, *The Humanities in Soviet Higher Education*, exclusively on material supplied by Soviet agencies.

It is to be hoped that subsequent issues of *Canadian Slavonic Papers* will bring more material concerning other Slavic countries.

VICTOR O. BUYNIAK

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

REVOLUTION IN A CHINESE VILLAGE. By David and Isabel Crook. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul. Toronto: British Book Service (Canada) Ltd. 1959. Pp. 180. \$5.00.

A CHINESE VILLAGE IN EARLY COMMUNIST TRANSITION. By C. K. Yang. Cambridge: Technology Press, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. Pp. 270. \$8.50.

If you read *Revolution* first, and then *Transition*, you will get a clear concept of rural China as it was, and as it now is.

Both these books are studies of villages; the former is Ten Mile Inn, in central China about half-way between Peking and

Chengchow; the latter is Nanching in southern China, near Canton. Fortunately the one survey leaves off almost at the point where the next one begins, leaving one to wonder if there is more planning in the field of sociology than is evident to the uninitiated.

The authors describe similar phases of the agricultural revolution; the distribution of land from rich peasant to poor, (with all the agonies of deciding who is which), through the phase of mutual aid teams to the co-operatives. Mr. Yang continues his story to the time that the Communes were set up in 1958, and gives a remarkably accurate account, insofar as one can judge, of events after he left the village in 1951. He is Chinese, and a professor of Sociology at the University of Pittsburgh. The Crooks are Canadian (Isabel) and British, and they have been able to continue their observations from the eyrie in the Foreign Language Institute in Peking, where both are teachers. To the credit of all the authors, only occasionally do contrasting ideologies show through their sociology.

Revolution describes how the Red Army worked with the peasants in starting the agricultural revolution in Ten Mile Inn while the fighting against various enemies was still going on. Army and peasants together discovered techniques of field and village organization for possible incorporation in the "mass line", or they followed the directives which were already tested and tried. *Transition* shows the application of the "mass line" techniques in the relatively calmer climate after the Communists came to power in October 1949.

A certain wry humour creeps into Mr. Yang's account of the Nanching peasants in their attempt to convince the Communist authorities that they are poor, really poor, thus gaining for themselves status and authority in the new society.

These sober yet exciting accounts of how two Chinese villages lose their isolation built up over centuries, and become absorbed into the national system of production, politics and power, are the first of their kind to document a changing way of life for 500 million peasants.

MARJORIE MCENANEY

TORONTO

Population Genetics

HEREDITY AND EVOLUTION IN HUMAN POPULATIONS. By L. C. Dunn. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. Pp. viii + 157. \$4.50.

This is the first of the *Harvard Books in Biology*, a series designed for the layman. The result of Dunn's effort is a rewarding one. Restricting himself to the analysis of the gene's role in human populations, he assesses critically the laws of population genetics. The theme of evolution, so necessary for an understanding of the sciences today, is woven throughout the book. That this evolution is going on in human populations today he effectively demonstrates with numerous examples of hereditary diseases of the blood. Of more interest to the reader are the studies of the inhabitants of the Roman ghetto, a community of Jews sealed off from the city around it for a period of three hundred years and bearing the genetic consequences of this forced communal inbreeding. Similar studies of a highly inbred religious community, the Dunkers, illustrate additionally the laws of population genetics. Dunn is not afraid to voice the moral issues raised by genetic investigations into human populations. He forces the reader to weigh the values involved in curing hereditary diseases as well as those involved in the less popular and more controversial methods of preventing them. The irony of man's attempts to find chemical means of reducing mutation from artificial sources of radiation produced by weapons of his own invention is well summed up in his phrase "first the poison, then the antidote, has been the usual order of technological development". For the layman this short introduction to population genetics will have a minimum of technical language. Fortunately, Dunn has the skill to avoid watering down these principles and the skill to state them intelligibly and forcefully.

ELOF AXEL CARLSON

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Origins of Western Culture

GODS AND MEN: The Origins of Western Culture. By Henry B. Parkes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. 1959. Pp. xii + 489 + vii. \$8.50.

This is the first of a projected series of books on the development of western culture down to modern times. As the author states in his Preface, it is written with the conviction that the main factors in the political and economic development of any society are its system of values as reflected in its philosophy, literature and art. Parkes is primarily interested in the development of culture, which he sees as a process not of abrupt transformation, but of "steady accretion in which new layers are constantly being added and little is ever lost". To be creative, society must have beliefs and institutions which are sufficiently flexible to permit the exploration of new ideas, but not so fluid as to impair the stability of that society. The principles of justice and morality on which society is based are, he argues, "religious" and so lie beyond the scope of rationalistic thinking. Viewing civilization as the attempt to reconcile freedom and order, "tribalism and universalism, religious unity and rationalistic individualism", he insists that the task of civilized man is not to replace religion so much as to affirm new forms of religious consciousness that will not conflict with rational and objective thought. Indeed, the author piquantly observes that it is because certainty in the realm of values is beyond the scope of the human mind that man is capable of freedom.

It is in the light of these assumptions that the author proceeds to examine the evolution of culture from the primitive tribal organization to the triumph of Christianity in the later Roman Empire. In such a cultural evolution the artist is of prime importance because he "is engaged in a revelation of a reality transcending his own subjective impressions". In other words, his thought is, by Parkes' definition, "religious".

Neither of the two peoples who initiated the western cultural tradition were able for long to attain the harmony that Parkes believes to be essential for creative achievement. The Jews reverted to tribalistic attitudes. The Greeks in their attempt to derive principles of justice from the concept of

natural law failed to reconcile freedom and order, and sank into an anomia that was maintained only by the might of the Hellenistic monarchs and later by Rome.

In a work of such compass Parkes naturally owes much to accepted authorities, but his account is well-balanced, free both from an excessive adulation of classical Greece or the more recent tendency to overestimate the contribution of the Hellenistic age. His analysis of the development of Jewish thought seems to the reviewer, a layman in this field, to be especially clear and judicious. Admirers of Plato will not be pleased by his estimate of their hero, nor will all historians care for the interpretation of the decline of Rome which owes much to Cochrane's brilliant analysis.

Nevertheless, few readers will fail to be stimulated by the freshness of approach, or by the occasional touch of malice with which, for instance, the author (who had an English classical education) compares the Hellenistic pastoral with the modern cowboy story, or the formlessness of the modern American novel with that of the *Argonautica*.

The book is well produced and illustrated, and has a useful bibliography and index.

S. E. SMETHURST

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

THE GREEK NOVELLA IN THE CLASSICAL PERIOD. By Sophie Trenkner. Cambridge: The University Press. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1958. Pp. xv + 191. \$5.00.

ANCIENT BOOK ILLUMINATION. By Kurt Weitzmann. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. (Martin Classical Lectures, Oberlin College, vol. XVI). Pp. xiv + 166, 64 plates. \$11.75.

The late Miss Trenkner's book had a chequered career. The first version, written in Latin in Poland, was destroyed by fire during the war. The second, in French, was presented for the Doctorate at the University of Brussels. This book is an expanded version translated into English and dedicated to the Mistress and Fellows of Girton College. Novella is defined as 'an imaginary story of limited length, intended to entertain . . . concerned with real-life people and

real-life settings'. The story-teller had a large place in ancient life, first as the reciter of epics, then as teller of realistic and romantic tales. Miss Trenkner examines many themes of these popular narratives in detail. She does not escape the researcher's pitfall as she hypostatizes the thing she deals with, so that every plot, every tale, wherever found, is described as a Derivative of a Stock Theme. She finds novella-patterns in Theophrastus, and in the orators and rhetoricians, and of course in the ancient novelists Apuleius and Petronius. These patterns make their presence felt in epic and tragedy, in Aesop, and everywhere in New Comedy, from which Shakespeare borrowed not a few. As everyone knows, Boccaccio and Chaucer inherited many plots from ancient tradition. Even if the thesis is overworked, this is a sound and interesting book.

Mr. Weitzmann's text is better read, along with the illustrations, than described. He has a fine talent for talking about pictures. He describes the illustration of ancient texts on Science, of Epic Poetry, of Drama and prose fiction. Two reconstructions of ancient MSS and 136 figures in black-and-white complete a fascinating and handsomely made volume.

H. L. TRACY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Critic of Empiricism

MAINE DE BIRAN. REFORMER OF EMPIRICISM 1766-1824. By Philip P. Hallie. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. Pp. ix + 217. \$5.95.

Empiricism is usually thought of as a movement first given full statement in modern times in the writings of the British philosophers: Locke, Berkeley and Hume. It has been regarded as a British philosophy and it is forgotten that it had adherents in other countries as well. Thanks to the influence of Voltaire, who believed that England was the centre of freedom and philosophic wisdom, and of Condillac, who attempted to follow Locke and analyse all human knowledge into sensations and ideas based on them, empiricism became

the ruling philosophy in France in the last half of the eighteenth century. In his criticisms of this position in 1802 Destutt de Tracy called it "Ideology" because of its attempts to reduce all ideas to sensations. Destutt de Tracy agreed with Condillac on many points, but believed that to the sensations of touch must be added a sensation he called effort. Our knowledge of external things consisted of two types of sensations, first the sensation of something against the hand and second effort. The feeling of effort is correlated with that of resistance, since sometimes we can move our hand easily, but at other times it encounters resistance. This gives the felt power to move oneself against resistance and provides the basis of our judgements concerning external bodies. Some interior effort was a pervasive and crucial factor in all knowledge of objects.

Maine de Biran was a student of Destutt de Tracy and based his position on his answer to the problem as to what the principal fact of experience is. Locke had said that this was an idea given in sensation, or impression, as Hume was to call it later. Maine de Biran disagreed. A fact must have two terms, first, some conscious existent and second an object or modification of this existent that is compresent with it and yet distinct from it. This object is not necessarily a material object, but it is "the accusative or target of an act of awareness". Therefore a fact is relational since it always involves an object and a percipient. It is this which separates Maine de Biran from the tradition of Locke and Condillac who had attempted to explain all knowledge as arising from the transformations the mind made upon simple sensations, which in their simple state have nothing to do with the mind. Locke and Condillac had assumed the existence of a self, and so attention and awareness, in order to make their positions plausible. But there are really two aspects to the mind which are quite different. There is the internal aspect which we live through or enjoy and there is that which is exterior to this interior sphere and so is presented to it. It is from this internal experience that we come to have such notions as those of self, cause, and liberty. Maine de Biran notes that there is a great difference between moving one's hand and having it moved by something else. In the first case a person experiences

his willing to move the hand and so he perceives immediately he is active. There is no surer knowledge to a person than this knowledge of his willing. Therefore Maine de Biran believes that the experience of force, willed effort, against a felt resistance is the ultimate source of our knowledge of ourselves and the world and it is on the basis of this that he criticises the British Empiricists.

Hallie points out that Maine de Biran was not a system builder but that "he was a single minded critic and analyst seeking through his analysis to make men mindful of the crucial role internal experience plays in their lives". In keeping with this view Hallie presents Maine de Biran's thoughts in chapters devoted to his criticisms of Locke, Hume and Berkeley ending with an assessment of him as a critic of British Empiricism and pointing out his great importance for later French philosophy and Bergson in particular. This he does with an agreeable style and lucidity, always keeping the issues involved clearly before the reader. For any person interested in either British Empiricism or French philosophy this book is of value.

WALTER B. CARTER

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Musicology

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. Edited by David G. Hughes. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders. 1959. Pp. viii + 152. \$5.50.

The final sixty-four pages of this book are transcriptions of the music for medieval dances pertinent to the first paper on "Dance Tunes of the Fifteenth Century". Thus the text itself is reduced to eighty-eight pages shared by four papers which were originally delivered at a conference held in the Isham Memorial Library at Harvard on 4 May 1957. These papers are on unrelated aspects of instrumental music, and are intended primarily for the scholar with training in musicology; but they turn out to be valuable for the reader with general musical interest only.

Dr. Otto Kinkeldey's examination of the known dance tunes of the fifteenth century

in relation to the dance-steps given in medieval dancing guides is comprehensive and at times compendious (for example, the historical development of the basse dance "tenor" *Il Re di Spagna*), without the restoration of the tunes from choreographical evidence such as was attempted in 1954 by Mabel Dolmetsch. The paper is particularly valuable for two corrections made to the author's study of Guglielmo Ebreo (*Studies in Jewish Bibliography*, New York, 1929). Dr. Kinkeldey carefully considers the notation, the tempi and the mensural signs of these early dances, but does not go as far as Safford Cape in his short "A propos d'enregistrement de danses du Moyen Age et de la Renaissance". The lengthy Appendix records variant versions of the dance tunes.

Dr. H. C. Robbins Landon's paper on the "Problems of Authenticity in Eighteenth-Century Music" is principally concerned with establishing the Haydn canon—he published an important work on the symphonies in 1955. The particular confusion over the A major Symphony, now attributed with sound argument and evidence to Ordoñez, is presented. Apart from the specific conclusions, generally too ill-supported because of the length and nature of the paper to be authoritative in themselves, this is valuable as evidence of the application of standard bibliographical methods, principles and techniques in the field of musicology.

Professor Eric Werner in his paper on "Instrumental Music Outside the Pale of Classicism and Romanticism" rejects these two abused terms and suggests a substitution of what he calls a "geo-musical" approach in which a Vienna axis is to be distinguished from a Berlin-Leipzig-Paris axis; he explores the territory between these in terms of "the growing awareness of divergence in position of artist and artisan as it arose at the turn

of the eighteenth century". This is a fascinating and valid attempt to describe the style of such men as Gossec, Clementi, Pleyel, Viotti, Hummel and Moscheles (to list only some of the better known composers to whom Professor Werner applies his distinction). He presents several sensitive and sound perceptions (for example, his outline of the development of cyclical form from Schubert's second symphony, through Dussek's G minor piano concerto, to the early works of Mendelssohn). Unfortunately the paper is too short to establish his point of view and the discussion (printed from the actual discussion which followed the delivery of the paper) does nothing to clarify the distinction. Also unfortunate is his use of the term "mannerist" to apply to this group of composers, both because he fails to give it more than a generalized explanation and because of its more precise use for quite another period by Wylie Sypher.

In the final paper Professor Walter Piston sums up a good deal of information about the "Problems of Intonation in the Performance of Contemporary Music". General problems are discussed, both in the paper and in the following discussion. Specific passages are not considered but this generality makes the paper of greater interest to the lay reader.

These four papers are interesting and sound, never pedantic. They present mostly familiar information; in a couple intriguing ideas are suggested, but not developed. The book is worthwhile reading for anyone interested in music, and of particular concern for the musicologist.

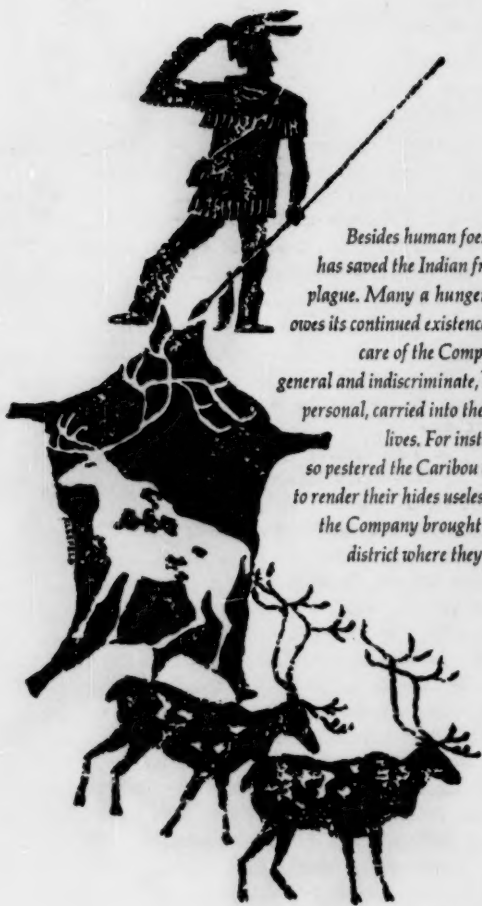
H. GRANT SAMPSON

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

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Besides human foes, the Company has saved the Indian from famine and plague. Many a hunger-stricken tribe owes its continued existence to the fatherly care of the Company, not simply general and indiscriminate, but minute and personal, carried into the details of their lives. For instance, when bots so pestered the Caribou of one region as to render their hides useless to the natives, the Company brought in hides from a district where they still were good.

from THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES by Ernst Thompson Selen

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 27th MAY 1870.

